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ERRATA.

Miscellaneous Intelligence, p. ii. l. 8, from the bottom,—for *Catholic* read *Anti-Catholic*.—*Ibid.*, l. 12, from the bottom. The passage commencing, 'In Inverness' and ending, 'parish church,' ought, with the exception of the word 'Catholic,' to have been marked, as a citation, by inverted commas. There were other passages in the same page which should have been similarly marked, but none were equal to this in importance.



THE
DUBLIN REVIEW.

MAY, 1836.

- ART. I.—1. *The Book of the Seasons, or the Calendar of Nature.* By William Howitt. 12mo. *Fourth edition.* London, 1836.
2. *Gleanings in Natural History. Third and last series. To which are added, Notices of some of the Royal Parks and Residences.* By Edward Jesse, Esq., Surveyor of his Majesty's Parks, Palaces, &c. 8vo. London, 1835.
3. *The Journal of a Naturalist. Third edition.* 8vo. London, 1833.

THE works, whose titles we have just transcribed, are but a few specimens of the numerous publications connected with natural history, which have been recently produced in this country. It is with no slight degree of gratification we observe, that every new volume of this class of literature which makes its appearance, is framed with a view to dispense as much as possible with the formalities of science, and to disclose what had hitherto been its mysteries, in a form at once intelligible and attractive to every order of readers. Far be it from us to deny that abstract science has its uses, and those too, of the highest value; we are well aware, that without the deductive researches which it has enabled philosophers to make, and the arrangements which it has taught them to invent, all knowledge would be little better than a chaos of facts, capable, indeed, of being sometimes practically turned to account, but destitute of those combinations which lead the mind to an acquaintance with the laws that operate in every department of the universe. At the same time, we think that, when science has succeeded in developing the character and extent of those laws, it becomes a matter of great importance to translate its lofty investigations into language calculated to familiarize them to the multitude. The complex and refined studies, in which highly accomplished intellects take the greatest delight, can never, even in the best educated nations, be pursued by any considerable portion of the community. Nevertheless, it is for the benefit of the community that those studies are legitimately intended, and unless they can be reduced by the process of simplification, to the ordinary level of the

understanding, they must be considered as entitled to little more respect than the visions of the alchemist.

We have had frequent occasion to observe, that the mind most intimately conversant with the laws of creation is, generally speaking, not the best fitted for expounding them to the public at large. The profound adept in mathematics, astronomy, botany, or zoology, constantly tends towards abstract principles, which are not always obvious or interesting to common observers; he is dealing with the invisible world, while they can with difficulty be brought to reflect even on the world immediately around them; while he is descending with enthusiasm on the structure of a plant, or the organization of an insect, they are probably unaware that such a plant, or such an insect, is in existence. The main difficulty to be got over as to objects of this description is, the extreme indifference with which they are almost universally treated by mankind. The sun has risen and set with unfailing regularity during a period of more than six thousand years, and yet, because it is a matter of daily occurrence, how few are they who take note of that very regularity, as one of the most convincing proofs of the master-mind that presides over our system! If the moon were to exhibit her crescent in our sky for the first time to-night, the phenomenon would fill our hemisphere with wonder. But because we have beheld the satellite pass through its various changes from time to time, we look upon it with apathy, as if the greatest of all miracles were not the admirable precision with which the moon and myriads of other orbs, wheeling through space, execute their revolutions, without the occurrence of any obstacle calling for the extraordinary interposition of the Deity.

If the two spheres which are most conspicuous in our system, be thus so generally neglected, we must not feel surprised to find men evince so much unconcernedness, and so little knowledge, as to the subordinate objects of creation. We walk into the fields of a summer evening, we notice perhaps here and there groups of sheep and cattle, the song of birds in the hedges, the fragrance of the heath, the grateful green of the grass, and the serene azure of the skies, and we return home charmed by the sensations, which even these few sources of pleasure awaken in the mind. But how infinitely more numerous and more exquisite would not those sensations have been, had we gone forth with intelligence alive to the world of organized being, which invites our attention at every step we take! We pass by with contempt, nay with disgust, the worm which we chance to see in a furrow. But with what very different sentiments should we not have contemplated this humble creature, had we known

that he has in fact duties to fulfil of the first importance, and that he performs them with incomparable industry? It is his province to consume, on the surface of the ground, the softer parts of decayed vegetable matter; the more fibrous parts he conveys into the bosom of the earth, where they also decay in the course of time. Whatever he consumes, or carries away, returns therefore sooner or later to the soil, in a form better adapted for the sustenance of vegetable life, and in this way he is constantly engaged in lending assistance to the plough, or in supplying its place wherever human industry happens to be yet unknown.

But the utility of the most despised of living beings does not stop here. He loosens the soil at the roots of trees and plants, and facilitates their irrigation from the clouds. He assists very materially in draining the surface of the land of superfluous moisture, by excavating subterranean channels through which it escapes; and he moreover furnishes in his own proper substance, a ready prepared banquet for almost every thing that moves in or on the earth, in the atmosphere, or the water. The mole hunts him through the pastures, and penetrates the earth in pursuit of him when he retires thither for protection. The birds feed upon him all the year round. He is not an unwelcome present to the beetle race, and as the angler well knows, he is looked upon by fishes in general, as the most irresistible of dainties. Although they are thus exposed to universal depredation, the earth still teems with a constant succession of these creatures. Reaumur calculates that they exceed in numbers, the grains of all kinds of corn collected by mankind. We may thus appreciate the extent and activity of their agency, in assisting to convert death into life. They are to us so many pledges for the unerring execution of the promise, that while the earth remains, the winter shall always be followed by the spring. We learn from them, moreover, that nothing absolutely perishes; the yellow leaf no sooner falls, than it is appropriated by these sedulous husbandmen to the purposes of future vegetation—so admirable is the economy of that portion of the universe to which we belong!

It is the prevailing error of our education that we are at first made acquainted with insects only to abhor or to torture them, and that as we grow up to maturity, we are permitted to remain as ignorant of the various orders of beings that fill up the links of existence beneath our own rank, as if they appertained to another planet. The truant well knows where he shall find at the bottom of some brook, a shapeless little combination of wood and straw, which he sees moored to a pebble or cautiously moving along with the current. He opens the mass and finds

within it, nicely housed, a small white worm, which he immediately destroys by fixing it on his hook, and there all his knowledge of the insect terminates. He would scarcely be induced to treat it in this manner had he learned that this apparently insignificant creature exhibits as much sagacity and practical knowledge in his way, as the fox or the elephant. Although just emancipated from the egg, he at once spins and weaves for himself a silken vestment, with which he surrounds every part of his frame, except his head and the forepart of his body, which is furnished with six legs. This coat is not, however, sufficient to protect him from his numerous enemies. He therefore attaches to it externally the small shells of other animals, minute fragments of gravel, particles of sand, or any other substance which he finds most convenient for his purpose. If he made his citadel too heavy he would be soon fatigued by dragging it along; therefore, having in the first place rendered it as compact as possible for his protection, he adds to it a chip of wood or a bit of straw, in order to poise the burthen in the water, and this he does with as much precision as if he had been a Lardner in hydrostatics. If he be born in a marsh where reeds abound, he cuts off a piece of the stalk with a knot in it, and makes it his habitation; or if there be no reeds in his vicinity, he finds probably some loose leaves, in which he wraps his precious person, *thinking* that from the nature of the material, he may escape the observation of curious fish, and prying school boys. It is his destiny to lead a very different life from that in which he first becomes acquainted with existence, and this he knows as well as we do. Before he quits the water, he falls into a sort of sleep, during which his transformation takes place. For this purpose he retires completely into his castle. To guard himself from his foes, the obvious course would be to shut it up altogether. If he did this, however, he would no longer have air or water, which are essential to his existence; he therefore constructs of ~~silken~~ silk threads of his own manufacture, a grating, which, with more than the skill of a chemist, he makes insoluble in water, and thus behind his portcullis he has free access to the elements, and at the same time defies all intruders. When the proper season arrives he puts on his wings, and sports over the surface of his native streams in the form of the May fly!

The pride of man will not permit him to attribute the operations of this tiny insect to any other cause than mere instinct. The doctrine that has been hitherto advanced, in support of this principle, is, to say the least of it, fanciful and inconclusive. When Buffon and other naturalists speak of instinct, they describe it as a kind of mechanical impulse, which teaches an animal to

provide for its wants, and to defend itself from its enemies. We are unable to understand what a spontaneous mechanical impulse is. If an animal hide himself from pursuers, it must be from a sense of fear; if he turn boldly, and dare the encounter, he must be actuated by the hope of conquering them. Thus, he may entertain both fear and hope; and these are sentiments which presuppose mind. It is the same with the caddis-worm, which we have just mentioned. If its habitation be too heavy, it buoys up the mansion by the addition of some lighter material; if the abode be in danger of floating about at the mercy of the current, the peril of shipwreck is foreseen and prevented by increasing the ballast. Here are foresight, calculation, mechanical adjustment, all contained in a creature not larger than a pin! If these attributes be called instinct, we shall not quarrel with the phrase; but we submit that there is a marvellous resemblance between such instinct and that general faculty to which men have agreed to give the name of reason.

There is another insect, now seldom found in this country, whose proceedings are very remarkable. It is called the ant-lion, and is frequently met with in France and Switzerland. In its first stage of existence it resembles the common wood-louse, and sustains itself by sucking the juices from the body of the ant. The ant-lion walks backwards, but with so slow a motion that, if he were to earn his bread by the chase, he would be in danger of fasting for many a long day. He therefore has recourse to the trap-system, and forms a pit-fall in the most ingenious manner. A mere pit, or round hole, would by no means answer his purpose. As his movements are so snail-paced, that the ant, if it had an opportunity, would quickly effect an escape, it becomes necessary that the predestined prey shall tumble inextricably into his net.

He selects his ground with great care. In the first place, it must be in the high road by which ants usually travel when they think fit to make their excursions from home. In the next place, it must be a sandy soil, as his only instruments of excavation are his two fore-feet, with which it would be difficult for him to shovel up any other material. He begins his work, like a regular engineer, by marking out a circle, which is as perfect as a mathematician could make it with the aid of a pair of compasses. He then enters the circle, and, with one of his feet, scoops out the sand, which he deposits by means of his shovel on the flat part of his head, whence he tosses it beyond the precincts of his domain. In this manner he goes round until he arrives at the point from which he had set out. He then returns in a contrary direction, still scooping and tossing out the sand as he proceeds;

he adopts this course in order that he may use his other foot, and thus relieve each alternately. His den is made in the shape of a funnel, and at the bottom he buries himself, leaving nothing to be seen but his pincers, which he keeps prepared for his victim. The little industrious ant, running along, thinking only of his own affairs, finds himself suddenly within the magic circle. If he have his wits about him, he will stop at once, and endeavour to withdraw; but the enemy is already apprised of his presence. Unfortunately, upon his entrance, some grains of sand must necessarily fall to the bottom of the trap, which apprizes the assassin below of the traveller's approach. Immediately, the bandit emerges from his place of concealment, and flings up such a quantity of sand round the ant, that the poor creature becomes confused, and rolls headlong to the centre, where he is immediately seized. He is then sucked, until not a drop of vital fluid remains in his frame. As his skeleton might act as a scarecrow, it is then carefully removed. The damage done, during the attack, to the form of the inverted cone, is next repaired; and the tiny Macheath again takes up his station in his ambuscade, there to await fresh opportunities of murder.

If a human being were placed under circumstances similar, in every respect, to those in which the ant-lion finds himself, it would be difficult for him to devise a more ingenious contrivance for obtaining food than those which we have just described. The selection of his ground; the drawing of his circle, which, in order to be useful must be perfect; the shape of his pit-fall, so well adapted to supply the defect of his physical motion; the vigilance which he is enabled to exercise, although out of sight, by the prey necessarily giving notice of his presence, in consequence of his unavoidably disturbing a few grains of sand, which must hasten to the centre; and the means which the insect adopts for frightening his prey, when, by its hesitation, he is in danger of losing it, are all so many proofs of reasoning power, of a faculty that, call it what we will, is fertile in expedients, and well suited to the exigencies which arise in the course of his life. When the period for change occurs, he retires into the bosom of the earth, and constructs for himself a residence lined with splendid tapestry, whence, in due time, he makes his escape as a four-winged fly, having forgotten altogether his former habits, and received new faculties adapted to the new functions which he has to perform.

These instances, to say nothing of the hive, the cells of wasps, the web of the spider, the habitation of the moth, the tent of the caterpillar, the cities of the ants, and the dwellings of the myriads

of other insects living around us, are sufficient to suggest some of the difficulties in which we involve ourselves, when we assume that to man alone is a reasoning mind allowed by the Creator. That the faculties of man excel those of all other beings, with which he is at present acquainted, is manifest from the matchless power which, even in his least civilized state, he exercises over them. There is, in truth, a gradation of mind, from the human race down to the polypus, as there is of bodily organization, from the mammoth to the monad. And, no doubt, the intellectual diapason does not stop at man—it ascends by innumerable shades, growing more and more bright, from him upward to the Deity.

This infinite diffusion of mental energy throughout all organized existence is, however, scarcely more wonderful to us than the gift of life itself to the countless races which, either in the air, on the earth, in its interior, or in the waters, appear to be constantly occupied in the furtherance of some great purpose, not immediately obvious to our limited observation. A leaf has accidentally fallen from a plant on the table at which we write; and we perceive upon it a little reptile, who is consuming it with amazing rapidity. Diminutive as he is, his organization is as perfect, for the destruction of that leaf, and for the assimilation of it to the substance of his own body, as it is possible to be. The vital fluid circulates through his system with as much regularity as it does through the arteries and veins of man; and if we could become acquainted with its sensations, we should, probably, even discover that it has its moments of happiness and pain, affections, tastes, and antipathies, like other animated beings. If we look at the leaves which remain on the plant, we shall perceive, even upon a cursory examination, that they sustain entire colonies of the same, or of different races of insects, in their various stages, from the egg to the fly. If we attempt to count them, we might as well endeavour to number the sands on the sea-shore.

Let us pass from the library into the garden. At the first step we observe a snail, with a gaily painted house on his back, and immediately near him there are twenty others, some adhering to the wall, some making sad work with the young peaches, while others, not so aspiring, are contented with the cabbage plants. A little farther on, we tread amongst a hundred ants, who are emerging from their subterraneous city, through a variety of tunnels, and running about, then down again, and then back, with marvellous activity. Now the approach of a beetle puts them all in confusion; away they scamper. Next, a bee comes murmuring by, but they do not mind the bee, who directs his

course to the hollyhock, and burying himself in one of its half-opened chalices, comes out as dusty as a miller. But he will not long remain so. He removes the fragrant burthen carefully from his head and wings, and consumes a portion, which he will secrete shortly in the form of wax, for the purpose of constructing and repairing the cells of his hive: the remainder he puts in his pocket for a future meal. On the ample leaves of this splendid plant, we count in a moment twelve different species of flies; and if we look at the under part of its leaves, we find them, ample as they are, so crowded with eggs, that it would be impossible to press the head of a pin on any portion of the leaf, without destroying one of those depositories of an incipient insect.

A step or two farther brings us to an apple-tree, many of whose leaves are rolled up. We open one of these mansions, and discover within it fifty caterpillars diving together in perfect harmony. Fluttering their way from shrub to shrub are as many butterflies, clothed in garments of the most brilliant dyes, no two of them perfectly alike; and all of them apparently as happy as butterfly can be. In the air, above these, is a group of gnats, dancing to the sound of their own wings. It is remarkable that they observe a regular succession in their movements; when one is tired he rests for awhile, and his place is filled up by another. They, moreover, have their places in a kind of quadrille, and following the good customs of the country dances of former days, the partners frequently meet half way, and salute each other in a very affectionate manner; then they separate to renew the dance with fresh merriment. Other flies attempt to imitate the gnats; but it must be admitted, that the latter are the Noblets and the Taglionis of the scene.

As we walk on we meet a golden beetle, carrying homeward something for his children; next a red spider, and then a spider striped like a zebra, and then an earwig running, and a centipede, with all his legs, creeping. We look into the hollows of the bark of an old elm, and find them peopled by ten different species of worms. We pass a green hedge, and count in it, the nests of a variety of birds. We walk into the fields. The earth beneath our feet swarms with creatures which we do not see; every blade of grass is in itself a populous kingdom. The bleating of sheep; the lowing of cows; the murmurs made by millions of gossamer wings in the higher regions of the air; the distant bark of the dog; the joyous note of the blackbird; the exulting song of the black cap; the whistle of the thrush; the chatter of the sparrow; the cherub voice of the lark aloft in the summer cloud; fill the atmosphere with a chorus of sounds, which call upon us to praise that benevolent Spirit, who has thus commanded life to glow and breathe happiness every where around us.

What a number of creatures may we not observe even within the compass of a small garden! Some are swift in their movements, some extremely slow; some mount in the air on wings, some descend from the tops of trees, by threads which they spin for the purpose. Some float about in the atmosphere, in balloons of their own construction; some walk backwards, and some urge themselves onward by the process of inflation. One carries his food in his mouth, another puts it into his wallet. Here a robber lies in wait for the industrious insect, and plunders him of the treasure he had been a whole day in collecting. There a regular duel is going on between two creatures, and by and by associates collect on either side, until a general battle begins, which is fought with great fury, and no trifling slaughter. How various their raiment! how beautifully attired are some, while others may be said to be the Quakers of the insect world, in their mode of attire! What nice art is manifest in their operations, what cunning and foresight they display in guarding against their foes! The garden is not only a world, but a universe of insects; every tree, every branch, every leaf, every stem, every inch of bark, every fern, every flower, every blade of grass, being inhabited by a peculiar population of its own!

New universes break upon our view the moment we embark on the river, the lake, and the ocean. If we take up a drop of water on the head of a pin, and magnify it by means of the solar microscope, we shall behold it teeming with different races of beings, the stronger of which feed upon the weaker; and still finding, even in that tiny world, more than they can consume, range about in it with as much facility and freedom as if it were an Atlantic. Upwards of four hundred different species of animalcules have been already distinguished; and it seems to be pretty well established, that the greater number of these possess an internal structure, quite as perfect as that of the larger animals; and "comprising" as Mr. Pritchard informs us, "a muscular, nervous, and in all probability, vascular system, all wonderfully contrived for the performance of their respective offices."* Some are provided with rotatory organs, fringed with lashes, by which they are enabled not only to move to and fro, with marvellous rapidity, but also to create a strong current of water, which rushes towards the mouth, and supplies the animal with food. Others which want this machinery, are endowed with "the extraordinary faculty of thrusting out, or elongating, portions of their bodies, at

* *Natural History of Animalcules: containing descriptions of all the known species of Infusoria; with instructions for procuring and valuing them, &c.*, by Andrew Pritchard, Esq., author of the "Microscopic Cabinet," 8vo., London, 1834:—We have derived a great deal of pleasure, as well as of instruction, from the perusal of this work, which

various points, which assuming the appearance of either legs or fins, enable the creature to walk or swim."*

The diversity of form which prevails amongst the multitudes that inhabit a single globule of water is astonishing. One resembles the sun, another the crescent of the moon a few days old, a third the serpent, a fourth the swallow, a fifth a bunch of grapes; among them will be found miniature figures like a tulip on its stem, a cornucopia, a flask, a lyre, a mandolin, the splendid ornament of precious stones which is worn by the Jewish high priest, a ring, a comet, and countless other objects, such as cylinders, pitchers, and fruit of every description. Some move by darting, some leap, some creep or float along, while others not furnished with wheels, get on by rolling round the axis of their own bodies, as the earth rotates in travelling round the sun. Though the majority are of a dull waterish colour, a few are clothed in the hues of the rainbow. They have all manifestly the means of perceiving objects before them, although eyes have been as yet discovered only in certain species. It is not to be supposed that they are generally as soft in substance as they seem; many are protected by a delicate shell.

But perhaps the most striking peculiarity of the animalcule races, is the variety in their modes of propagation. Some produce their young alive, or in the egg, while from others the new races issue like buds from a tree; some propagate by a spontaneous division of their bodies into two or more portions,—these portions become separate beings, and each proceeds in due time to repeat the same process. These divisions are effected sometimes transversely, sometimes longitudinally, sometimes vertically, and, in several instances, the parent is transformed into a mass of young animalcules, and on their birth is itself dissipated, leaving but a slight film behind, the shade of the progenitor.

"If we take some of the largest of these animalcules," (the monads) says Mr. Pritchard, "and suppose them to be arranged in a line of only one inch in length, it will require 9,600 to form it; so, that, a cubic inch would contain 884,736 millions;—an ocular demonstration, it would seem, of the divisibility of animal matter. And if we investigate the thickness of their skins, or of the tissue which incloses the coloured particles, it will be found to be less than any substance we are acquainted with in inorganic matter; and, will afford, at the same time, a better idea of the minuteness of the particles of vegetable colouring

we have no hesitation in recommending to the attention of every person desirous of becoming acquainted with the wonders of the microscopic world—a world that may be said to have lain altogether concealed from our ancestors. Mr. Pritchard's instruments are among the best we have seen; and the mechanical contrivances by which he has enabled the microscopist to display the object of his examination, in every possible point of view, reflect the highest credit on his ingenuity.

* *Ib.*—p. 15.

matter, than any other method we can desire. Thus, for instance, presuming there are only four particles of colouring matter in each cavity, ~~of~~ stomach, and four such cavities in each animalcule, the said cubic inch of animalcules will contain the immense number of 14,155,776 millions of particles."—*Natural History of Animalcules*, p. 29.

The little being called the Proteus varies its shape every moment under the eye of the observer—now a ball, now a funnel, next, a mere dash on the water, and then, a three-cornered figure. The grape animalcules are clustered together, and sometimes rove about near the surface of the water, and go through a series of the most amusing gambols. If an infusion of indigo be mixed with the water taken from particular ponds, a single animated globule will be soon seen in motion, which divides into a cluster of smaller ones; these speedily disperse, and become clusters in their turn, ad infinitum. The cluster revolves as it moves, and has the means of attaching itself to any substance by spinning a thread just like the spider's. This filament shoots forth a fresh cluster. Mr. Baker has given a lively description of the hair-like animalcule, so called from its shape, which was first discerned by Mr. Anderson. Diminutive though it be, it is covered with rings, and is incapable of bending. The hair insects are usually found together in groups, and their colour changes occasionally from a bright green, to a sky-blue. The group which Mr. Baker observed, divided itself into two armies, and while one resolved on moving upward in the water that contained them, the other chose to take the contrary direction. Thus they were about to meet, as Mr. Baker expected, in hostile contact; when, to his great surprize, the host that was ascending regularly opened out its column, on the right and left, leaving a convenient space through which the other division descended; and, thus they continued to repeat their evolutions for some time, with a degree of discipline, which must have proceeded from intelligence. If we consider that this animalcule is so small as to be invisible to the naked eye, that millions of millions of the race may be contained within the compass of a square inch, and yet, that they have sagacity which teaches them to associate, and to move, as it were, under the guidance of acknowledged leaders, in such directions as are best calculated to secure the harmony of the whole community, we must perceive that no power short of Omnipotence, could have thus divided not only the principle of life; but the etherial spark of mind into such infinitely small portions.

The Greenland sea is indebted for its peculiar colour, which varies between olive green and ultramarine, to the vast number of Medusæ it contains. These animalcules are, individually, about one-thirtieth of an inch in diameter; and so great are their

multitudes, that, according to a curious calculation made by Mr. Scoresby, if eighty thousand persons had begun, at the creation of our planet, to count the numbers of those little beings that exist only within two square miles of that sea, to the depth of two hundred and fifty fathoms, they would scarcely have completed the enumeration at the present time! But the human mind fails to follow the calculation to the extent of the thirty thousand square miles of the sea in question, which may be said to exhibit one entire field of *Medusæ*.

The question often arises, while we are dealing with the lower tribes of the animated world, what is the object of all this vast diffusion of life through so many classes of creatures? It is now a well-established fact that, however numerous and subdivided the races of quadrupeds, birds, insects, fishes, and animalcules, may be, they never intermix with each other. Each particular race uniformly reproduces only its own; there is a boundary between it and every other race, above or below it, in the scale of existence, beyond which it cannot pass. The elephant can no more be the parent of a lamb, than a lamb can be of an elephant. The same law of perpetual distinction, which prevails amongst quadrupeds, is found as constantly in force amongst birds, insects, and all the tenants of the deep, without exception. However various may be the mode of propagation amongst animalcules, still, even upon these tiny races, the same command is imposed. The proteus may assume a thousand different shapes in a minute, but he cannot be the ancestor of a polypus. The monad will continue only to produce a monad, to the end of time; and the grape animalcule will never resemble any other fruit. We therefore arrive at the knowledge of a fact, no longer disputable, that he who created the leviathan, created also the hair-insect; that every thing, which lives and moves, derives its existence from the same Power; and the unity which exists throughout the entire system of life, exhibits the unity and the presence of that Power, in language as majestic as the lightnings of Sinai.

The plan for continuing the created races appears, also, to have proceeded from the same source of incomparable wisdom. The moving globule, which seems to occupy the place nearest to inanimate matter, is appointed to convert the watery element into its own substance; thus fed, it becomes itself the food of animalcules higher on the scale of organization; and these, in their turn, assume a consistency which renders them fit to be the nutriment of the smaller fishes. The smaller fishes serve as food to the larger; the enormous whale, for instance, lives principally upon herring, minute crabs, cuttle-fishes, and other small marine animals, and, as these are sustained by the *Medusæ*, we may

perceive the relation that exists between those animalcules and the whale. Ascending a step higher, we find that there is no fish in the waters, with which we are acquainted, which may not be converted by man to the purposes either of food, or light, or convenience, or ornament, in some shape or another. The whale enables him to prolong the day, in the acquisition of that knowledge which, rightly directed, purifies and exalts his intellect. The very instrument by which that animal collects its food assists to improve and strengthen the female figure, to protect us from the rain, and to perfect several parts of the machinery used in our manufactures. The lobster, the turbot, the salmon, the cod, the sturgeon, the mackarel, and the herring, afford luxuries for the tables of every class in society, and the staple of commerce to millions of mankind. If there were no Medusæ, the whale would soon perish; and if the other tribes of animalcules ceased to be reproduced, the ocean would soon be without an inhabitant.

In the same manner, the creature out of the waters, that seems to hold the place nearest to unorganized matter, is, perhaps, the grub. It is the province of the grub to assimilate to his own substance vegetable and decayed animal matter; he then becomes the food of other insects, and of birds, and very much enriches the grasses and the plants on which the herbivorous quadrupeds are nourished, which, in their turn, are consumed, as well as birds, by other animals, until the scale of gradation again closes in man. But animalcules, fishes, insects, birds, and quadrupeds, all combine to execute another great function in the system, without which this planet would speedily cease to be habitable. They not only administer to the wants of each other, but they are all engaged in manipulating inanimate matter, if we may use the expression; by converting it into food, in the first instance, they change it from form to form, and thus contribute to render it as fresh and as fertile, at this moment, as it was on the day it was created.

There is a species of beetle, which may be recognized without difficulty, from its long black body, somewhat irregularly indented by two broad copper-coloured bands. Mr. Gleditsch, to whom we are indebted for a very curious account of the habits of this insect, states that he had frequently observed that dead moles, when left upon the ground, usually disappeared in the course of two or three days; but by the operation of what course he was wholly at a loss to conjecture. He, therefore, purposely placed a mole on one of the beds in his garden; it had vanished on the third morning; and, on digging where it had been laid, he found it regularly entombed in the earth, and beneath it he discovered four beetles. Not perceiving anything in this circumstance to

enlighten him, as to the mode in which the duties of the sexton were performed, he restored the mole to its grave. On the sixth day he examined it again, and found the body of the dead animal swarming with the young issue of the beetles. He concluded, therefore, that the beetles were the sextons on the occasion; but, to satisfy himself more fully on this point, he made several experiments, which we shall detail, as quoted by Kirby and Spence.

“ To determine these points more clearly, Mr. Gleditsch put four of these beetles into a glass vessel, half filled with earth, and properly secured, and, upon the surface of the earth, two frogs. In less than twelve hours, one of the frogs was interred by two of the beetles; the other two ran about the whole day, as if busied in measuring the dimensions of the remaining frog, which, on the third day, was also found buried. He then introduced a dead linnet. A pair of beetles were soon engaged upon the bird. They began their operation by pushing out the earth from under the body, so as to form a cavity for its reception; and it was curious to see the efforts which the beetles made, by dragging at the feathers of the bird from below, to pull it into its grave. The male, having driven the female away, continued the work alone, for five hours. He lifted up the bird, changed its place, turned it and arranged it in the grave, and from time to time came out of the hole, mounted upon it, and trod it under foot, and then retired below, and pulled it down. At length, apparently wearied with this uninterrupted labour, it came forth, and leaned its head upon the earth, beside the bird, without the smallest motion, as if to rest itself, for a full hour, when it again crept under the earth. The next day, in the morning, the bird was an inch and a half under ground, and the trench remained open the whole day, the corpse seeming as if laid out upon a bier, surrounded with a rampart of mould. In the evening, it had sunk half an inch lower; and, in another day, the work was completed, and the bird covered. Mr. Gleditsch continued to add other small dead animals, which were all, sooner or later, buried; and the result of his experiment was, that, in fifty days, four beetles had interred, in the very small space of earth allotted to them, four frogs, three small birds, two fishes, one mole, and two grasshoppers, besides the entrails of a fish, and two morsels of the lungs of an ox. In another experiment, a single beetle buried a mole, forty times its own bulk and weight, in two days!”

These experiments have been fully confirmed by other naturalists, who have found beetles actually engaged in the operation of burying dead birds; and we may judge of the great extent to which these grave diggers carry on their business, from the remarkable fact, that notwithstanding the number of birds that must of necessity die from day to day, it is very rarely that the remains of a sparrow, or a rook, or indeed of any other animal, are to be met with on the surface of the earth. It seems, there-

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fore, as it is the province of animalcule to convert the elements of air and water into life, so it is the duty of the worm to take charge of decayed vegetable matter, and of the beetle to garner up dead animal substances, precisely for the same purpose. In the execution of this labour he has, however, a multitude of assistants in a great variety of other insects, as well as in birds of prey. The rapidity with which the remains of men and other animals are consumed in the deserts, where they frequently perish, is well known. In the course of a few days they become mere skeletons. Thus, not only is the earth kept constantly free from the unsightly appearance and noxious effluvia of animals in which life is extinct, but the substance that once belonged to them is almost immediately appropriated to the uses of life in myriads of other forms. These forms in their turn perish, and are dealt with in a similar way, and by the operation of this system of economy, all matter is kept in a state of perpetual renovation.

From the imperfection of our knowledge it is not always in our power to demonstrate the precise functions which particular insects, whose habits have not been closely investigated, perform in the system to which we belong. But from the little we do know, we may conclude without much danger of error, that nothing has life in any of the elements, which is not conducive to the process of re-juvenescence indispensable to the maintenance of the human race, on the sphere on which it is located. If the functions assigned to the insects for instance, in transmuting dead animal matter into life, were to be suspended only for a year, the atmosphere would become intolerable, and man would be the victim of a universal pestilence. The work of transformation seems so necessary to the preservation of the system, that it is even carried on not merely by the process of converting death into life, and life into death, but also by the curious operation which enables many animals frequently to shuffle off a portion of their mortal coils, and clothe themselves in new ones before they reach the period assigned to their existence.

The changes which the caterpillar undergoes from the time he leaves the egg until he ascends the air, as a butterfly, are familiar to every body. Many insects, such as the caddis-worm and the ant-lion already mentioned, pass through similar stages of variation. But there is, in fact, no animal which does not exhibit in its own person, the operation of the same law. The deer has no horns until the age of puberty, and it renews them every year after. Birds are at first clothed in down, then they put on a raiment of feathers, and that apparel is periodically changed. The peacock does not assume his gorgeous robes until his

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year, and beautiful as they are in colour, and elaborate in workmanship, he occasionally loses them, when he must go about for a while as meanly clothed as a sparrow, but only to re-appear in fresh glory. The frog is at first a tadpole, in which there is no more resemblance to his second shape, than there is between an egg and an infant. Lobsters, crabs, and other fishes, are obliged to manufacture for themselves new shells every year, just as serpents and other reptiles change their skins.

Man, at the age of twenty, retains not a particle of the matter in which his mind was invested when he was born. Nevertheless, at the age of eighty years, he is conscious of being the same individual he was as far back as his memory can go—that is to say, to the period when he was four or five years old. Whatever it be, therefore, in which this consciousness of identity resides, it cannot consist of a material substance, since, if it had been material, it must have been repeatedly changed; and the source of identity must have been destroyed. It is, consequently, an ethereal spirit, and as it remains the same, throughout all the alterations that take place in the body, it is not dependent on the body for its existence; and is thus calculated to survive the ever-changing frame by which it is encircled. That frame becomes stiff, cold, and motionless, when the circulation of the blood ceases; it is consigned to the earth, and is separated by insects into a thousand other forms of matter; but, the mind undergoes no such transformation. It is unassailable by the worm. If matter, subject as it is to perpetual changes, do not, and cannot possibly, perish, how can the mind perish, which knows of no mutation? There is no machinery prepared by which such an object could be accomplished; nor could machinery be prepared for such a purpose, without an entire subversion of the laws of nature. But, as these laws have emanated from the wisdom of the Creator, they could not be altered, much less subverted, without involving an inconsistency, into which it is impossible for Divine Wisdom to fall.

The acorn is changed into the stately oak, the seed of wheat into the ear bearing fifty of its kind, and waving in the breeze. We can no more recognize the form, or the colour, or the fragrance of the rose, in the plant from which it springs, than we can discern the gaiety and the variegated wings of the butterfly in the chrysalis. The beech, the elm, and the chesnut, beneath whose ample shade the herds found protection from the summer sun,—in winter, stand like so many skeletons, warring with the tempest. The bud, loosened by the genial season, bursts into a cluster of white and ruby leaves; these decay, and in their place we find another germ, which becomes in time the nectarine or the apple.

In the mineral world the same process of transmutation goes on,

though the means by which it is effected are not always perceptible to our senses. If we may reason from the operations of the coral insect, we should conclude that granite, slate,* lime-stone, and other such substances, are formed by the agency of animalcules, whose existence our microscopes are not yet sufficiently powerful to bring within our observation. Vegetable matter might thus be converted into coal; and substances extracted from the ocean, into chalk. The very elements are subject to the general law of change. Water, expanded into vapour, rises in the atmosphere, and after floating about for a while, descends on the earth, in the form of rain; and returns to the deep through a thousand channels. A portion of it, however, stops on the way, fertilizing the fields and gardens, and becomes dew upon the turf, milk in the cow, oil in the olive, wine in the grape, and honey in the flower. Sometimes it appears in the form of snow, sometimes of ice so solid as to afford a highway over seas, lakes and rivers; sometimes it roams about in the shape of a fragment torn from a mountain, the terror of the mariner. It sings in the brook with the softness of the nightingale, but it can thunder in the Niagara. It is perpetually assuming new forms, and yet, the average quantity of it on the earth, remains always the same. So it is with all other matter—the quantity that was first created, is, at this moment, notwithstanding all the transformations it has since sustained, precisely of the same weight as when it was then adjusted in the balance of the universe. The earth is the real Phoenix, rising continually from her own ashes.

The preservation of the planet in productive and inexhaustible power, without increase or diminution of its magnitude, is essen-

* Slate has been applied to a great variety of novel purposes, since the repeal of the duty on that valuable material. It may be sawn like marble into slabs of almost any dimensions, and is used in the warehouses of the London Dock Company, as a substitute for other kinds of flooring. It is capable of sustaining any weight, if laid on an adequate foundation; and is so easily cleaned, that goods of the most opposite description, fruits and hides, spices and old rags, sugar and pepper, succeed each other rapidly on the same floor, without the slightest damage. A floor of slate, one or two inches thick, may be laid down within one twentieth of the time required for other materials; it is much cheaper than wood or granite, and may be laid in warehouses, over decayed wooden floors, with great advantage. In sugar manufactories, brew-houses, granaries, coach manufactories, and other similar buildings, this material serves to combine cleanliness with economy. It is applied to the fronting of houses, instead of cement, and looks almost as well as Portland stone. The slabs are neatly attached to the wall, they are then painted, and while the paint is fresh, it is sprinkled with sand. Laid down in the front of wharfs it prevents the accumulation there of mud, the removal of which is attended with inconvenience and expense. Strong and excellent tanks are now made of slate, and in consequence of the instrumentality of the saw, great improvements have been recently made in the roofing of out-houses. We are surprised that the companies do not line their canals with this material; if they did, they would not only avoid the necessity of occasionally using granite for that purpose, but might also run steam-boats on canals with the utmost facility.

tial to the great purpose for which it was created, that of its being the abode of the human race. Any material alteration in its magnitude, would, moreover, necessarily affect its relations to the sun and the other planets; and thus we perceive an indisputable connexion between the smallest animalcule that lives, and the solar system.

It was undoubtedly competent to Omnipotence, to have preserved the earth in its wonted form and size, by means which we might deem less complicated than that vast machinery of quadrupeds, birds, fishes, insects, and animalcules, which He has chosen for the execution of his design. But, we must admit that the extent of that machinery, and the divisions, and subdivisions of powers which it comprehends, as well as the precision with which it has operated for so many centuries, display, in the most striking manner, the unerring wisdom, and the inexhaustible resources of its author. The indifference with which men have hitherto looked upon the marvellous system of which they form an essential part, demonstrates the necessity that existed for calling their attention to it every hour and every moment of the day. When a God visited them in person, they repudiated his doctrine, and crucified him as an impostor. And, now, after a lapse of six thousand years, how few are the persons who look around them with enthusiasm, and feel that they behold the Deity in the productions of his hand?

But this perpetual and universal exhibition of intelligence and power, is accompanied, also, with proofs of benevolence as unbounded as the other attributes of the Creator. If we may argue from what we know of the higher order of animals, we are entitled to conclude, and the conclusion is justified by our observation of their movements and habits, that there is no being whatever, admitted within the pale of existence, that is not susceptible of feelings of happiness as well as of pain. The thrill of parental affection is felt throughout the whole system of animation, even where it receives no impulse from the union of the sexes. Bare existence must be attended with pleasure, since we see that the smallest animalcule endeavours to escape from the enemies that would destroy it. Man, perhaps, of the whole of the tribes of animated forms, is, upon the average, the least contented with his lot, though the most perfect in every respect. The more cultivated his mind becomes, the less satisfied does he grow with his destiny on this earth, which is, in itself, an indication that the earth is not intended to be his final resting-place. But he shares in the felicity of the inferior races. The cheerful song of the bird reaches his heart; the gambols of the dog, his faithful companion, awaken his kindness. He is delighted to be able to establish an under-

standing between himself and the horse that bears him through the battle; and to attract, by kind treatment, to his fireside, even the leopard and the lion. All animals have the means of communicating with each other, either by sounds or by gesticulations; where the vocal power is denied, it is compensated by antennæ; and though the language thus expressed would not be sufficient for the purposes of man, it is as perfect for the uses to which it is applicable as any dialect that we possess. Thus, the lower tribes have their enjoyments, which they can share with each other as well, perhaps, as we do: and for what object is all this benevolence made manifest? To invite *our* attention, and to teach *us* that the scene on which we live is arrayed in beauty and magnificence, not only that it might charm the heart, but also lead the mind to a knowledge of the character and goodness of its Creator. It is here we are to learn the alphabet by which we shall be enabled to read the volumes of the universe hereafter. It is here that we may gather, at every step, tokens of the love which the Deity bears to man; and which, from the numberless forms they assume, and the vigilance with which they are incessantly renewed, shew that the affection, that originally gave them birth, would not be satisfied, unless it were to be continued throughout eternity. The annihilation of a creature, who can in some degree reciprocate that divine attachment, is as impossible as the decay of the feeling itself, or the extinction of the source from which it emanates.

We can easily believe that the birds and insects might perform their functions quite as well, if they had been all clothed in the sombre livery of the ant or the common spider. It may be that the hues in which they appear, each tribe having usually a peculiar vesture of its own, painted from an established model, are necessary for the strict preservation of those boundaries of intercourse which we find observed in every part of the animated creation. But we know, from our own feelings, that we derive a great deal of pleasure from the variety of objects and colours which meet the eye on every side. It gratifies our taste to contrast the humble raiment of our domestic fowl, with the gorgeous splendour of the peacock. Those who have travelled in the forests of America, have found no language adequate to describe the admiration, which they experienced on beholding the many shades of beauty that distinguish the plumage of the birds in those regions. Can we doubt that the gratification which man thus actually receives was intended to be produced when the designs were first conceived, according to which every tribe of birds is decorated?

If we turn from the living to what is usually called the inanimate world, we shall find that it is in truth a world of enchantment. We dare not affirm that the principle of life is limited to

objects that have the power of locomotion. It is very well known that certain animals assume, periodically, all the appearance of death; and that we can detect no difference between them when they are merely hibernating, and when they have actually ceased to live. The wheel animalcule is the tenant of a drop of water, the drop evaporates, and the creature is no longer seen in motion. So he may remain for months, and even for years; and yet, if at the expiration of years, moisture be again properly applied to the spot where the element left its little occupant, the ethereal spark of life is once more kindled in its organs, and it becomes as active as ever. Mr. Bauer (the associate of the late Sir E. Home) has had some diseased grains of wheat in his possession upwards of twenty-seven years, one of which was recently put into our hands. We cut the grain carefully in two, and put one half into a watch glass nearly filled with water. After the lapse of about six hours, we examined it through a microscope, and we found that its white coloured contents, instead of a farinaceous substance, proved to be a mass of eels, just shewing the first signs of life. This surprising fact ought to teach us to hesitate in pronouncing that the principle of existence does not reside in bodies, which to our imperfect vision have all the appearance of being void of animation. Life has, doubtless, its gradations in point of energy—from great activity to absolute inertness. That which we call death is, in truth, but the termination of one stage of life to be instantly followed by another. The system, of which man forms an essential part, is carried on by incessant transformation, and nothing can die in the ordinary sense of that word. Matter still returns to matter. By an analogous system, spirit must return to spirit, and when the body yields up the soul, it must of necessity pass to some region where matter is not known.

But we should never bring this article to a conclusion, if we were to proceed with the speculations which are crowding upon us as we write. Neither must we overlook the attentions due to the delightful works which we have selected as the groundwork of our observations. Mr. Howitt's book, undoubtedly the most charming, as well as the most accurate manual of nature in our language, is already so well known, that we are almost bound to apologize for taking an extract from it. Nevertheless, we cannot forbear from enriching our pages with his description of the season upon which we are just entering.

"Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.

"The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."—SONG OF SOLOMON, II, 12.

"However the festivities with which our ancestors hailed the opening of the month may have sunk into neglect, Nature has not forsaken her

festivities. She still scatters flowers, and revels in dews; she still loves her leafy garniture, and the bursts of unoppressive sunshine; for though we moderns may abandon the customs of our forefathers, and may even deny to May those joyous attributes with which they delighted to invest her; though we complain of cold winds, dull days, and frosty nights, cutting down flower and leaf, and have them too, yet is May a gladsome month withal. Vegetation has made a proud progress; it has become deep, lavish, and luxuriant; and nothing can be more delightful than the tender green of the young hawthorn leaves. Primroses still scatter their million of pale stars over shady banks, and among the mossy roots of hazels; and once more, amid the thickly-springing verdure of the meadow we hail the golden and spotted cowslip. In woods there is a bright azure gleam of *Myosotis sylvatica*, a species of forget-me-not, and of those truly vernal flowers called by botanists *Scilla nutans*, by poets, blue bells; and by country folk Cuckoo's stockings. The ferns are pushing forth their russet scrolls amongst the forest moss and dead leaves. In pools—and none of our indigenous plants can rival our aquatic ones in elegance and delicate beauty—are this month found the lovely water-violet (*Hottonia patustris*) and the buck-bean, originally *bog-bane* or bog-plant, from its place of growth (*Menyanthes trifoliata*), like a fringed hyacinth. The gorse and broom are glorious on heaths and in lanes.

“In the early part of this month, if we walk into woods, we shall be much struck with their peculiar beauty. Woods are never more agreeable objects than when they have only half assumed their green array. Beautiful and refreshing is the sight of the young leaves bursting forth from the grey boughs, some trees at one degree of advance, some at another. The assemblage of the giants of the wood is seen, each in its own character and figure; neither disguised nor hidden in the dense mass of foliage which obscures them in summer;—you behold the scattered and majestic trunks; the branches stretching high and wide; the dark drapery of ivy which envelopes some of them, and the crimson flush that glows in the world of living twigs above. If the contrast of grey and mossy branches, and of the delicate richness of young leaves gushing out of them in a thousand places, be inexpressibly delightful to behold, that of one tree with another is not the less so. One is nearly full clothed,—another is mottled with grey and green, struggling as it were which should have the predominance, and another is still perfectly naked. The wild cherry stands like an apparition in the woods, white with its profusion of blossom, and the wilding begins to exhibit its rich and blushing countenance. The pines look dim and dusky amid the lively hues of spring. The abeles are covered with their clusters of albescent and powdery leaves and withering catkins; and beneath them the pale spathes of the arum, fully expanded and displaying their crimson clubs, presenting a sylvan and unique air. And who does not love ‘the wood-notes wild?’ We again recognize the speech of many a little creature who, since we last heard it, has traversed seas and sojourned in places we wot not of. The landscape derives a great portion of its vernal cheerfulness, not merely from the *songs* of birds, but from their

cries. Each has a variety of cries indicative of its different moods of mind, so to speak, which are heard only in spring and summer, and are both familiar and dear to a lover of Nature. Who ever heard the *weet-weet* and *pink-pink* of the chaffinch, or the *winkle-winkle* of the black-bird, as it flies out of the hedge and skims along before you to a short distance, repeatedly on a summer evening about sunset,—at any other time? In spring mornings, by three or four o'clock, the fields are filled with a perfect clamour of bird-voices, but at noon the wood is their oratory. There the wood-pecker's laugh still rings from a distance—the solemn coo of the wood-pigeon is still deep and rich as ever—the little chill-chall sounds his two notes blithely on the top of the tallest trees; and the voice of the long-tailed titmouse, ever and anon, sounds like a sweet and clear-toned little bell. Nests are now woven to every bough and into every hollow stump.

“As the month advances, our walks begin to be haunted with the richness of beauty. There are splendid evenings, clear, serene, and balmy, tempting us to continue our stroll till after sun-set. We see around us fields golden with crow-foot, and cattle basking in plenty. We hear the sonorous streams chiming into the milk-pail in the nooks of crofts, and on the other side of hedges.

“Towards the close of the month, the mind, which has been continually led onward by the expansion of days, leaves, and flowers, seems to repose on the fulness of nature. Every thing is clothed. The *spring* actually seems past. We are surrounded by all that beauty, sunshine and melody, which mingle in our ideas of *summer*. The hawthorn is in full flower; the leafy hedges appear half-buried in the lofty grass. Butterflies take their wavering flight from flower to flower; and dragonflies on the banks of rivers. Sheep-washing is begun in many places. The mowing-grass presents a mosaic of the most gorgeous and inimitable hues, or is white with waving umbels. A passing gale awakens a scene of lively animation. The massy foliage of trees swings heavily, the boughs of the hawthorn wave with all their loads of fragrant bloom, and snowy umbelliferous plants toss on the lea like foam on the stormy ocean. Now sweet poesy,

‘Let thy happy votary roam,
For the green earth is his home,
When the tree-tops are besnowed
With the blossoms' gorgeous load,
And the forest's verdant pall
Shrouds the missel in her hall;
In the hawthorn's pleasant boughs,
Where a thousand blithe birds house.
When the meadows are brimful
Of all flowers that children pull,—
Saxifages, cardamines,
Kingcup which in deep gold shines;
Dandelion with globe of down,
The school-boy's clock in every town,
Which the truant puffs amain
To conjure lost hours back again.
Then, 'tis then I love to meet
Thy true son's way-faring feet,

As I have, ere now, descried
 By the thunderous falls of Clyde;
 Or where bright Loch Katrine fills
 Such a space between such hills,
 As no lake beside it may,
 Since Eden's waters passed away.'—W. H.

"Cottage gardens are now perfect paradises; and, after gazing on their sunny quietude, their lilachs, peonies, wall flowers, tulips, anemones and coredouses with their yellow tufts of flowers, now becoming as common at the doors of cottages as the rosemary and rue once were—one cannot help regretting that more of our labouring classes do not enjoy the freshness of earth, and the pure breeze of heaven, in these little rural retreats, instead of being buried in close and sombre alleys. A man who can, in addition to a tolerable remuneration for the labour of his hands, enjoy a clean cottage and a garden amidst the common but precious offerings of nature; the grateful shade of trees and the flow of waters, a pure atmosphere and a riant sky, can scarcely be called *poor*.

"If Burns had been asked what was the greatest luxury of May, I suppose he would have quoted from his 'Cotter's Saturday Night.'

'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
 In other's arms breathe out the modest tale
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.'

At which Gilpin would quote, from his 'Forest Scenery,' a passage proving the poets to be very foolish for their admiration of so insignificant and inelegant a bush. We, however, shall take part with Burns, only we would conjure a nightingale into his hawthorn, and the hawthorn into a forest, for of all May delights, listening to the nightingale is the greatest, and when heard at still midnight, the moon and stars above you, filling with lustre the clear blue sky; the trees lifting up their young and varied foliage to the silvery light; the deer quietly resting in their thickest shadows, and the night-breezes, ever and anon, wafting through the air, 'Sabean odours,' then if you feel neither love nor poetry, depend upon it, you are neither lover nor poet. As, however, in this country, nightingales are as capricious as the climate, a good *singing gentleman* is no bad substitute, as a friend of ours convinced us on such an occasion, making the woods echo with the 'Pibroch of Donnel Dhu.'

"FLOWERS.—The return of May again brings over us a living sense of the loveliness and delightfulness of flowers. Of all the minor creations of God, they seem to be most completely the effusions of his love of beauty, grace and joy. Of all the natural objects which surround us, they are the least connected with our absolute necessities. Vegetation might proceed, the earth might be clothed with a sober green; all the processes of fructification might be perfected without being attended by the glory with which the flower is crowned; but beauty and fragrance are poured abroad over the earth in blossoms of endless varieties, radiant evidences of the boundless benevolence of the Deity. They

are made solely to gladden the heart of man, for a light to his eyes, for a living inspiration of grace to his spirit, for a perpetual admiration. And accordingly, they seize on our affections the first moment that we behold them. With what eagerness do very infants grasp at flowers! As they become older they would live for ever amongst them. They bound about in the flowery meadows like young fawns; they gather all they come near; they collect heaps; they sit among them, and sort them and sing over them, and caress them, till they perish in their grasp.

'This sweet May morning
The children are pulling
On every side'
'If a thousand valleys far and wide
Fresh flowers.'
WORDSWORTH.

We see them coming wearily into the towns and villages with their pinafores full, and with posies half as large as themselves. We trace them in shady lanes, in the grass of far-off fields, by the treasures they have gathered and have left behind, lured on by others still brighter. As they grow up to maturity, they assume in their eyes, new characters and beauties. Then they are strewn around them, the poetry of the earth. They become invested by a multitude of associations with innumerable spells of power over the human heart; they are to us memorials of the joys, sorrows, hopes, and triumphs of our forefathers; they are to all nations, the emblems of youth in its loveliness and purity.

"The ancient Greeks, whose souls pre-eminently sympathised with the spirit of grace and beauty in every thing, were enthusiastic in their love, and lavish in their use, of flowers. They scattered them in the porticoes of their temples, they were offered on the altars of some of their deities: they were strewed in the conqueror's path; on all occasions of festivity and rejoicing they were strewn about, or worn in garlands.

'It was the custom then to bring away
The bride from home at blushing shut of day,
Veiled, in a chariot, heralded along
By strewn flowers, torches and a marriage song.'—KEATS.

The guests at banquets were crowned with them:—

'Garlands of every green, and every scent,
From vales deflowered, or forest-trees branch-rent,
In baskets of bright osiered gold were brought,
High as the handles heaped, to suit the thought.
Of every guest, and each as he did please
Might fancy-fit his brows, silk-pillowed at his eas.'—KEATS.

The bowl was wreathed with them, and wherever they wished to throw beauty, and to express gladness, like sunshine they cast flowers.

Some of the same spirit seems to have prevailed amongst the ancients. "Let us fill ourselves," says Solomon, "with costly wine and ointments; and let no flower of the spring pass by us. Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they be withered." But, amongst that ancient and poetical people they were commonly regarded in another and higher sense, they were the favourite symbols of the beauty and

the fragility of life. Man is compared to the flower of the field, and it is added, 'the grass withereth, the flower fadeth.' But of all the poetry ever drawn from flowers, none is so beautiful, none is so sublime, none is so imbued with that very spirit in which they were made as that of Christ. 'And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not neither do they spin, and yet, I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith!' The sentiment built upon this, entire dependance on the goodness of the Creator, is one of the lights of our existence, and could only have been uttered by Christ; but we have here also the expression of the very spirit of beauty in which flowers were created; a spirit so boundless and overflowing, that it delights to enliven and adorn with these riant creatures of sunshine the solitary places of the earth; to scatter them by myriads over the very desert 'where no man is; on the wilderness where there is no man;' sending rain, 'to satisfy the desolate and waste ground, and to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth.'

"In our confined notions, we are often led to wonder why

'Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air;'

why beauty, and flowers, and fruit, should be scattered so exuberantly where there are none to enjoy them. But the thoughts of the Almighty are not as our thoughts. *He* sees them; he doubtlessly delights to behold the beauty of his handiworks, and rejoices in that tide of glory which he has caused to flow wide through the universe. We know not, either, what spiritual eyes besides may behold them; for pleasant is the belief, that

'Myriads of spiritual creatures walk the earth.'

—*Book of the Seasons*, pp. 99-110.

To Mr. Jesse we are indebted for many an hour of pure enjoyment. His three volumes of "Gleanings" are to us so many bright, long, delicious summer days, ever to be remembered in the years of existence that have fled away. No reader of any taste can, we think, pore without emotion upon the reflections into which this amiable enthusiast is often led by the general current of his subject.

"But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;

The hum of bees, and linnets' lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.'

"Those who reside in the country can appreciate the enjoyment of the first fine days of spring. Nature then puts on her most smiling aspect, and everything looks joyous: frost and snow have disappeared, and the fields are clothed with verdure.

‘ Diffugere nives ; redeunt jam gramina campis
 Arboribusque comas :
 Mutat terra vices ; et decrescuntia ripas
 Flumina prætereunt :

Frigora mitescunt Zephyris ;’

“ It is impossible not to enjoy such moments. As for myself, I am never so happy as when I am strolling on the bank of some clear and beautiful stream on a fine spring day: the scenery, the birds and flowers, all add to my pleasure. I like to see the ‘glittering streamlet play,’ and to hear ‘the prattle of the purling rill,’ as Thomson calls the sound made by a brook as it passes over a bed of pebbles—

‘ The little brook
 That o’er its flinty pavement sweetly sung.’

“ No one appears to have appreciated the charms of the country more than Horace. In his beautiful ode in praise of a country life, he details the pleasures to be derived from it, in a manner which shews how capable he was himself of enjoying its attractions. After describing how happy the man must be who cultivates his own land, prunes and engrafs his fruit-trees, or sees his lowing cattle in some lonely vale, and stores his honey, and shears his sheep, and gathers in his fruits, he exclaims—

‘ Libet jacere modò sub antiquâ ilice,
 Modò in tenaci gramine :
 Labuntur altis interim ripis aquæ :
 Queruntur in sylvis aves ;
 Fontesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
 Somnos quod invitet leves.’

“ I am apt to dwell on the charms of the country, because so much of my own happiness is derived from it, and because I am persuaded that so many others might enjoy the same pleasure. The mere act, however, of living in the country will not be sufficient; there must be a decided fondness for the occupations it affords: visiting the cottages of the peasantry, and relieving their wants, is one of these. The cultivation of flowers should not be neglected, as it is another of the resources which makes a country life agreeable, and affords a pleasure which is not only inexhaustible, but is one of the most fascinating kind. To this may be added the study of natural history, which alone is sufficient to keep the mind employed, and prevent the day from becoming dull or tedious. It is a study also calculated to make us wiser and better, as the more we contemplate the works of creation, the more reason we shall have to entertain a deep sense of Almighty power and goodness;—

‘ For God is paid when man receives—
 To enjoy is to obey.’ POPE.

“ Those persons to whom the employment of their minds is irksome, and who gradually lose their intellectual powers, because they will not take the pains of exerting them, will be incapable of appreciating the pleasures and benefits to be derived from a well-regulated life, passed in the country. Those, however, who are willing to try the experiment,

may be assured that it will be their own fault if their time is not both usefully and agreeably employed: they will become cheerful and instructive companions, kind and humane in their dispositions, and have their moral character improved and made more fit for that great change which, sooner or later, must happen to us all.

"I cannot refrain from quoting what an elegant writer* has said on the subject in question.

"We are affected with delightful sensations when we see the inanimate parts of the creation, the meadows, flowers and fields, in a flourishing state. There must be some rooted melancholy at the heart, when all nature appears smiling about us, to hinder us from corresponding with the rest of the creation, and joining in the universal chorus of joy. But if meadows and trees in their cheerful verdure—if flowers in their bloom, and all the vegetable parts of the creation in their most advantageous dress, can inspire gladness in the heart, and drive away all sadness, but despair; to see the rational creation happy and flourishing, ought to give us a pleasure as much superior, as the latter is to the former in the scale of beings. But the pleasure is still heightened, if we ourselves have been instrumental in contributing to the happiness of our fellow-creatures—if we have helped to raise a heart drooping beneath the weight of grief, and revived that barren and dry land, where no water was, with refreshing showers of love and kindness."

"Under almost every circumstance of disquietude or of solitude, alone in one's room, or wandering far away from the haunts of mankind, a lover of Nature has always something around him not only to occupy his thoughts, but to afford him gratification and pleasure. When I say pleasure, I mean that pleasure which arises from the occupation of the mind when devoted to a delightful study, and which cheers us with the conviction that our time is not unprofitably spent. As we proceed in the contemplation of the works of Nature, her beauties are gradually unfolded to our view, as if she were pleased that her works had excited our wonder and admiration; the study of them is indeed unbounded, for the objects she presents to our notice are infinite, unceasing, and delightful."

We believe we may fairly say, that to the author of the "Journal of a Naturalist," belongs the enviable honour of having been the first of modern writers, who have given to natural history that popular and captivating aspect, which, happily, it has recently assumed amongst us. This work, which has already passed through several editions, should never be absent from the parlour window.

* SEED.

ART. II.—*On Local Disturbances in Ireland, and on the Irish Church Question.* By George Cornwall Lewis, Esq. 8vo, London, 1836.

FROM the time of Lord Anglesey's appointment to be Lord-Lieutenant, under the Whigs, in 1830, to the recall of Lord Wellesley, by the military dictator, in 1834, the scoff of the Tories was incessant—that there was no "Government-party" in Ireland. Nor was the reproach unfounded. For, as soon as the former nobleman had unfolded his plans, and chosen his instruments to carry them into effect, the only party from which he could have expected any support, left him. The People withdrew,—at first, "more in sorrow than in anger,"—and, standing afar off, watched his wavering efforts, to do right, and the steady exertions of his evil counsellors to resist it.

Before his arrival in Dublin, O'Connell had declared war against him. The elevation of Doherty to the bench was a personal insult to "The Liberator," which he might have waived; but the choice of Blackburne to be Attorney-General was a wrong inflicted upon his country, which he had too much reason to resent. Many blame him for the hasty expression of his indignation at those promotions; and attribute the readiness, with which the Lord-Lieutenant fell into the course of Mr. Blackburne's insidious counsels, to the vehemence of O'Connell's hostility. This may have been; for Lord Anglesey was both irritable and vain enough to have been easily bullied or beguiled into any course, however unsuitable or unwise, which might have the semblance of a high spirit to recommend it. But, whatever may have been his motives or provocations, he returned O'Connell's enmity with a degree of personal virulence quite derogatory to his place, and which made his opponent an object of still greater importance than he otherwise might have been.

There was yet a party in Ireland disposed to give the Whig Government "a fair trial;" a party not so considerable by its numerical strength as by the high character and deserved influence of the persons who composed it. These were the *Old Whigs*, who had studied the principles of reform, and imbibed its true spirit, from the lips of Fox, and Grattan, and Ponsonby. There was no lack of such men in Ireland, qualified by station and intellect to direct public opinion. The most valuable and thinking portion of the people still looked up to them as their natural leaders, thought highly of their integrity, relied upon their judgment, and would have rallied at their call, if they could have assumed such a position as might enable them to collect a body of supporters around them.

Some of the most distinguished members of this party left the retirement, which the protracted sway of the Tories had made their "post of honour;" and gathered round the Viceroy to whom Earl Grey had confided the destinies of Ireland. But such of them as preferred to hold fast by their integrity, rather than bask in the unwonted sunshine of a court, were speedily driven out of those precincts. As the system of the new Government (if it can be said to have had any system) developed itself, their visits at the castle were frequently made for other purposes than to congratulate or to praise; and in a very short time, the face of an honest Whig, who would not hesitate to speak out the whole truth, boldly and freely, was as unwelcome a sight in that place as it would have been when Saurin governed, and Earl Talbot received the pay.

Thus, the Irish Government was soon left without a party, and it continued so, under the influence of Proclamations, Tithe Prosecutions, and the Coercion Act, until Lord Anglesey and Mr. Stanley took their several departures out of the land. The former was, certainly, a man who meant well, and possessed many excellent and popular qualities. He was manly, sincere, generous, and confiding; and, in better hands, would have been an invaluable governor of a people whose character resembled his own, in many of its best points. But he wanted *head*; a deficiency which manifested itself as disastrously in the failings of his judgment as in the infirmities of his temper.

Mr. Littleton's appointment to succeed Mr. Stanley gave renewed hope to the country. His character, for many years, stood high with the Irish people; for, before he became involved in the labyrinths of office, he had always consistently and zealously supported the soundest principles, and advocated, with generous warmth, the right of Ireland to enjoy an equal participation of freedom with the other members of the United Kingdom. But generous and upright sentiments are more easily shown off in a few holiday speeches, than they are reduced to practice in the whispering-galleries of Dublin Castle. The new secretary courted the society of honest men. It was a good sign. And he made a kind of parade of consulting their opinions on affairs of high, as well as of trivial, import. This, however, was the utmost length to which he ventured; for, in his acts, he walked in the footsteps of his predecessor, and followed the counsels of men who loved not the people, and whom, consequently, the people never trusted.

As for Lord Wellesley, he never had a party in Ireland. When he was ten years younger, he had been Lord-Lieutenant, and his want of energy was even then conspicuous. He was

indeed tied, at that time, to Mr. Goulburn for a Chief-Secretary, — a drag heavy enough to damp the speed of a steam-coach. But his indolence might have been trusted without exterior controul. It inclined him to keep much within the range of his “tether,” which he never attempted to strain. On his return in 1833, with an increase of light and experience, and with powers greatly enlarged, he was still the same man; and concerned himself as little as possible in public business. His *Greek letters* to Lord Brougham, were among the most vigorous, as they were certainly the most remarkable, *personal* acts of his second administration.

It is no slight proof of the estimation in which Lord Wellesley's political character was held, at that time, by the plotters against the Government, that the Marquis of Downshire rose from the breakfast-table of this Lord-Lieutenant, with whom he had been on a visit for some days previously, to attend the Conservative meeting, at the Lord Mayor's, on (we think) the 4th of August, 1834: “That great loyal assemblage,” in which Lord Londonderry “glories,” and where the extension of the baleful Orange system, which afterwards spread like a flame through all parts of Ireland, was solemnly recommended. The guest of Lord Wellesley took a conspicuous part at that meeting, with so little consciousness of doing anything offensive to his host, that he wrote, that same evening, to beg an appointment under the Government for a servant or tenant of his. We mention this fact, not as reflecting, or meaning to reflect, on Lord Wellesley's fidelity to his party; for we can no more doubt his honour, than we can question the capacity of the most noble *Weathercock of the North*, to form erroneous conclusions. He, who for so many years had misunderstood his own character, might well misconceive that of others. But this fact shows what hopes Lord Wellesley had left it in the power of the mortal foes of his party, to build upon, so far as his inaction and indecision were concerned; and it justifies the inference which we would draw from it, that while it was possible for *them*, to fall into such an error, it was not possible for the Irish people, to confide in his Government, or to give it their support.

At the restoration of Lord Melbourne's Government, some zealous advocates of the *status quo* wished to have Lord Wellesley sent to Ireland, the third time. But from that crime (for it would have been nothing less) the good genius, or the good sense, of the Premier preserved him; and a nobleman was selected, of all others the fittest for the time, the most acceptable to The People, and the best qualified by directness of purpose, and high moral courage, to consummate the triumph which had been achieved for Ireland.

Beside the personal qualifications of Lord Mulgrave, to acquit himself efficiently in this high and arduous trust, it was an advantage not enjoyed by either of his Whig predecessors, that he had never before occupied the same post, under another *regime*. He had therefore no former associations to shake off, no untoward recollections or prejudices to bury in oblivion, no bad habits to get rid of. His ear had not been poisoned by the "leperous distillments" of Tory leeches, nor his vision perplexed by viewing objects through a falsified medium. He was perfectly disengaged to receive impressions from the evidence which should come before him, and to obey the dictates of his own sound, unbiassed, and honest judgment.

Neither had he to contend with that agency, which had so often caused the failure of good intentions in the same place; he was not yoked with a Chief-Secretary, commissioned to thwart his designs, or mar them in the performance. Lord Morpeth, even from his boyish days, had cherished a warm and enthusiastic attachment to Ireland; and as his judgment ripened, and his powers of discrimination and reflection expanded, he was the more confirmed in that generous and just sentiment. Far from counteracting the plans formed by the Lord-Lieutenant, for the good of Ireland, he is his anxious and zealous fellow-labourer. Some of the most decided and popular acts of the Government, have been adopted at the suggestion of Lord Morpeth,—the principles and feelings of whose mind, dispose him to go hand-in-hand with Lord Mulgrave, in every work of peace and justice. He is ardent, ingenuous, and honest; and his co-operation derives a value, which even the lustre of his talents could not give it, from the religious tenor of his life. He pays more attention to the ordinances of his Church, than nine-tenths of those who make such an uproar about its supposed perilous condition. The Orangemen, particularly those who affect a more straight-laced method of devotion, are sorely troubled by this trait in the Chief-Secretary's character, the sincerity of which no person has dared to impugn. We doubt not that many of them wish he were "hot or cold;" that is, a hot Conservative, or a cold Christian. But moderate and true Protestants, justly regard his genuine and unaffected attachment to their Faith, as a strong security for the *really sacred* interests of the Establishment with which it is united.

It was an additional happiness in Lord Mulgrave's situation, that he was not encumbered by a necessity of providing for Mr. Blackburne. That skilful tactician had thrown himself overboard in right good time. Through all the changes of the former Whig Government, Ireland saw him true to his *place*. That was his

principle. He had adhered to Lord Anglesey with a tenacity which was mistaken by that frank easy man for personal devotedness. Mr. Stanley was, "in the next degree," the object of his most profound respect; yet did not this sentiment for one Secretary obstruct or weaken his veneration for another; for Mr. Littleton found him full of exalted dispositions to admire him also. Changes of systems were nothing to a servant of his King, who made it his boast that he was not a politician, and never had, nor ever would belong, to any party. The first "*Destructive*" Cabinet of Lord Melbourne, therefore, found Mr. Blackburn, as "honest and true," as he had been to the Ministry which gave Ireland the Coercion Act, and as he would undoubtedly have been to the Government which now is; had he kept himself free to obtrude his service upon it. His fidelity to all his employers was of a piece with that of *Dame Quickly*, to the lovers of "sweet Mistress *Anne Page*." He "would do what he could for them all three, but *speciously* for Master Fenton."* In an evil hour for poor Blackburne, *Master Fenton* had dropped in with a counterfeit coin, and slipped it into his hand, just in time to relieve the Whigs for ever from all care or embarrassment about him.

This suspicious riddance, left the way clear for Perrin, an able, honest, and just man, whom nobody ever accused of saying one thing, and hiding another in his thoughts. His opinions, independent, decided, and strong, but always expressed and maintained with moderation, were in unison with those of the Government, to whose cause he had done good service in Parliament. At the bar, he had no superior in the knowledge of the Common Law, and in those branches of the profession with which the business and duties of the Crown are more immediately connected. He was the implacable enemy of injustice and fraud, outrage, and oppression. Whether the offenders were in the highest walks of society, or amongst its most abandoned outcasts; he was equally resolute to cause law and right to be respected, and injury redressed. No man, therefore, was more dreaded by knaves of "every degree"—none more confided in by all true men. Even the more respectable among the Tories, while they condemned his politics, admired his probity, and acknowledged the justice and perfect impartiality of his official conduct.

* The whole passage is worth quoting:—

"I would my Master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or 'tis sooth, I would Master Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three; for so have I promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously, for Master Fenton."—*Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Of Mr. Perrin's * successor, Mr. O'Loghlen, it is superfluous to speak here at any length. He has recently added to his high character, by an admirable speech on the Irish Corporations; in the reform of which, as well as in the several proper functions of his office, he treads wisely and worthily in the footsteps of his predecessor. His appointment was most acceptable to the people of Ireland; who received it as a farther pledge of the sincerity of the Government, and of its desire to administer the affairs of the country by men who had deserved its confidence and affection.

Mr. Blackburne had left a deputy behind him, in the law office, Sergeant Greene, who had cognizance and controul of all public prosecutions. Applications also, and recommendations for pardons, and remissions of punishment; together with the reports of the judges on circuit, and all representations relating to the conduct of magistrates and police, went through the hands of Sergeant Greene. He was not precisely the person whom a Government, which meant all that Lord Mulgrave's Government professed, would choose to consult; nor would the friends of such a Government have desired him for a medium of unreserved communication on all those subjects. It was also deemed that the learned Sergeant's liability to be called on to act as a judge, (in point of fact, he had gone the previous circuit in the place of Judge Vandeleur,) was incompatible with his duties as a director of Crown prosecutions. With the full approbation, therefore, of the Lord-Lieutenant, Sergeant Greene was invited to retire from the law office; and his place was supplied by Mr. Maziere Brady, in whose character are combined, with the most sterling principles, a clear, vigorous, and well-informed understanding, and a perfect knowledge, acquired in the course of a successful practice, of his profession.

* One more clearance was yet to be made, without which, all the reformation that had taken place, would have been as "the sweeping of the house with a fox's tail." Sir William Gosset,

* Mr. Perrin is now a Judge of the Court of King's Bench, and of the manner in which he acquits himself in that situation, *The Southern Reporter*, a paper published in Cork, and conducted with singular ability and impartiality, gives the following account:—

Mr. Justice Perrin.—Mr. Justice Perrin came amongst us at the last assizes for the first time since his elevation to the Bench. His character for integrity and kindness of disposition as a man, and for extensive and profound knowledge of his business as a lawyer, preceded him. Those attributes were fully exemplified in the progress of the public business. He treated the legal topics which arose with the sound judgment and acute perception for which he is distinguished. The criminal business was handled with patience, temper, and extreme humanity. The unhappy individuals who are now placed in such an awful predicament had all the advantages arising from a full, fair, and compassionate investigation of their case by scrupulous juries and a constitutional judge.

was still the Under-Secretary. His office was the "Dilly" wherein all the "insides" about Dublin were wont to congregate; and from which it was both expedient and necessary to dislodge him, and them, with all decent and practicable dispatch. This, too, was accomplished, and in a manner the most kind and considerate: for, instead of leaving the worthy knight to the consolations of his pension, which might have been very well done, he was promoted to the office of Sergeant-at-Arms; which we wish him life and health long to fill, with that universal urbanity, which is perhaps better suited to such a situation, than manners of a rougher, though not less genuine, quality.

There is scarcely an office, under the Crown, which it is of greater importance to Ireland, to have filled by an able and honest man, than this one of the Under-Secretary. The present generation has never seen it so well filled as it now is. Mr. Drummond is too well known, by the valuable services rendered by him to the cause of Reform, to require any other testimonial of the truth and force of his attachment to popular Government. In Manchester, in Birmingham, in Leeds, *Monumentum si quæras, circumspice*. Wherever the franchise has been created, or extended, as long as the English Reform Bill endures, his devotion to that cardinal principle, will be defined by landmarks, which corruption cannot remove. We have heard Mr. Drummond praised by some persons, who thought they were complimenting him highly, when they spoke of him as "an excellent man of business." But without the primary and essential requisite, *Principle*, pure and decided, though he were gifted with all the man-of-business-like perfections that ever were imputed or imagined, throughout the whole recorded series of Under-Secretaries, he would have been unfit to conduct the practical details of Lord Mulgrave's Government. He does, indeed, possess such qualifications in excellent subordination to endowments of a much higher range and mark; and in him they are the more effective, and their results the more conspicuous, because the spirit goes along with the act, and diffuses itself, under his active and anxious superintendence, through every department of office, which is subject to his controul.*

The Irish people had often been deluded by professions; but here were acts, so decisive, that they could not be understood or interpreted, in any other sense, than as the earnest and pledge of substantial justice. The people received them as such, and, as a

* Mr. Drummond's efforts are admirably supported and seconded by Mr. MacDonnell, the first Clerk in the Chief Secretary's Office, an Irishman of first-rate abilities, and wearing his heart in the right place, for whose appointment to that confidential situation, the Country and the Government owe much to Lord Morpeth, who placed him there.

necessary consequence, gave their confidence heartily, and without reserve, to the Government. The Tory scoff, was, from that time, exploded. They could no longer deride the Irish Government, or insult its destitute condition; for it had a party of, at least, six millions of living souls. The whole heart of Ireland was dedicated to its service and defence, and has continued so, with unabated fervour, to this day.

The Tories now teach their starlings another note. It is no longer "Where is the Government party?" and Echo answers "Where?" For the echo to such a question, should they venture to propose it, would be, not "Where;" but, "*Everwhere!*" It is not the paucity, but the multitude, of the friends of Government, which stings the souls, and points the satire, of its opponents; and the cry of "O'Connell! O'Connell!" is bandied between solemn senators and hackney scribblers, in their anxiety to mark with opprobrium a bond of strength, of which it would give them unmeasured delight to be able to deny the existence.

It is true, O'Connell is a supporter of the Government; and the support it receives from him is among the strongest assurances which the country has of its vitality. But what of that? Does the support which Mr. O'Connell gives to the Government—his unbought and powerful support—prove the Government to be his creature? We think *Sir Robert Peel* will hardly affirm such a proposition, whilst he glories in the alliance of *Lord Stanley*; and whilst the hot blood of *the Græmes* transfuses itself through the veins of his party. Surely he is not Stanley's servant, nor is Sir James "of the Bright Sword" the breath of his nostrils. They have joined him of their own free will, because they admire his principles, and concur in his plans and projects. But his plans and projects are not theirs, because they approve of them. This is the fair rule of interpretation, in the case of that union; a rule sanctioned alike by candour and common sense. But neither common sense nor candour is admitted as interpreter of the union between O'Connell and the Government, because it would be more convenient for the purposes of a faction, if the world could be induced to believe that every act of the Government, which is approved of by Mr. O'Connell, must of necessity have been dictated by him also.

That charge has been a hundred times advanced; and, notwithstanding its flagrant absurdity, it is still constantly reiterated, by persons who are well aware of its untruth. The Irish appointments, if there were no other evidence to expose the falsehood, would be its sufficient confutation. These were the most important acts of the Government, with respect to Ireland; for, upon them, all its subsequent policy and the execution of all its

intended improvements turned; and they were all made without consulting O'Connell. Had he been required to nominate persons to the several offices which have been filled in Ireland, scarcely one of their present occupants, from the Lord-Lieutenant down to the Chief Clerk, would have been advanced to them. Some he would not have recommended, because he did not know them; some he would have passed by, because he knew, or liked, others better. He would not have thought of Lord Mulgrave for a Chief Governor; Lord Morpeth for a Secretary; and, least of all, Lord Plunket for a Chancellor. He would have given Mr. Drummond's place to an Irishman. He would have bestowed all the law appointments differently from the manner in which they were distributed. To every one of them he would have named another, perhaps not a less eligible, person; and yet the Tories have the effrontery to assert, that these were all of his picking and choosing!

That he approved of those appointments, when made, is quite true; and the readiness with which he acquiesced in them is to be mentioned to his honour. But he could not have done less. Neither he nor any honest man had the slightest grounds for objecting; nor could he have refused his confidence and strenuous support to a Government so constituted. No; powerful as O'Connell is, and implicit as the reliance which the Irish People place in him, yet, had he attempted to resist an Administration framed of materials so unquestionably sound and honest, he would have soon found his opposition futile, and his influence like the efforts of a strong swimmer against the tide. His power, as he has himself often declared, is maintained by the oppression or hypocrisy of bad governments, or by the struggles of a faction ambitious of governing ill. Against a system of justice, and measures substantially beneficent and wise, he can have no power at all.

Lord Mulgrave found the Conservative party fierce and impracticable. A man of nerves less firm, or of patience not so well disciplined, might have despaired of them, as indomitable. They had been lately in the ascendant. The Irish dictatorship of Shaw, who really exercised the power now falsely attributed to O'Connell, had filled them with the most extravagant expectations: and the promotion of Colonel Perceval, and other Orange leaders, to office, among the first acts of Sir Robert Peel's *re-forming* Administration, brought back very excusable visions of glory to their imaginations. Such events were enough to turn stronger heads. For our part, we own that we were as much terrified at them as the Tories were elated. Their joy was, indeed, unbridled; none but those who witnessed their conduct,

at the contested elections of that brief period, can form an idea of the ferocious exultation, and the threats of vengeance, to which, in their moment of fancied triumph, they gave loose. They were actually drunk with the delusion and the insolence which possessed them; nor did the intoxication leave them for many a month after the bursting of their bubble. A firm persuasion prevailed, that the days of the new Administration were numbered, and that it could not possibly last beyond three months. "Then," said they, "the reaction will be complete; the Whigs will bid their last long adieu to power; we shall be replaced upon an immovable basis; and then '*main basse sur l'étranger*'—wo to the wretch who shall speak of reform or popular government in those days!"

Such—so insolent, so vain-glorious, so confident—were the Tory leaders, when Lord Mulgrave took the reins of government in Ireland. They tried to bully him. It was an old trick with the party, when they had a refractory Government to deal with; and they had often found it successful. But, on this occasion, they reckoned without the host. They even descended, in some instances, (if such individuals could *descend*,) to acts of vulgar personal rudeness. Lord Mulgrave, however, had come to Ireland bent upon a nobler conquest than that of the hollow affections and interested respect of such as they. Their rudeness, therefore, gave him no uneasiness. He took no notice of it; but the country did: and the contempt and disgust which it excited, operated in calling forth an early and most decided expression of public feeling in his favour. The opulent, intelligent, and independent middle classes, came forward to repudiate the imputation cast upon the national character; and, while curates and attorneys were running about from house to house, begging signatures to tributes of condolence to Peel, County Meetings were called, in several parts of Ireland, to assure the Lord-Lieutenant of the cordial support of The People.

Much affected contempt has been flung upon those meetings, because the "aristocracy," for the most part, declined to assist at them. In some counties, the High Sheriffs refused to convene such meetings, alleging that they could not concur in their proposed object. This strange assumption of discretionary power is peculiar, we believe, to Irish Sheriffs, who appear to view a County Meeting as an assemblage of the *posse comitatus*, and absolutely under their control. Such an opinion, which is almost universal in that class, speaks volumes for the state of their political knowledge, and not less emphatically for the kind of *constitutional spirit* which animates them. Their impediment, however, could not restrain the generous ardour of The People. Meetings, compris-

ing the strength, if not the flower, of the constituent body, were held in all parts of the island; nor were they, as the Tories represent them, mere rabble-meetings: for, although they made but a limited display of glittering titles or flaunting equipages, a very considerable portion of the wealth and productive resources of the country, was represented at those meetings. And decidedly the preponderance of talent and information was at their side. The Lord-Lieutenant set a high value and reliance upon the assurances of public confidence and support, which thus flowed in upon him, and returned answers to them all, breathing a spirit of fearless and ardent devotion to those interests which he had come hither to protect.

We have lived to see the downfall of the unchristian and antisocial Orange System, and the submision of its "tall bullies" to the House of Commons. Not more than eighteen months before, had they bearded the authority of Parliament, and widely extended their associations for the express purpose of coercing it. But the premature exposure of their disloyal machinations, filled their coward hearts with dismay, and they were too happy at being allowed to strike their yellow flag, and march out without the honours of war.

If we should give all the credit of this "surrender" to the revelations made before the House of Commons, we would deal untruly and unjustly. Lord Mulgrave it was, who gave the first mortal blow to the monster, by assailing it in its high places. Others had attacked its outworks and skirmished with its meaner forces by petty prosecutions, which meant little and ended in nothing. He directed his charge against the Prætorian Band, and struck right at the faces of its chivalry. This it was which brought them to a sense of their situation, and made them anxious for any decept pretext to "turn and flee." The address of the House of Commons came seasonably to their relief, and the King's most gracious answer afforded an honourable cover to their retreat.

We allude more particularly to a rule laid down and constantly acted upon by Lord Mulgrave, not to admit to any employment or office, whether of honour, emolument, or trust, a person known or suspected to belong to a secret exclusive society. This resolution comprehended all Deputy-Lieutenants, High-Sheriffs and Justices of the Peace, whether municipal or justices of the peace, and in a word, every person whose appointment to a place would not be valid without the sanction of the Lord-Lieutenant. The excellence and propriety of such a rule will be best illustrated by contrast with the *impartial* system of the preceding administration; of which the following is a striking instance.

On the 9th of February, 1835, Lord Caledon, Lieutenant of the County of Tyrone, wrote to Sir Henry Hardinge, the Chief Secretary, stating that Lord Claude Hamilton had requested him to recommend him for the Commission of the Peace. But his Lordship felt a difficulty on the subject, arising out of a fact which is best described in his own words:—

“On the requisition of the *custos rotulorum*, Lord Abercorn, Lord Castle Stuart, and nineteen magistrates, in addition to several clergymen, and country gentlemen, I convened a meeting of the county on the 19th December, for the purpose of addressing the King, on his Majesty's assertion of the royal prerogative, and it was upon this occasion, I may say, in the face of the country, Lord Claude Hamilton was initiated in the Orange society, was decorated with Orange emblems, and was publicly chaired through the town by a body of Orangemen, who were assembled on that occasion.

“This open and avowed adhesion to a particular party, and this disregard of what I consider the spirit which guides his Majesty's councils, has been very painful to me, and places me in the embarrassing position which I attempt to describe.

“When I consider how my hopes of tranquillizing the country have been counteracted; and knowing as I do, that the conduct of Lord Claude Hamilton had caused increased excitement, I cannot offer this recommendation to the Lord Chancellor, without exposing myself to animadversion.

“On the other hand, when I reflect that he has been elected member for the county, and that his rank and station fully qualify him for the appointment, I know not how to withhold my recommendation, more especially as I do not believe the act of which I complain was in itself illegal; and, above all, when I am *willing to hope*, that, if appointed to the magistracy, his decisions will not be biassed by party prejudice.

“Under these conflicting conditions, I lay the case before his Majesty's Government, and if I find no objection is taken on their part, I shall submit his lordship's name to the Lord Chancellor.

I have, &c.,

(Signed) CALEDON.”

On one of the late debates on the Irish Corporation Bill, Sir Henry Hardinge, with all that apparent openness by which his imposing manner is distinguished, denied that “the party with which he acted had been disposed to raise a *No Popery* cry.” What then—did not Lord Claude Hamilton act with him? Or was it for his aptitude to “suppress all party feelings,” that Sir Henry himself judged that promising young patrician a proper person to assist Lord Caledon in carrying into effect his “*most desirable system*.” The answer of Sir Henry Hardinge is a rare piece of composition. But the reader will be particular to observe, that the Orange Neophyte was ordered by Lord Haddington's Chief Secretary, to be forthwith made a magistrate, “in strict

accordance with the principles by which his Majesty's councils were *then* guided."

"Castle, 9th Feb. 1835.

"My Lord—I have laid before the Lord Lieutenant your lordship's letter of this day's date, and I am desired by his Excellency to say, that the sentiments you express, and the judicious conduct you have always observed in the county of Tyrone, in suppressing all party feelings, meet with his Excellency's entire concurrence.

"*The line you have pursued is in strict accordance with the principles by which his Majesty's councils are guided; and it is only by a firm and impartial adherence to this system, that the peace of the country can be preserved.*

"The Lord Lieutenant regrets that any circumstances should have occurred by which your lordship should have been thwarted in carrying into effect this most desirable system of discouraging popular excitement; but his Excellency, *after an attentive consideration of the statement made by your lordship*, concurs in opinion with you, that, in the exercise of your discretion, it is expedient not to withhold the commission of the peace. I have the honour, &c.

(Signed) "H. HARDINGE."

These are documents which should never be lost sight of. The Irish people should treasure them as memorials of their escape from the fangs of a faithless and hypocritical faction, and recur to them whenever they find their zeal flagging, as spurs to raise their spirits again, and bear them onwards out of the reach of its crawling but unwearied pursuit.

Lord Mulgrave's system is very different, in practice at least, from the "most desirable" one so lauded by Sir Henry Hardinge. His rule is such as we have stated, and he enforced it in every case without stopping to consult the "expediency" oracle in any. They who were known to be Orange, were required to renounce, and those who were suspected, to disown, the dangerous and illicit connexion, before power or trust of any kind was placed in their hands. If they refused to qualify on these easy terms, the desired appointment was not allowed; if they complied with them, no further obstacle was opposed to it. "Nothing could be more just, or consistently with that principle, more indulgent, than such a mode of proceeding.

The first remarkable example which occurred under this rule, was that of Mr. Robert Deane, a barrister of some reputation, whom the Corporation of Cork had nominated to be the Mayor of that city. Mr. Deane was the Master of an Orange Lodge, and in answer to a communication from the Government, avowed his determination to continue so. - Accordingly, the Lord-Lieutenant struck out the gentleman's name from the return, and ordered

their worships in Cork to elect another Mayor, which they did; very indignantly,—but withal, very speedily.

This was a startling proceeding. The veto of the Government against civic appointments, had not been often resorted to. Tories had no occasion to use it; and “the Imbeciles” as they styled Lord Stanley and his associates, repudiated such *revolutionary lengths*. But Lord Mulgrave, having one principle, and one straight road to carry it through, refused to delegate magisterial authority to a member of a society, which he believed to be inconsistent with a just and equal administration of the laws. It was a spirited and dignified act, and astonished the faction; which till that moment knew not how well it had been beaten, and could hardly believe it even then. A shout of rage rang “from Carrickfergus to Cape Clear.” That is always the way with the Irish Tories, when they are panic-struck; and they have sometimes found their account in it. They set up Mr. Deane for a martyr, and paid him divine honours from every corner of the land. The City of Dublin gave him its freedom *in an imaginary gold box*. The Earl of Bandon headed a procession, which waited on him with extraordinary pomp, to present an address of praise and condolence. All the Orange Lodges, one after another, celebrated him in resolutions, or overwhelmed him with addresses, or gave him dinners; but all this while he was not Mayor of Cork, and his sumptuously-furnished Mansion, his Livery Servants, his neat salary of Twelve hundred Sterling Pounds, and his convenient pickings of three hundred and fifty more,—another was permitted to take. It is questionable if the air-drawn snuff-boxes of admiring municipalities, or the sparkling rhetoric and champagne of peers and lodges, were worth all that he had lost. At all events, no person that had aught to lose by sticking to his “principles,” was emulous of sharing Mr. Deane’s glory, or ambitious to be raised to a similar martyrdom. Even some who encountered like treatment, showed how acutely they felt the wound, by hiding it from the public.

Lord Dunsany, the Lieutenant of Meath, nominated Mr. Smith, of Annesbrook, to be one of his deputies. Sir Harcourt Lees is not more notoriously an Orangeman, than Mr. Smith. Yet, when Lord Dunsany was requested to enlighten the Government upon that point—*He really did not know*. But the Lord-Lieutenant knew; and rejected his recommendation. Doubtless, both the noble Lieutenant of Meath, and his nominee, felt highly indignant at such unceremonious treatment; but they wisely “pocketed up the wrong,” which if it were a sensible grievance to them, was, at the same time, such a proof of the firmness and sincerity of the Government, as could not but pro-

duce a refrigerating effect upon their own friends and partisans. The affair was, therefore, kept a profound secret, until Lord Morpeth introduced it in his speech on Mr. Hume's motion. Here was a wondrous cooling-down in a short time, from the attitude of outraged and outrageous innocence, which had been assumed in the matter of Mr. Deane. Nothing could more strongly mark the effect of the Lord-Lieutenant's steady and resolute system, in bringing this swaggering party to its senses.

Another point on which Lord Mulgrave's pulse was tried, was on the nomination of the Sheriffs. The judges were the feelers on this occasion; for upon them the duty devolves of returning three names from each county, out of which the Lord-Lieutenant is requested to name one to serve the office of High Sheriff; and the ordinary practice is for His Excellency to nominate the first on the list. The list presented to Lord Mulgrave, was a perfect "*Hobson's choice*." Had he been necessarily confined to it, he must have named professed factionists, in many counties, who would have had the selection of juries, at their discretion, and might thus have taught "the Whig-Radicals," that the administration of justice, according to the principles they pretend to bring into fashion, is not a thing so easily done as said. The notion of the Lord-Lieutenant breaking through the customary routine, even so far as to put the first last, appears not to have suggested itself; much less was it anticipated, that he would travel out of the record altogether, to beat up for names undistinguished by the judicial brand. Yet he did both. Every reputed Orangeman on the list, who could not, or would not, purge himself of the taint, was put by; several gentlemen of the number, who, according to the usage, should have had *the first call*, were shoved aside; and eleven, whose names had not been so much as entered on the judges' lists, were brought forward and sworn into office.

Contentions between tithe-owners and the occupiers of land, in Ireland, have, at all times, proved a snare and a stumbling-block to the executive Government. The impost is in its nature so obnoxious, and many of the laws, enacted to support it, are so tyrannical both in spirit and in operation, that the popular indignation seldom discriminates between the wilful and the ministerial enforcement of them; but an equal measure of hatred pursues those who resorts to the odious process, and those who are officially engaged to carry it into effect. Many attempts were made to force Lord Mulgrave into hostile collisions with the people on this account. A few peasants, slain in a similar *melee* to that of Rathcormac, would have been worth their weight in gold to the Tory party; and many agents, sacred and profane, were put in motion, to bring on so desirable a consummation. Nothing was

omitted, which could be devised to irritate and inflame the populace, to the end that the Government might be compelled to act against them. Proceedings most vexatious and iniquitous were resorted to, by the advice and with the co-operation of "The Lay Association," a confederacy formed for the purpose of goading the farmers by the most expensive forms of law. Auctions of stock, seized for tithe, took place, in districts where the peasantry were supposed to be most ungovernable; and the distress, being bought in by the plaintiffs, at a nominal price, was wantonly and insultingly destroyed, before the eyes of the multitude.

The reverend Mr. Croker, of Limerick, at one of these sales, purchased the fat cattle of a respectable grazier, his parishioner, for a few shillings, had them slaughtered, and sent them—as an offering of charity—to the House of Industry; but the paupers would neither taste nor touch his benefaction. The agent of Mr. Roe, of Wexford, seized the corn belonging to that gentleman's tenants, for composition rent, and after going through the ceremony of a mock sale, set fire to it in their presence; yet, they possessed their souls in patience, relying upon the paternal disposition of the Government, and looking forward to Parliament for protection and redress.

A general order had been issued from the Horse-Guards, shortly after the affair at Rathcormac, and during the administration of Sir Robert Peel, commanding the King's troops to take care, in their future conflicts with the peasantry, that their "fire should be effective." This order was justified by the friends of the Government, on the score of its humanity; but it seemed too deliberate a bespeaking of conflicts, such as it referred to, to fill the breasts of Irishmen with gratitude. Lord Mulgrave's order appeared more humane and considerate of the lives of men, than such a "keep-your-powder-dry" precept; for he commanded that neither the soldiery nor the police should be brought into active service on tithing expeditions. They were not to march at the heels of the proctor, from one barn-door to another, the actual though not the formal servers of processes and executors of decrees; but, were commanded to station themselves, when required for the protection of the bailiffs, at a convenient distance, so as to secure those persons from outrage. So well apprised were the police of the sincerity of the Executive, in issuing those instructions, that, notwithstanding their known dispositions, and the many trying situations in which they have been placed, they have carefully abstained from violence, in every instance, and avoided all occasion of provoking the attacks of the multitude.

Nothing, indeed, can more satisfactorily demonstrate the honesty

and determined spirit of the Irish Government, than the amended conduct and condition of the police under its control. That establishment, is, in its present constitution, absolutely a partisan force; the individuals who compose it having been appointed by the Tory Magistrates, and chosen, not so much for any moral or physical excellences, as on account of their religious profession. Though taken from the common people, of whom eleven out of twelve are Catholic, the majority of the police are Protestants; a fact, which, of itself, without the evidence of their deeds, would incontestibly prove them to be what we have described them—a partisan and sectarian force. Yet, under Lord Mulgrave's firm and just sway, they have been effectually restrained, and made to "assume the virtue, if they have it not," of impartiality. It would be too much to say, that they are popular even now; but the people have ceased to regard them with horror and detestation. In many places they are even greeted and acknowledged as protectors; and this—compared with the feeling which the name of a policeman universally inspired, not fifteen months ago—is much. We do not despair of yet seeing them, under the sound discipline of Colonel Kennedy, growing in favour with all classes, and becoming as popular as the green colour they wear.

The police being restricted from promoting the plan of the Lay Association, to its full extent, an ingenious method was devised of taking them out of the immediate controul of the responsible authorities, and employing them in a more odious and intolerable service than any they had ever before been engaged in. The lawyers, of whom the Tory camp presents a goodly array, drew out a rusty implement, from the armoury of the King's Exchequer, to make a last desperate assault upon the temper, or, as the case might be, upon the lives, of the people. There is a process in the equity practice of that Court, called a *Writ of Rebellion*, which, for upwards of eighty years, has been unused, save as a form, preliminary to the issue of a sequestration. The Court, by this process, gives authority to commissioners, appointed by the plaintiff or his attorney, to call upon the civil power to aid them in taking a defendant's body into custody. They may break open doors, the process being in the nature of a criminal proceeding, and make their caption on any day, Sunday not excepted, as if the defendant were a culprit. But the practice had fallen into disuse, for nearly a century; when some Tory scribe, skilled to bring forth out of his treasury things old and new, dragged it out, to fortify the Church, in its last onslaught upon the peace and liberty of mankind. The commissioners of rebellion, acting on behalf of an Archdeacon Knox, ordered out a party of police to put their powers in force: but, by the directions

of Lord Morpeth, the authority of their high mightinesses was disregarded; and the barons were applied to, for an attachment against a police magistrate and chief constable, for the *contempt*.

It is unnecessary, here, to state at length the arguments which were urged on either side of this extraordinary controversy; or the elaborate judgment of the Court. The upshot was, that Chief Baron Joy, and his brother barons, declared it to be the law, that a person, sued for debt in the Court of Exchequer, who neglects to enter an appearance to a particular process of the Court, may not only be taken up under a criminal warrant, but that the whole civil power of the country is at the beck of the holders of that warrant, to assist, by breaking open houses, in order to effect the arrest, at any time they may please to require such aid.

Had such a decree been pronounced, under another Government, we venture to say that we should have heard enough of "*firing with effect*," before this time. With the dogs of war let slip, at the bidding of attorneys' clerks or bailiffs, it is truly wonderful how bloodless the many excursions which have taken place, under the sanction of this high court, have hitherto proved. Ruffians, of the most degraded character, known only for their drunken and reckless behaviour, have been selected to fill the office of commissioners, to execute those writs; and, as the magistrates uniformly evade the unpleasant duty of accompanying them, the police, who are obliged, by the decree of the Court, to attend, have to consult their own discretion as to the degree of obedience they should pay to such conductors.

Happily, as yet, no murder has been perpetrated under the sanction of that preposterous edict; for which, however, small thanks are due to the forbearance of the parties who have recourse to a proceeding so rigorous and malicious. Neither in the choice of the weapon, nor in the handling of it, have they manifested any disposition to give their opponents quarter.

The commissioners of the Dean of Saint Patrick's, a brother of the Right Honourable George Robert Dawson, went forth at midnight, in a wild district of Kildare, and dragged respectable men from their beds to prison, for tithes. They were attended by a chief constable, and a strong party of police, who, at their bidding, broke open the doors of several houses, at that unseasonable hour. We hope that future burglars will not have cause to plead this example, at the foot of the gallows, as their first temptation. Certainly, there could not be a more dangerous precedent shown in a disorganized neighbourhood; nor a more cruel example, any where, than this, of invading the repose of families, and terrifying the hearts of women and children, by

violence, which hardly any thing, short of the pursuit of a capital felon, could justify.

The Lord-Lieutenant has taken upon himself to forbid the police to go abroad on such excursions any more, after nightfall. We know not how far His Excellency may have committed himself, by thus trenching upon the prerogative of the Court of Exchequer; or whether the barons will *attach* him, as they threatened to serve the Chief Secretary, for restraining the terrors of their high commission. But, as O'Connell says,—“God bless him for it, *whether or no!*” He spares no pains to clip the fangs of the factious and disappointed, and render their mischievous dispositions innocuous. If the Court can catch him on the hip, for so doing, let it wreak its stern vengeance upon him. He has the satisfaction, which no pettifogger, on the bench or at the bar, can rob him of, that, from the day he set his foot on the Irish shores up to this moment, his hand is pure from the blood of all men. Let those who condemn him, think what it would have been, if their interested taunts and aspersions had driven him out of the course which his wisdom dictated, and his humanity preferred, to follow their merciless suggestions.

When Earl Grey took leave of his high office, in a speech which went to the heart of every generous and right-minded person, who heard him, the Duke of Wellington, with singular taste and feeling, seized that moment to taunt him with all the blood which had been shed during his administration. “More blood had been spilled”—was his Grace's strange expression—“during three years that the noble Earl was in power, than for fifty years before.” It was a most extraordinary and groundless assertion to make. But had there been more of truth in it, it came with a bad grace from the head of that party, in compliance with whose sanguinary demands, whatever “damned spots” adhered to the character of Earl Grey's administration, had been contracted. Too much blood, particularly of Irish blood, was shed during that otherwise glorious period. But it is delightful to think, that the worst has passed; and that the present Government, by keeping itself wholly separate and free from the like pernicious contagion, will avoid the guilt and the odium of a similar charge.

ART. III. *Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes.* By the Author of *Eugene Aram*, &c. 3 Vols. 8vo. London. 1835.
Life and Times of Rienzi. 12mo. London. 1836.

OF all tyrannies an ascendancy is the worst, the most crushing, the most withering, the most universally destructive. It smites equally with moral disease the oppressor and oppressed; it sends misery at once to the castle of the baron and the cottage of the serf; it blasts society, not merely with the sad catalogue of ills included in the pregnant phrase, "the vices of the slave," but adds a larger and blacker list, "the vices of the master." There is no disease of the social constitution so difficult to be healed as this moral gangrene; its roots strike deep and spread wide; the physician is unable to discover one sound spot as a base for his operations, and he fears to apply the knife, lest, either by going too deep, he should cut away some vital part, or, by removing only a portion of the cancer, greater suffering should succeed to temporary alleviation. If a patrician reformer propose to his brethren to withdraw the spur and loosen the rein, if he quote to them the homely but wise proverb, "the last straw will break the camel's back," he is hooted as a coward, scorned as a deserter, and not unfrequently detested as a traitor by the party to which he belongs; while the plebeians receive his professions with distrust, fearing that he will, under all circumstances, "stand by his order." If the reformer be of the plebeian class, he has to contend with difficulties of no ordinary magnitude. The son of the earth who aspires to lead his class to the recovery of their rights, must encounter and subdue at the very outset, and must also be prepared to find possessed of the vitality of the hydra, fresh heads springing up every morning in place of those he has destroyed. Even when he has concentrated the strength of the popular party,—when he has won victories that would, if foretold, have appeared the wildest dreams of romance,—in the very hour of triumph, he has need to remember, that a populace once set in motion is less satisfied with having done much, than indignant at not having done more. "*Possunt quia posse videntur,*" fills their minds in a sense different from that in which the phrase was used by the poet, and their benefactor, instead of gratitude, hears nothing but murmurs. Nothing is so difficult as to make uneducated minds comprehend the benefits of a reform in the political constitution of a state;—by such intellects, an improvement in government, instead of being regarded as the means to an end, is absurdly looked upon as the end itself. Men will not see that the removal of old abuses is but clearing the ground, that it is still necessary to sow the seed, to tend the growth, and to mature

the harvest; they expect that ploughing and reaping should be the work of a single day. It has fallen to the lot of no man alone in the annals of revolutions to find a nation's gratitude unwavering. It would be a curious subject for inquiry, to examine whether this exception has not been owing to the blind malice of the people's ancient oppressors; and no problem in moral mathematics would better reward the trouble of a solution in the present day, than to investigate what share of Ireland's love Daniel O'Connell owes to Tory persecution, and what is nearly the same thing, to Tory infatuation.

But the perils of a popular leader end not here; his first struggles are usually made alone and single-handed: as success begins to dawn upon his efforts, he finds by his side a host of young and enthusiastic associates, whose zeal is far from being tempered with discretion. Where is the man who has ever led an arduous struggle, that had not often to curse the support tendered him by the race of the "feather-heads?" It requires no very minute knowledge of history, no very extensive acquaintance with human nature, to recognize the characteristics of this race, and to mark the mischief they have done to the cause of freedom. The dupes of vanity, they deem themselves as meritorious as their leader, they become jealous of his fame, they strive to outbid him in popularity; "they will not (forsooth!) submit to be led by any man;" pursuing their mischievous career, they destroy in weeks the labour of years. Weak and powerless for good, they are potent for evil. Let those who wish to raise a fallen people beware of the "feather-heads!"

Among all the changes of realms, and the chances of time, human nature remains unalterable. The observations we have made are not applicable merely to a particular country or a particular age; they belong to every country and to every age; they are written in legible characters on the pages of every nation's history; they are deducible from the laws that regulate the mind of every individual. They are developed with all the beauties of poetry, and all the truth of philosophy, in Mr. Bulwer's magnificent production, now under our consideration; but they may also be found by those who take the trouble of searching for them, in the most common abridgements of history, ever thumbed by a school-boy. In more than one sense, history may indeed be compared to an old almanac, for the cycle of its reproduction of human crime and folly is almost as fixed as the course of the seasons.

In directing the attention of our readers to the portraiture of Rienzi, as drawn by Mr. Bulwer, we mean to say very little on the beauty of the fiction; or the facts of the history; we shall

view the story rather as the development of a problem in political philosophy, the first vigorous effort made to determine the intellectual process of a struggle for freedom, both in national and individual mind; and consequently, as a subject fraught with the most important lessons.

Mr Bulwer, following closely the facts of authentic history, describes Cola Rienzi as an ardent scholar, who read much, and thought more; such a man was likely to commit the fatal error of mistaking memory for hope, of looking for a nation of Catos among a race of Catalines. His character is well brought out in a conversation with his younger brother, part of which we will quote:—

“ ‘Dear brother,’ said the elder, ‘I cannot express to thee how I enjoy these evening hours. To you alone I feel as if I were not a mere visionary and idler when I talk of the uncertain future, and build up my palaces of the air. Our parents listen to me as if I were uttering fine things out of a book: and my dear mother, Heaven bless her, wipes her eyes, and says, ‘Hark, what a scholar he is!’ As for the monks, if I ever dare look from my Livy, and cry, ‘Thus should Rome be again!’ they stare, and gape, and frown, as though I broached an heresy. But you, sweet brother, though you share not my studies, sympathize so kindly with all their results—you seem so to approve my wild schemes, and to encourage my ambitious hopes—that sometimes I forget our birth, our fortunes, and think and dare as if no blood, save that of the Teuton Emperor, flowed through our veins.’

“ ‘Methinks, dear Cola,’ said the younger brother, ‘that Nature played us an unfair trick—to you she transmitted the royal soul, derived, though obscurely, from our father’s parentage; and to me only the quiet and lowly spirit of my mother’s humble lineage.’

“ ‘Nay,’ answered Cola, quickly, ‘you would then have the brighter share,—for I should have but the Barbarian origin, and you the Roman. Time was, when to be a simple Roman was to be nobler than a northern king.—Well, well, we may live to see great changes!’

“ ‘I shall live to see thee a great man, and that will content me,’ said the younger, smiling affectionately; ‘a great scholar all confess you to be already: our mother predicts your fortunes every time she hears of your welcome visit to the Colonna.’

“ ‘The Colonna!’ said Cola, with a bitter smile; ‘the Colonna—the pedants!—They affect, dull souls, the knowledge of the past, play the patron, and misquote Latin over their cups! They are pleased to welcome me at their board, because the Roman doctors call me learned, and because nature gave me a wild wit, which to them is pleasanter than the stale jests of a hired buffoon. Yes, they would advance my fortunes—but how? by some place in the public offices, which would fill a dishonoured coffer, by wringing, yet more sternly, the hard-earned coins from our famishing citizens! If there be a vile thing in the world, it is a plebeian, advanced by patricians, not for the purpose of righting his own order, but for playing the pander to the worst interests of

theirs. He who is of the people but makes himself a traitor to his birth, if he becomes a puppet for these tyrant hypocrites to ~~take~~ ^{take} their hands and cry—'See what liberty exists in Rome, when *we*, the patricians, thus elevate a plebeian!' Did they ever elevate a plebeian, if he sympathized with plebeians? No, brother; should I be lifted above our condition, I will be raised by the arms of my countrymen, and not upon their necks.'

"All I hope is, Cola, that you will not, in your zeal for your fellow-citizens, forget how dear you are to us. No greatness could ever reconcile me to the thought that it brought you danger.'

"And I could laugh at all danger, if it led to greatness—But greatness—greatness! Vain dream! Let us keep it for our *night* sleep. Enough of *my* plans; now, dearest brother, of yours."—Vol. 1, pp. 6-8.

Cola Rienzi leaving his brother at the foot of Mount Aventine, went to procure a manuscript from a friendly friar. During his absence a party of the Orsini, bent on plundering a barge belonging to the Colonna, passed by and seized the boy, lest he might give the alarm. But the rival faction had armed bands ready to protect their property, they defeated the Orsini, and began to butcher without mercy the crowd that followed, partly to witness the fray, partly in the hopes of plunder. The younger Rienzi, though a partisan of the Colonnas, fell in the indiscriminate slaughter, and mark how lightly the murder of a plebeian sits on the conscience of his enemies!

"The bugles, in a few minutes, brought back the pursuers,—among them, the horseman whose spear had been so fatally misused. He was the leader of those engaged in the conflict with Martino di Porto, and the gold wrought into his armour, with the gorgeous trappings of his charger, betokened his rank.

"Thanks, my son, thanks," said the old Colonna to this cavalier, 'you have done well and bravely. But tell me, knowest thou, for thou hast an eagle eye, which of the Orsini slew this poor boy?—a foul deed; his family, too, our clients!

"Who? you lad?' replied the horseman, lifting the helmet from his head, and wiping his heated brow; 'say you so! how came he, then, with Martino's rascals? I fear me the mistake hath cost him dear. I would but suppose him of the Orsini rabble, and so—and so—'

"You slew him!" cried Rienzi, in a voice of thunder, starting from the ground. Justice! then, my Lord Stephen, justice! you promised me justice, and I will have it!

"My poor youth," said the old man, compassionately, 'you should have had justice against the Orsini, but see you not this has been an error? I do not wonder you are too grieved to listen to reason now. We must make this up to you.'

"And let this pay for masses for the boy's soul; I grieve me much for the accident," said the younger Colonna, flinging down a purse of gold. 'Ay, see us at the palace next week, young Cola—next week.'

My father, we had best return towards the boat; its safeguard may remain in yet.'

"Right, Gianni; stay, some two of you, and see to the poor lad's corpse;—a grievous accident! how could it chance?"

"The company passed back the way they came, two of the common soldiers alone remaining, except the boy Adrian, who lingered behind a few moments, striving to console Rienzi, who, as one bereft of sense, remained motionless, gazing on the proud array as it swept along, and muttering to himself, 'Justice, justice! I will have it yet.'—Vol. I. pp. 21, 22.

This reckless disregard for the life of one belonging to an inferior caste, is perfectly true to nature; it has been and it still is displayed in every country in the world blighted by an ascendancy. Look at the Cromwellian aristocracy of Ireland. The army led by Oliver Cromwell into that unhappy island, was composed of the most fanatical, ignorant, and brutalized portion of the parliamentary army. They conquered almost without a struggle, not by their superior skill or courage, but by the incomprehensible folly of their adversaries, the impartial treachery of Ormond, who betrayed all sides alike, the treason of Lord Broghill, and the savage hate of the renegade Inchiquin for his countrymen. They preserved their estates after the restoration, by abandoning every principle for which they had fought and bled, by entering into alliance with "Church and King," in the strictest sense of Dr. Parr's interpretation of that hackneyed phrase, "a Church without a religion, and a King above the law;" and these men, the lowest of the low in origin, hireling plunderers in their early life, traitors to their own principles at its close, assumed to themselves the state and dignity of an aristocracy by blood, and begat a posterity whose family pride is the most marked element of their character. The sons of pious trumpeters, inspired drummers, and preaching corporals, sneer at what they are pleased to call the vulgar names of the native Irish gentry, men descended from an ancient line of princes, and "over the tombs of whose ancestors minsters have been builded."

But Ireland had one aggravation to her misery from which Rome, even in its worst days, was free; the representatives of her ancient kings, the descendants of the O'Briens, who conquered the Danes at Clontarf; and of the O'Neills, who maintained the last struggle for independence against the Anglo-Normans in Ulster, leagued themselves with the oppressor and the spoiler, abandoned their hereditary mottoes for some unmeaning phrase in Norman French, or barbarous Latin, and affected to bewail the misfortune of their being born to a name, to which an O was prefixed. It may, and it probably will be asked, why a nation claiming such intelligence as the English, should so long have

supported an ascendancy contemptible in its origin, odious through every portion of its existence, and ruinous in all its ramifications? The answer is easy; English ministers were ambitious of imaginary sovereignty, they gloried to speak of *our* kingdom of Ireland, and they patronized the colonial ascendancy, because its members formed an army of occupation, and were contented to be the abject slaves of England, provided they were allowed the privilege of making the native Irish, slaves in their turn. To give all parties due credit, their atrocious compact was tolerably well observed; but Englishmen of the present day have become thoroughly ashamed and heartily tired of their bargain, for a tremendous load of debt has taught them that injustice is about the most worthless, and at the same time the most expensive piece of luxury in which a nation can ever indulge.

Let us contemplate Rienzi in his solitary chamber, contemplating projects which the few will call treasonable, and the many patriotic.

“ ‘Yes,’ said Rienzi, breaking suddenly from his reverie, ‘yes, the day is at hand when Rome shall rise again from her ashes; Justice shall dethrone Oppression; men shall walk safe in their ancient Forum. We will rouse from his forgotten tomb, the indomitable soul of Cato! There shall be a *people* once more in Rome! And I—I shall be the instrument of that triumph—the restorer of my race—mine shall be the first voice to swell the battle cry of freedom—mine the first hand to rear her banner—yes, from the height of my own soul as from a mountain, I see already rising the liberties and the grandeur of the New Rome, and on the corner-stone of the mighty fabric posterity shall read my name.’ ”
—Vol. I. pp. 85, 86.

We have no certain information of the grounds on which the real Rienzi based his lofty hopes and high aspirations; they were probably vague, shadowy, and unsubstantial; but the Rienzi of Bulwer's romance appeals to what are now glorious realities, or at least—

“ ‘Coming events that cast shadows before;’ ”

and whose advent may be predicted with as much certainty as the rising of the sun. He is rather inconsistently described as pouring forth his glowing enumeration of the means by which he hopes to establish freedom and social happiness to the Bishop of Orvietto, a prelate whose character neither history nor romance could deem fit to be a worthy auditor of the following noble effusion:—

“ ‘My Lord,’ answered Rienzi, ‘judge, by one fact, how strongly I am surrounded by friends of no common class: thou knowest how loudly I speak against the nobles—I cite them by their name—I beard the Savelli, the Orsini, the Colonna in their very hearing. Thinkest thou that they forgive me? thinkest thou that, were only the plebeians

in) safeguard and my favourers, they would not seize me by open force, that I had not long ere this found a gag in their dungeons, or been swallowed up in the eternal dumbness of the grave? Observe,' continued he, as, reading the vicar's countenance, he perceived the impression he had made—'Observe, that, throughout the whole world, a great revolution has begun. The barbaric darkness of centuries has been broken; the KNOWLEDGE which made men as demigods in the past time, has been called from her urn; a power, subtler than brute force, and mightier than armed men, is at work; we have begun once more to do homage to the Royalty of Mind. Yes, that same Power which, a few years ago, crowned Petrarch in the Capitol, when it witnessed, after the silence of twelve centuries, the glories of a TRIUMPH— which heaped upon a man of obscure birth, and unknown in arms, the same honours given of old to emperors and the vanquishers of kings— which united in one act of homage even the rival houses of Colonna and Orsini—which made the haughtiest patricians emulous to bear the train, to touch but the purple robe, of the son of the Florentine Plebeian—which still draws the eyes of Europe to the lowly cottage of Vaucluse—which gives to the humble student the all-acknowledged licence to admonish tyrants, and approach, with haughty prayers, even the Father of the Church; yes, the same Power, which, working silently throughout Italy, murmurs under the solid base of the Venetian oligarchy,* which beyond the Alps, has woke into visible and sudden life in Spain, in Germany, in Flanders, and which, even in that barbarous Isle, conquered by the Norman sword, ruled by the bravest of living kings,† has roused a spirit Norman cannot break—kings to rule over must rule by—yes, that same Power is everywhere abroad; it speaks, it conquers in the voice even of him who is before you; it unites in his cause all on whom but one glimmering of light has burst, all in whom one generous desire can be awakened! Know, Lord Vicar, that there is not a man in Rome, save our oppressors themselves—not a man who has learnt one syllable of our ancient tongue—whose heart and sword are not with me. The peaceful cultivators of letters,—the proud nobles of the second order—the rising race, wiser than their slothful sires; above all, my Lord, the humbler ministers of religion, priests and monks, whom luxury hath not blinded, pomp hath not deafened, to the monstrous outrage to Christianity daily and nightly perpetrated in the Christian Capital; these,—all these,—are linked with the merchant and the artisan in one indissoluble bond, waiting but the signal, to fall or, to conquer, to live free, or to die immortally, with Rienzi and their country!"—Vol. I. pp. 90-93.

We come next to the most original, and the best drawn cha-

* It was about eight years afterwards that the long-smothered hate of the Venetian people to that wisest and most vigilant of all oligarchies, the Sparta of Italy, broke out in the conspiracy under Marino Faliero.

† Edward III., in whose reign opinions far more popular than those of the following century began to work. The civil wars threw back the action into the blood. It was indeed an age throughout the world which put forth abundant blossoms, but crude and unripened fruit;—a singular leap, followed by as singular a pause.

racter in Mr. Bulwer's novel—unfortunately for human nature, the character in which the liberator of his country must implicitly trust,—a sturdily honest, but a thoroughly prejudiced partisan. The world has produced few Rienzis, but it is rife with Cecco del Vecchios: we must allow the sturdy smith to introduce himself.

“ ‘But Cecco del Vecchio says he must come and kiss thy hand; and thou mayest expect him here the moment he can escape unobserved from the crowd.’

“ ‘He is welcome!’ said Rienzi, half mechanically, for he was still absorbed in thought.

“ ‘And lo! here he is,—as one of the scribes announced the visit of the smith.

“ ‘Let him be admitted!’ said Rienzi, seating himself composedly.

“When the huge smith found himself in the presence of Rienzi, it amused Pandulfo to perceive the wonderful influences of mind over matter. That fierce and sturdy giant, who, in all popular commotions, towered above his tribe, with thews of stone, and nerves of iron, the rallying point and bulwark of the rest,—stood now colouring and trembling before the intellect, which (so had the eloquent spirit of Rienzi waked and fanned the spark which, till then, had lain dormant in that rough bosom,) might almost be said to have created his own. And he, indeed, who first arouses in the bondsman the sense and soul of freedom comes as near as is permitted to man, nearer than the philosopher, nearer even than the poet, to the great creative attribute of God!—But, if the breast be uneducated, the gift may curse the giver, and he who passes at once from the slave to the freeman, may pass as rapidly from the freeman to the ruffian.

“ ‘Approach, my friend,’ said Rienzi, after a moment's pause; ‘I know all that thou hast done, and would do for Rome! Thou art worthy of her best days, and thou art born to share in their return.’

“The smith dropped at the feet of Rienzi, who held out his hand to raise him, which Cecco del Vecchio seized, and reverentially kissed.—

“ ‘This kiss does not betray,’ said Rienzi, smiling; ‘but rise, my friend,—this posture is only due to God and his saints!’

“ ‘He is a saint who helps us at need!’ said the smith, bluntly; ‘and no man has done as thou hast. But when,’ he added, sinking his voice, and fixing his eyes hard on Rienzi, as one may do who waits a signal to strike a blow, ‘when! when shall we make the great effort!’

“ ‘Thou hast spoken to all the brave men in thy neighbourhood,—are they well prepared?’

“ ‘To live or die, as Rienzi bids them!’

“ ‘I must have the list—the number—names—houses and callings, this night.’

“ ‘Thou shalt.’

“ ‘Each man must sign his name or mark with his own hand.’

“ ‘It shall be done.’

“ ‘Then harkye? attend Pandulfo di Guido at his house this evening,

at sunset. He shall instruct thee where to meet this night some brave knights;—thou art worthy to be ranked amongst them. Thou wilt not fail?"

"By the holy Stairs! I will count every minute till then," said the smith, his swarthy face lighted with pride at the confidence shewn him.

"Meanwhile, watch all your neighbours; let no man flag or grow fainthearted—none of thy friends must be branded as a traitor!"

"I will cut his throat, were he my own mother's son, if I find one pledged man flinch," said the fierce smith.

"Ha, ha!" rejoined Rienzi, with that strange laugh which belonged to him; 'a miracle! a miracle! The picture speaks now!'—Vol. I. pp. 137-139.

The vigour and boldness of the popular conspirators is powerfully contrasted with the infatuated blindness of the nobles; they gaily, while the mine is loaded beneath their feet, utter their vaunts when the match is ready lighted, and never dream of danger until the train is fired, and the explosion inevitable. Stephen Colonna, was one of those resolved to do "what he willed with his own," until his doings provoke stern instructors to teach him that property, as well as power, is a trust delegated by society, for the abuse of which the stewards are responsible with their lives and fortunes. Having received a warning from Montreal, a stranger who, in some degree, performed the same unthankful service that Frederic Von Raumer is now offering to the English aristocracy, giving an emphatic warning of danger, Colonna thus mocks the information to his nephew Adrian, who is represented as what would now be called a moderate Tory.

"And then, too," resumed the Baron, speaking more deliberately as he recovered his self-possession, 'this man, by way of warning, shews me, at a glance, his whole ignorance of the state. What think you? he has mingled with the mob, and taken their rank breath for power; yes, he thinks words are soldiers, and bade me—me, Stephen Colonna, beware—of whom, think you? No, you will never guess! Of that speech-maker, Rienzi!—my own old jesting guest! ha! ha! ha! the ignorance of these barbarians!—Ha! ha! ha!' and the old man laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Yet, many of the nobles fear that Rienzi," said Adrian, gravely.

"Ah! let them, let them!—they have not our experience—our knowledge of the world, Adrian. Tut, man,—when did declamation ever overthrow the castles, and conquer soldiery? I like Rienzi to harangue the mob, about old Rome, and such stuff; it gives them something to think of and prate about, and so all their fierceness evaporates in words; they might burn a house if they did not hear a speech."—Vol. I. pp. 200, 201.

This is nothing more than a concentration of the nonsense we daily find in what are called conservative speeches on the indifference of the people to reform, and the folly of yielding to popular

clamour. Charles I. and Louis XVI. heard many such speeches, and had reason afterwards to lament their credulity, in believing what those severed from the people by pride and prejudice guessed to be the evanescent nature of popular feeling; James II. and Charles X., unwarned by recent example, uttered such speeches themselves, and found that fierceness, instead of evaporating in words, derives fuel from the excitement, and rapidly kindles into action.

Let us now come to the result produced by patrician oppression and patrician obstinacy, as much as by patriotic daring. Taking advantage of the temporary absence of the nobility, Rienzi proclaimed a republican constitution, securing to every rank its due privileges, but providing common safety and equal justice for all. He published the terms of it to the people.

“Such, moderate at once, and effectual, was the outline of the New Constitution; and it may amuse the reader to consider how great must have been the previous disorders of the city, when the common and elementary provisions of civilization and security made the character of the code proposed, and the limit of a popular revolution.

“The most rapturous shouts followed this sketch of the New Constitution; and, amidst the clamour, up rose the huge form of Cecco del Vecchio. Despite his condition, he was a man of great importance at the present crisis: his zeal and his courage, and perhaps, still more, his brute passion, and stubborn prejudice, had made him popular. The lower order of mechanics looked to him as their head and representative; out then he spake loud and fearlessly—speaking well because his mind was full of what he had to say.

“‘Countrymen and Citizens!—This New Constitution meets your approbation—so it ought. But what are good laws, if we do not have good men to execute them? Who can execute a law so well as the man who designs it? If you ask me to give you a notion how to make a good shield, and my notion pleases you, would you ask me, or another smith, to make it for you? If you ask another, he may make a good shield, but it would not be the same as that which I should have made, and the description of which contented you. Cola di Rienzi has proposed a Code of Law that shall be our shield. Who should see that the shield become what he proposes, but Cola di Rienzi? Romans! I suggest that Cola di Rienzi be entrusted by the people with the authority, by whatsoever name he pleases, of carrying the New Constitution into effect;—and whatever be the means, we, the People, will bear him harmless.’”—Vol. I, pp. 281, 282.

The triumph of Rienzi was accomplished, but the time of his worst danger was only begun. We may almost say that the knell of Roman freedom was rung in the sounds that hailed its establishment. Woe be to that people that bows to the individual, not to the principle—that worships The Man, instead of The Cause! Sentence of destruction was pronounced on Rome

when all cried, "LONG LIVE RIENZI!" and none "LONG LIVE THE REPUBLIC!" In the very magnitude of his success, the patriot finds the greatest peril; he must be elated by the consciousness of power, for with all his virtues he possesses the ordinary feelings of humanity; he must be exposed to the siren voice of flattery, to the strong solicitations of near and dear relatives, whose ambition grasps at sharing his love on terms of equality. Around him are friends who lent no reluctant aid in the struggle, but who now over-estimate their services, and whisper in their secret souls that the leader has grasped more than his due share of glory, and perhaps of profit. Beneath him is a populace ready to remind him that they who made can unmake, forgetful that the work was not theirs but his; that they have won solid blessings, he but troubles and gewgaws, borne with more pain than they were acquired. Alas! when the patriot has crushed a tyrannical faction, he has to encounter more dangerous enemies in himself, his family, his friends, and the people he has served so faithfully and so well. Mr. Bulwer throws all the blame of Rienzi's failure on popular inconstancy; we are not at all disposed to deny that the blessings of liberty are rarely appreciated by a people unprepared for freedom; we deny not the brutalizing influence of slavery, and we have too often witnessed the conservative energies of despotism, in perpetuating itself by means of its own iniquity, to doubt their power; but we do deny that in this instance the whole blame rests upon the people. The facts of history, even those that Mr. Bulwer has selected and garnished for his purpose, prove that Rienzi acted with great imprudence, and not always with perfect innocence. Among his first errors we must reckon the execution of Martino di Porto, not because the sentence was unjust, severe, or even impolitic, but because the circumstances attending it were rendered unnecessarily harsh and insulting. Fake Mr. Bulwer's dramatic account of the scene, and remember that the aged Stephen Colonna is pleading to one almost a boy for mercy.

"'Mercy,' said the Colonna.

"'Rienzi folded his arms, and laughed disdainfully.' 'I never heard my lord Colonna plead for mercy when a peasant had stolen the bread that was to feed his famishing children.'

"'Between a peasant and a prince, Tribune, I, for one, recognise a distinction;—the bright blood of an Orsini is not to be shed like that of a base plebeian.'

"'Which I remember me,' said Rienzi, in a low voice, 'you deemed small matter enough, when my boy-brother fell beneath the wanton spear of your proud son. Wake not that memory. I warn you, let it sleep!—For shame, old Colonna—for shame; so near the grave, where

the worm levels all flesh, and preaching, with those grey hairs, the uncharitable distinction between man and man. Is there not distinction enough at the best? Does not one wear purple, and the other rags? Hath not one ease, and the other toil? Doth not the one banquet while the other starves? Do I nourish any mad scheme to level the ranks which society renders an evil necessary? No. I war no more with Dives than with Lazarus. But before Man's judgment-seat, as before God's, Lazarus and Dives are made equal. No more.'

"Colonna drew his robe round him with great haughtiness, and bit his lip in silence. Raimond interposed.

"'All this is true, Tribune. But,' and he drew Rienzi aside, 'you know we must be politic as well as just. Nephew to two cardinals, what enmity will not this provoke at Avignon!'

"'Vex not yourself, holy Raimond! I will answer it to the Pontiff.' While they spoke the bell tolled heavily and loudly.

Colonna started.

"'Great Tribune,' said he, with a slight sneer, 'deign to pause ere it be too late. I know not that I ever before bent to you a suppliant; and I ask you now to spare mine own foe. Stephen Colonna prays Cola di Rienzi to spare the life of an Orsini.'

"'I understand thy taunt, old lord,' said Rienzi calmly, 'but I resent it not. You are foe to the Orsini, yet you plead for him—it sounds generous; but hark you,—you are more a friend to your order than a foe to your rival. You cannot bear that one great enough to have contended with you, should perish like a thief. I give full praise to such noble forgiveness; but I am no noble, and I do not sympathize with it. One word more;—if this were the sole act of fraud and violence that this bandit baron had committed, your prayers should plead for him; but is not his life notorious? Has he not been from boyhood the terror and disgrace of Rome? How many matrons violated, merchants pillaged, robbers stilettoed in the daylight, rise in dark witness against the prisoner? And for such a man do I live to hear an aged prince and a pope's vicar plead for mercy:—fie, fie. But I will be even with ye. The next poor man whom the law sentences to death, for your sake will I pardon.'

"'Raimond again drew aside the Tribune, while Colonna struggled to suppress his rage.

"'My friend,' said the bishop, 'the nobles will feel this as an insult to their whole order; the very pleading of Orsini's worst foe must convince thee of this. Martino's blood will seal their reconciliation with each other, and they will be as one man against thee.'

"'Be it so: with God and the People with me, I will dare, though Roman, to be just. The bell ceases—you are already too late.' So saying, Rienzi threw open the casement; and by the Staircase of the Lion rose a gibbet from which swung with a creaking sound, arrayed in his patrician robes, the yet palpitating corpse of Martino di Potto.

"'Behold!' said the Tribune sternly, 'thus die all robbers. For traitors the same law has the axe and the scaffold!'"—Vol. II. pp. 106-109.

Father Cerceau's historical account equally shews that there was unnecessary haste and cruelty in the execution of Martino di Porto.

"He was immediately arraigned: the tribune found no difficulty in convicting him of embezzling the public treasure. Although it was then three o'clock in the afternoon, he would not grant him a reprieve till the next day; he ordered the capitol bell to be rung; the people assembled in crowds tumultuously; they took the convicted lord's cloak off his shoulders; they tied his hands behind him; they made him kneel at the accustomed place upon the Lion's Steps; they read his sentence of death to him; and, after granting him, with reluctance, a short time to confess in, led him to a gibbet, where he was tied up under the eyes of his lady, who from her window could see him hanging. His corpse was exposed two days and one night. Neither his quality, nor his proximity of blood with the house of Ursini, could save his life, or prevent the ignominy of his death."—*Life of Rienzi*, p. 56.

Another error, scarcely less fatal, was Rienzi's attempt to conciliate the nobles, after he had wantonly insulted their body. The aristocracy beheld, in such conduct, signs of weakness: the populace suspected that they saw signs of desertion. Napoleon often lamented the fatal error that led the child of revolution to ally himself with ancient monarchies, and to patronise the scions of hereditary nobility. Mr. Bulwer has touched this mistake so lightly, that we must turn from his glowing pages to the homely narrative of Father Cerceau.

"The Tribune, after humbling the nobility, sought to bring them over to him by marks of esteem and confidence. To put them at the head of his troops he judged the most efficacious method. To keep an equal balance between the Colonnas and Ursinis, whose houses, as the most powerful, divided the rest of the nobility, he thought proper to give the command of the army, which he was sending against the prefect de Vic, to one of the Ursinis; and to appoint one of the Colonnas to command the troops which he should hereafter send against the Count de Fondi. It was not looked upon as prudential in the Tribune to trust his troops to those chiefs he had so ill used, whom, if occasion offered, they might turn against him; it is true, the ancient antipathy between those two great families took away, in some measure, the apprehension of their ever joining against a man who had the entire affection both of his troops and officers. The person he made choice of to command the army against John de Vic was Nicholas Ursini, with whom he, nevertheless, joined Jordan Ursini, as council."—*Life*, pp. 68, 69.

From the same authority we must quote a second source of Rienzi's calamities, the extravagant indulgence he yielded to the vanity of his wife, and the ambition of his family.

"Women, whose husbands are elevated to a superior rank in the world, generally assume an air of grandeur even superior to them. The

consort of Rienzi, whose youth and beauty added to the splendour of her fortune, on her part maintained with more magnificence the rank in which the elevation of her husband had fixed her. Whenever she appeared in public, if she went no farther than St. Peter's Church, she was attended by a court more brilliant than that of Rienzi. A train of ladies of the first quality followed her, as her ladies of honour; a troop of young gentlemen in arms escorted her, and a number of young ladies walked before her, with fans in their hands, to prevent the heat and the flies discommoding her. The whole family of Rienzi partook of his fortune. He had an uncle, named Barbieri, who was in reality a barber, both by name and profession; to blot out the ignominy of his profession, he changed his name to that of John Roscio, and he was raised to the highest places in the government. He always appeared in public on horseback, accompanied by the chiefs of Rome, who were in hopes of obtaining favours of the nephew by their respects shown to the uncle. Rienzi had also a sister, a widow, whom the lord of Castella thought not unworthy to espouse. He advanced all his relations, in general, according to their degrees of proximity, and made them lords, without any regard to their capacity or merit."—*Life*, pp. 82, 83.

But the consort of Rienzi is too important a person, both in history and romance, to be lightly dismissed. Her portrait is thus beautifully drawn by Mr. Bulwer, and he has historical authority for every feature.

"Born of an impoverished house, which, though boasting its descent from a consular race of Rome, scarcely at that day maintained a rank amongst the inferior order of nobility, Nina di Raselli was the spoiled child—the idol and the tyrant—of her parents. The energetic and self-willed character of her mind made her rule where she should have obeyed; and as in all ages, dispositions can conquer custom, she had, though in a clime and land where the young and unmarried of her sex are usually chained and fettered, assumed, and by assuming, won, the prerogative of independence. She had, it is true, more learning and more genius than generally fell to the share of women in that day, and enough of both to be deemed a miracle by her parents. She had, also, what they valued more, a surpassing beauty, and what they feared more, an indomitable haughtiness,—a haughtiness mixed with a thousand soft and endearing qualities, where she loved, and which, indeed, where she loved, seemed to vanish. At once vain, yet high-minded—resolute, yet unpassioned, there was a gorgeous magnificence in her very vanity and splendour, an ideality in her waywardness: her defects made a part of her brilliancy; without them she would have seemed less woman, and knowing her, you would have compared all women by her standard. Softer qualities beside her seemed not more charming, but more insipid. She had no vulgar ambition, for she had obstinately refused many alliances which the daughter of Raselli could scarcely have hoped to form. The untutored minds and savage power of the Roman nobles seemed to her imagination, which was full of the *poetry* rank, (its luxury and its graces,) as something barbarous and revolting, at once to be dreaded

and despised. She had, therefore, passed her twentieth year unmarried, but not perhaps without love. The faults themselves of her character, elevated that ideal of love which she had formed. She required some being round whom all her vainer qualities could rally; she felt that where she loved she must adore; she demanded no common idol before whom to humble so strong and imperious a mind. Unlike women of a gentler mould, who desire for a short period to exercise the caprices of sweet empire, when she loved, she must cease to command, and pride, at once, be humbled to devotion. So rare were the qualities that could attract her,—so imperiously did her haughtiness require that those qualities should be above her own, yet of the same order, that her love elevated its object like a god. Accustomed to despise, she felt all the luxury it is to venerate! And if it were her lot to be united with one thus loved, her nature was that which might become elevated by that it gazed on. For her beauty, *revera, shouldst thou ever go to Rome, thou wilt see in the Capitol, the picture of the Cumæan Sybil, which, often copied, no copy can even faintly represent; why this is so called, I know not,—save that it has something strange and unearthly in the dark beauty of the eyes.*—Vol. I. pp. 148-150.

Let us next take a brief glance at her character as a wife.

“It was a singular thing to see that proud lady, proud of her beauty, her station, her new honours;—whose gorgeous vanity was already the talk of Rome, and the reproach to Rienzi,—how suddenly and miraculously she seemed changed in his presence! Blushing and timid, all pride in herself seemed merged in her proud love for him. No woman ever loved to the full extent of the passion who did not venerate where she loved, and who did not feel humbled (delighted in that humility) by her exaggerated and overweening estimate of the superiority of the object of her worship.

“And it might be the consciousness of this distinction between himself and all other created things, which continued to increase the love of the Tribune to his bride, to blind him to her failings towards others, and to indulge her in a magnificence of parade, which though to a certain point politic to assume, was carried to an extent which if it did not conspire to produce his downfall, has served the Romans with an excuse for their own cowardice and desertion, and historians with a plausible explanation of causes they had not the industry to fathom.”—Vol. II. p. 112.

The matronage of Rome, indeed, crowded her palace; but they returned home to exasperate their lords, by anecdotes of her extravagant pride and insulting demeanour: women of lower rank caught glimpses of the costly furniture that decorated her apartments, and whispered among the people, that the treasures raised for the defence of the state were lavished in purchasing new luxuries for Nina. She was hated by women of every class and station; and when the hearts of all the females of a state are

set against the wife, those of the men cannot long be held secure by the husband.

But, with the Romans, liberty was, mere plaything, valued while new, but ready to be thrown aside for any other novelty that might attract popular caprice. It is not easy to decide whether all the *charlatanerie* and theatrical display exhibited by Rienzi, in his brief but brilliant career, resulted from his own natural conceit, or was forced upon him by the character of the Romans. Both causes, probably, contributed to a series of mountebank exhibitions, very little to the hero's credit as a statesman or a philosopher. The best witness we can have, to the nature of the popular feeling in Rome, is Cecco del Vecchio; his description of the dangers that beset the path of a successful patriot contains lessons of wisdom, fraught with the most useful instruction, to every age and every people. Rienzi asks what are the opinions of Cecco's friends respecting the recent changes.

" 'I am glad of this,' quoth the huge smith, 'for our friends have grown a little unruly of late, and say—'

" 'What do they say?'

" 'That it is true you have expelled the banditti, and curb the barons, and administer justice fairly!'

" 'Is not that miracle enough for the space of some two or three short months?'

" 'Why, they say it would have been more than enough in a noble, but you, being raised from the people, and having such gifts and so forth, might do yet more; it is now three weeks since they have had any new thing to talk about; but Orsini's execution to-day will cheer them a bit.'

" 'Well, Cecco, well,' said the Tribune rising, 'they shall have more anon to feed their mouths with. So you think they love me not quite so well as they did some three weeks back?'

" 'I say not so,' answered Cecco. 'But we Romans are an impatient people.'

" 'Alas, yes.'

" 'However, they will no doubt stick close enough to you, provided, Tribune, you don't put any new tax upon them.'

" 'Ha! But if in order to be free, it be necessary to fight—if to fight, it be necessary to have soldiers, why then the soldiers must be paid:—won't the people contribute something to their own liberties;—to just laws, and safe lives?'

" 'I don't know,' returned the smith, scratching his head as if a little puzzled; 'but I know that poor men won't be overtaxed. They say they are better off with you than with the barons before, and therefore they love you. But men in business, Tribune, poor men with families, must look to their bellies. Only one man in ten goes to law—only one man in twenty is butchered by a baron's brigand; but every man eats and drinks, and feels a tax.'

“ ‘This cannot be your reasoning, Cecco!’ said Rienzi, gravely.

“ ‘Why, Tribune, I am an honest man, but I have a large family to rear.’

“ ‘Enough! enough!’ said the Tribune quickly; and then he added abstractedly as to himself, but aloud,—‘Methinks we have been too lavish; these shows and spectacles should cease.’

“ ‘What!’ cried Cecco; ‘what, Tribune!—would you deny the poor fellows a holiday? They work hard enough, and their only pleasure is seeing your fine shows and processions; and then they go home and say,—‘See, our man beats all the barons! What state he keeps!’”

“ ‘Ah! they blame not my splendour, then?’

“ ‘Blame it; no! Without it they would be ashamed of you, and think the *Buono Stato* but a shabby concern.’—Vol. II. pp. 125, 127.

But the proximate cause of Rienzi’s fall was his celebrated condemnation of the whole body of the Roman nobility; his keeping them, for an entire night, in the agonies of mortal fear; and his pardon, granted with circumstances of theatrical show, partly childish and wholly insulting. Mr. Bulwer, in some degree, justifies the Tribune’s conduct, by insisting that the nobles had conspired against his life, which is by no means unlikely; but he has drawn on his imagination for the particulars of a plot to assassinate Rienzi, the night of his vigil before receiving knighthood, which are in the highest degree improbable. We may also add, that the childish vanity of this ceremonial of knighthood, and the needless shock given to popular prejudice, by bathing in the porphyry bath of Constantine, have not been marked by Mr. Bulwer with the reprobation that they merit. Still more surprising is the leniency he shews to the insanity (we can give it no better name) that dictated the public insult to the pope and the emperor, by summoning them to appear before the tribunal of the people. We must content ourselves with the bare mention of these fatal errors, and pass to the remarkable scene of the whole order of the Roman nobility condemned to die together.

“ ‘Ye confess your crime, my lords! Silent! dumb! Where is your wit, Savelli? Where is your pride, Rinaldo di Orsini? Gianni Colonna is your chivalry come to this?’”

“ ‘Oh!’ continued Rienzi, with deep and passionate bitterness; ‘oh, my lords, will nothing conciliate you—not to me, but to Rome? What hath been my sin to you and yours? Disbanded ruffians (such as your accuser)—dismantled fortresses—impartial law—what man, in all the wild revolutions of Italy, sprung from the people, ever yielded less to their license? Not a coin of your coffers touched by wanton power,—not a hair of your heads harmed by private revenge. You, Gianni Colonna, loaded with honours, entrusted with command—you, Alphonso di Frangipani, endowed with new principalities,—did the Tribune remember one insult he received from you as the Plebeian? You

accuse my pride ;—was it my fault that ye cringed and fawned upon my power,—flattery on your lips, poison at your hearts. No. *I* have not offended you ; let the world know, that in me you aimed at liberty, justice, law, order, the restored grandeur, the renovated rights of Rome ! At these, the Abstract and the Immortal—not at this frail form, ye struck ;—by the divinity of these ye are defeated ;—for the outraged majesty of these,—criminals and victims,—ye must die !

“ With these words, uttered with the tone and air that would have become the loftiest spirit of the ancient city, Rienzi, with a majestic step, swept from the chamber into the hall of council.*

“ All that night, the conspirators remained within that room, the doors locked and guarded ; the banquet unremoved, and its splendour strangely contrasting the mood of the guests.

“ The utter prostration and despair of these dastard criminals—so unlike the knightly Normans of France and England, has been painted by the historian in odious and withering colours. The old Colonna alone sustained his impetuous and imperious character. He strode to and fro the room, like a lion in his cage, uttering loud threats of resentment and defiance ; and beating at the door with his clenched hands, demanding egress, and proclaiming the vengeance of the Pontiff.

“ The dawn came, slow and grey, upon that agonized assembly : and just as the last star faded from the melancholy horizon, and by the wan and comfortless heaven, they regarded each other's faces, almost spectral with anxiety and fear, the great bell of the Capitol sounded the notes in which they well recognized the chime of death ! It was then that the door opened, and a drear and gloomy procession of cordeliers, one to each baron, entered the apartment ! At that spectacle, we are told, the terror of the conspirators was so great, that it froze up the very power of speech.† The greater part at length, deeming all hope over, resigned themselves to their ghostly confessors. But when the friar appointed to Stephen approached that passionate old man, he waved his hand impatiently, and said—‘ Tease me not, tease me not.’”—Vol. II. 201-203.

After having taken such a decisive step, it was no longer possible to recede with safety. Rienzi granted their lives to men with whom “ the bitterness of death was past ;” he pleaded in their behalf to the people, but the reprieved felt no gratitude for a life thus preserved, and more than one of the populace must have thought with our old friend the smith,—

“ ‘ He has but increased the smoke and the flame which he was not able to extinguish,’ growled Cecco del Vecchio, and the smith's appropriate saying passed into a proverb and a prophecy.”

According to father Cerceau, the Tribune carried his imprudence even to greater lengths.

* The guilt of the barons in their designed assassination of Rienzi, though hastily slurred over by Gibbon, and other modern writers, is clearly attested by Muratori, the Bolognese Chronicle, &c.—They even confessed the crime. (See Cron. Estens: Muratori, tom. xviii. p. 442.)

† *Divertero si gelati, che non poteano favellare.*

“The Tribune made no stay; endeavouring to reinstate himself in the favour of his prisoners, he conferred a number of new titles, which were, indeed, of no cost, upon them; he made every one of them a present of a rich gown, furred and ermined; he invited them to dine with him, and, after a magnificent repast, he made a cavalcade with them through Rome, as a token of pacification. He, nevertheless, tendered them the oaths, pretended to be voluntary, in favour of the good establishment and the people, which they repeated on the 17th of September, having first received absolution from the priest, in the name of the people, and the communion with the Tribune.”—*Life*, p. 120.

The escape of the nobility from Rome, their burying all ancient animosities in oblivion, and uniting heart and soul for the destruction of Rienzi, were the necessary result of the foolish, or rather insane, conduct just described. Mr. Bulwer has given a very natural and pleasing account of the manner in which this catastrophe was revealed to Nina, by the diminished attendance and altered conduct of the Roman ladies.

“Nina was seated in the grand saloon of the palace, it was the day of reception to the Roman ladies.

“The attendance was so much less numerous than usual, that it startled her, and she thought there was a coldness and restraint in the manner of the visitors present, which somewhat stung her vanity.

“‘I trust we have not offended the Signora Colonna,’ she said to the lady of Gianni, Stephen’s son. “She was wont to grace our halls, and we miss much her stately presence.’

“‘Madam—my lord’s mother is unwell!’

“‘Is she so—we will send for her more welcome news—methinks we are deserted to-day.’

“‘As she spoke, she carelessly dropped her handkerchief—the haughty dame of the Colonna bent not—not a hand stirred; and the Tribunessa, looked for a moment surprized and disconcerted. Her eye roving round the throng, she perceived several, whom she knew as the wives of Rienzi’s foes whispering together with meaning glances, and more than one malicious sneer at her mortification was apparent. She recovered herself instantly, and said to the Signora Frangipani, with a smile, ‘may we be a partaker of your mirth, you seem to have chanced on some gay thought, which it were a sin not to share freely.’

“‘The lady she addressed coloured slightly, and replied, ‘we were thinking, madam, that had the Tribune been present, his vow of knight-hood would have been called into requisition.’

“‘And how, Signora?’

“‘It would have been his pleasing duty, madam, to succour the distrest.’ And the Signora glanced significantly on the kerchief still on the floor.

“‘You designed me then this slight, signoras,’ said Nina, rising with great majesty. ‘I know not whether your lords are equally bold to the Tribune; but this I know, that the Tribune’s wife can in future forgive your absence. Four centuries ago, a Frangipani might well have

stooped to a Raselli ; to-day the dame of a Roman baron might acknowledge a superior in the wife of the first magistrate of Rome. I compel not your courtesy, nor seek it."—Vol. II. pp. 216, 217.

It is unnecessary for us to dwell on the errors arising from a mingled belief in the power of his fate, confidence in the magic of his name, and irresolution under unexpected difficulties, committed by Rienzi at this crisis. He is said to have shewn bravery as a soldier, but he wanted the moral courage that belongs to a general and a statesman. Encouraged by his timidity, the partizans of the Colonna marched against Rome ; but their plans were betrayed, and they met a reception which drove them back in dismay. One incident in this warfare, the death of the Colonna who had slain Rienzi's brother, must, for a moment, engage our attention.

" Thus conversing, they approached within bow-shot of the gates, which were still open. All was silent as death. The army which was composed chiefly of foreign mercenaries, halted in deliberation—when, lo !—a torch was suddenly cast on high over the walls ; it gleamed a moment—and then hissed in the miry pool below.

" It is the signal of our friends within, as agreed on," cried old Colonna. " Pietro, advance with your company ! " The young nobleman closed his visor, put himself at the head of the band under his command ; and, with his lance in his rest, rode in a half gallop to the gates. The morning had been clouded and overcast, and the sun, appearing only at intervals, now broke out in a bright stream of light—as it glittered on the waving plume and shining mail of the young horseman, disappearing under the gloomy arch, several paces in advance of his troop. On swept his followers—forward went the cavalry headed by Gianni Colonna, Pietro's father.—There was a minute's silence, save by the clatter of the arms, and tramp of hoofs,—when out rose the abrupt cry — " Rome, the Tribune, and the People ! *Santo Spirito Cavaliers !* " The main body halted aghast. Suddenly Gianni Colonna was seen flying backward from the gate at full speed.

" My son, my son ! " he cried, " they have murdered him." He halted abrupt and irresolute, then added, " But I will avenge him ! " wheeled round, spurred again through the arch, when a huge machine of iron, shaped as a portecullis, suddenly descended upon the unhappy father, and crushed man and horse to the ground—one blent, mangled, bloody, mass."—Vol. II. pp. 202, 203.

Rienzi would have followed up his success by marching to Marino, according to Mr Bülwer's representation, had not the Romans shewn their unfitness for freedom by their lukewarmness in its defence. This account may not be in strict accordance with history, but it is true to human nature—the patriot and reformer find those whom they serve inert and reckless after victory. In the nineteenth century, and in the most enlightened nation in the world, we recently

witnessed similar apathy, and saw it produce results which nearly proved fatal. We cannot forget the culpable negligence of the popular party at the annual registration of 1833, nor how this apparent indifference of the reformed constituency gave courage to the enemies of liberty, and added strength to their ranks. We are proud to remember, that England would have been lost, had not Ireland stepped in to the rescue, and supplied the place of the battalions lost from neglect or desertion, by a faithful band, united as that which formed the glory of Thebes, whose fidelity averted England's Charoneia, and made the battle a Leuctra.

Rienzi's subsequent adventures belong not to our subject; with the fatal termination of his tribunitian revolution ends the impressive lesson that his history reads to the patriots and the people of every age and nation. Change but a few names, and the record would be the history of a counter-revolution, almost effected before our own eyes, which would have given over Ireland to the exterminating malice of the Orange faction, and England to the greedy tyranny of the party that has wasted its resources, blighted its fame, and struck it with the paralysis of a debt that must ever cramp and fetter its exertions. The Irish Rienzi was free from the weakness of his prototype;—he performed his part with equal bravery and wisdom; with what is more valuable than both, unswerving integrity, that turned neither to the right hand nor to the left hand; he had no Nina to provoke resentment by her ostentation, no barber uncle to excite just indignation by his ambition; but among those bound to follow him, among those whom interest as well as gratitude, whom duty to themselves, as well as to him, should have compelled to give him enthusiastic support, he found more than one murmuring Cecco del Vecchio; many an ex-grave-digger to taunt as infamous an action as innocent as bathing in a porphyry vase; several butchers to prate of *their* sacrifices in the cause of freedom, sacrifices that were as dust in the balance as compared to his:—and, alas for human nature! alas, for the pride of Westminster—he found a demagogue Baroncelli ready to take advantage of falsehood, calumny and misrepresentation, to shake, if possible, the people's confidence in the people's best friend. These ignorant or traitorous allies of modern ascendancy have failed,—failed wholly, absolutely, miserably,—not because their powers of mischief were small, or their inclination to evil weak,—but because this is the nineteenth century, and the Irish nation is not the Roman populace. Unborn generations will admire and bless the firmness, the boldness, and the skill with which the Irish people at the late crisis fought the holy fight of freedom. They are already reaping their reward; for, the first time during six centuries, a paternal

government exists in Ireland; equal justice has taken its place at the head of the state, and, spite of all impediments, *shall* work its way into the remotest and minutest branches of administration:— a nation that, under the withering influence of oppression, lay helpless and inanimate, the seal of dissolution on its brow, and the waste of decay in every limb, has felt the breath of life breathed into its nostrils, and young blood circulating in its veins;

“ On the pale check of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.”

We hail with pride, with joy, and with gratitude to the Almighty Author of all blessings, this glorious resurrection of our country.

ART. IV. *The Dublin University Calendar, for 1836.* Dublin.

2. *Letter to the English Public, on the Condition, Abuses, and Capabilities of the National Universities.* Nos. I. and II. By a Graduate of Cambridge. London. 1836.

3. *Hints for the Introduction of an Improved Course of Study in the University of Cambridge.* By a Resident Member of the University. Cambridge. 1835.

4. *An Appeal to the University of Cambridge, on the subject of their Examinations and Discipline.* By a Member of the Senate. Cambridge. 1836.

THE conductors of a National Establishment incur a degree of responsibility, exactly proportionate to the importance of the objects, which that Establishment is intended to serve. They are answerable to the Nation, at large, for every measure which is adopted by them; and are, in fact, but trustees of the interest of the people. They are, therefore, liable to be called to account for the errors or mal-practices of their administration, and it becomes the duty of those who watch over the public welfare, to see that they do not abuse those powers, which were entrusted to them, not for the advantage of the few, but for the good of the many.

This principle, applicable generally to all public Institutions, is peculiarly true when directed towards those which profess to afford national education. Other establishments are rendered by bad management only less useful, but in this instance, the evil is not negative or temporary. Great as is the positive mischief produced at the moment, its prospective effects are still more to be dreaded. The public Hospital, if ill-conducted, relieves fewer sufferers. The public Almshouse, when mismanaged, saves a smaller number from destitution. But the

public School extends its importance to futurity, and transmits to after-times the good or the evil incorporated in its constitution.

Knowledge, in this as in other points, asserts its pre-eminence; as dangerous when tainted, as they are wholesome when pure, the waters of the stream draw their character and properties from the source, and the poisoned fountain transmits to other regions its unhealthy influence. Thus the illiberal boy ripens into the intolerant man,—the principles which he has been taught to admire, he deems it a duty, no less than a pleasure, to inculcate on his family, and his children's children are taught to view, with the same narrowed feelings, the war of opinion around them; and to cling, with almost instinctive tenacity, to the exclusiveness of their half-educated progenitor. In time, other motives co-operate,—family pride is called into action—it is deemed honourable to hold the same views which our forefathers entertained. Thus, the transmission of feeling strengthens, instead of weakening, the original impressions, and prejudice is consummated in bigotry.

How, indeed, can it be otherwise? The most strong-minded and independent must acknowledge the force of early impressions, and grant, that few, if any, are able fully to extricate themselves from the trammels which they impose. The body is subjected to similar impulses. The sweets in which medicine has been administered to us when young, instead of continuing to be agreeable, become absolutely nauseous. Colours and sounds, as well as tastes, affect us, not so much by their nature, (if we may be allowed the phrase,) as by the associations with which we have connected them; nor is the mind superior to such influence; and there is little, if any doubt, that men are frequently withheld from the worst, or stimulated to the noblest actions, not by the dictates of reasoning, prudence, or principle, but by some treasured recollection of early days, some fond association connected with the first dawnings of intellect.

These impressions are produced, not by the ties of childhood only, but by those links, which, in the progress of youth towards manhood, twine themselves so closely around us. We look back in later age, to our college days, with a willing forgetfulness of their harsher realities, and see but the friends we have loved, and the opinions which were generally held sacred among them; and when experience teaches us the necessity of modifying or altering those opinions, we are bound to them by a fondness proceeding rather from persons than abstractions, as if, in abandoning a theory, we were wantonly severing ourselves from him by whom it had first been recommended to our adoption.

Thus the youthful student may be led, in the ordinary course of university studies, to collect gall rather than honey from the

flower; to contract instead of expanding his intellectual and moral capacities. He may be taught to see, in the decline and fall of a great empire, the ruinous tendencies of democracy, instead of tracing up the causes of corruption to the insatiable ambition of a grasping oligarchy. He may be instructed, that all political evils arise from the aggressions of the people, that the Gracchi were unprincipled and factious demagogues, and that an Agrarian law was synonymous with the confiscation of the property of the rich.

Such a youth will leave College for the Established Church or the Bar, to be the servile sycophant in the one, or the unhesitating tool of a government in the other; while, in his eyes, patriotism is but a pretext for robbery, and a dissenter is equivalent to an infidel. If such be the evils of education when tainted, (of its advantages, when pure it is not necessary to speak,) how important is the trust committed to those who administer it to a people!

The Tories have ever been far from insensible to the advantages which they gained by monopolizing the sources of knowledge;—under the specious pretext of advancing the interests of religion, they have secured to themselves the channels of national education, and closed up every avenue to literary honours against every liberal aspirant. Oxford and Cambridge, as well as Dublin, were converted into the close boroughs of exclusive doctrines, the nurseries of religious and political intolerance. Close as are the corporations however, in the two former Universities, the Irish institution maintains a proud pre-eminence in oligarchy.—“In Dublin, the Provost and Senior Fellows of the College, constitute the only Senate or University Convocation, which is recognized by charter, and are entrusted with the same powers of electing officers, and conferring degrees, which, in the English Universities belong to a body consisting of Masters of Arts and Doctors in the higher faculties.” Bishop Taylor’s rules, indeed, have more of liberality in their spirit, but, unfortunately, they are not statutes, and may, consequently, be dispensed with. We find, therefore, in the Dublin University, a perfect example of the effects of an exclusive system,—the most strongly marked specimen of the species to which it belongs.

It is not our intention to consider at present, the propriety of granting to this, or any individual, seat of learning peculiar rights. One thing, at least, is evident, that, where exclusive privileges are granted, the administration of them should be as little confined as possible. If we close up every other road to learning, we are doubly bound to make the avenue which we leave, as wide and as smooth as possible. In such an establishment, therefore, as the Dublin University, the one seat of education

in Ireland, by which degrees generally available can be conferred, we have a right to look for the utmost liberality of spirit, the most perfect readiness to extend to the community those advantages which elsewhere they are prohibited from obtaining. If we are aggrieved by its regulations, there is no other resource to which we can betake ourselves. We are compelled, therefore, in self-defence, to attack the evils of an institution which acts the niggard, when it should be generously profuse, which is, in fact, bound to be liberal, not more by the advantages it exclusively enjoys, than by the very nature of the information which it is intended to communicate.

Of all monopolies, it will be generally agreed, that a literary monopoly is the most inexcusable.—(We speak now of restrictions from internal regulations, not from constitution.)—So inconsistent are exclusive distinctions, with either classical or scientific pursuits, that the phrase, “Republic of Letters,” has been generally adopted, as most fitted to express the perfect equality of all the members of that widely extended circle, which has devoted itself chiefly to the acquisition of knowledge. Within this circle no difference of persons is acknowledged, save that which arises from genius or learning; perfect equality is, in fact, the essential bond by which its members are united. Outside of its boundary they may be distinguished by their politics or their religion, and favoured or discouraged, as Whig or Tory, Protestant or Catholic, antipathies predominate; but within that circle they should be safe from the tumult of party; and in the distribution of honour or emolument, no standard should be admitted but that of eminence in knowledge. To this Republic the reasoning of the historian is peculiarly applicable,—“*Omnes homines qui de rebus dubiis consultant, ab odio, gratia, ira atque amicitia vacuos esse decet.*”

The expediency of this rule, indeed, is deducible from the very nature of literature itself, the noblest object of which, is, to liberalize the feelings by cultivating the intellect. He reads history to little purpose, who sees in it only an empty record of barren facts, a calendar of the births and deaths of the heroes, the sages, or the nations of antiquity. If this be the only information the student derives from the pages of the historian, his time is egregiously mis-spent. He, alone, reads with advantage to himself or others, who generalizes as he reads, who raises himself from details to the principles which they exemplify, who traces the flourishing condition of a nation to the pervading influence of good government, and sees in its fall the suicide of despotism. Nor are lessons in philanthropy wanting. The mind of him who has been thus engaged becomes gradually impressed

with the conviction, that in all nations and ages there have existed men, whom instinct no less than reason teaches us to revere; that excellence is of no colour or creed; but that, on the contrary, admirable examples of public and private worth, may be found even amidst those, whom we, believe to have been uninfluenced by motives, which, as Christians, we consider the highest incentives to both.

Hence the deduction is easy, that liberality should be carried forward from the past to the present age, and that we should shrink from regarding our opponents of to-day with that antipathy, which, if recorded in the history of past times, we should not hesitate to stigmatise as unfounded and absurd. The toleration of Christianity, (that is, the working out of the principle of love to our neighbour,) is, in fact, but the application to our practice of deductions from the history of mankind. Nor is science unfruitful in similar conclusions. Her pursuits are too lofty to be compatible with the niggardliness of spirit, which would refuse to our brother-men a free admission to their rights, or close against the aspirant after knowledge the way to eminence. The opening of the gates of her temple, is a signal, not of war but of peace, and conveys to all around an intimation, to partake of, as well as contribute to, its treasures.

If this be a fair description of the tendencies of knowledge, it follows, that a Society incorporated with a special view to its advancement, should be free from every suspicion of sectarianism or bigotry. They should advance toward the attainment of their great end, in the truest spirit of unprejudiced liberality, and their regulations should embody the very perfection of tolerance. Wherever they deviate from this course of action, they desert, *pro tanto*, the object which they profess to have in view, and the public have a right to complain of the inconsistency.

This accounts for the general expression of feeling directed against our universities. In the case of those corporations which were avowedly of a political tendency, men could not be much surprised, though they might be indignant, at finding that their powers had been directed to the establishment of an unconstitutional monopoly. Such was, in fact, the natural consequence of committing exclusive authority to the hands of those whose motto was not equality, but ascendancy; and the corruption of the municipal corporations was a natural, *though dangerous* result of the principles which gave them birth, the gradual development of the original seeds of decay.* All reasoning men, there-

* The original defect in the constitution of the municipal corporations, appears, by the late debates in Parliament, to have been acknowledged to the fullest extent by the Tory party. Nay, so strongly did it strike them, that they were anxious utterly

fore, were less indignant at their utter degradation, as they had always anticipated the probability of such a catastrophe, and the outcry against them was rather sustained than violent. With regard to literary corporations, however, the case was far different. Whatever may have been the original objects of their founders, all rational persons have long looked upon them as the legitimate avenues to general education, the channels through which public instruction ought unrestrainedly to flow. That these avenues should be half closed, and these channels more than half dammed up, appeared in the highest degree unjust.

There was a right of highway on the one, an ever-gushing fountain—the “*fons perennis*” of antiquity, supplied the other. To lay aside metaphor, it seemed inconsistent with the very nature of knowledge to be confined within the limitations of sect or party, and dealt out with profusion to the votaries of the Establishment, while, for a long time, it was utterly denied, and afterwards stingily retailed, to those who discarded that form of faith.

An educational monopoly was looked on, at first, as a practical anomaly—a contradiction in terms; and the clamour which has arisen against institutions of this character, is vehement in proportion to the injustice sustained by the community, and the cheatery which has been practised on them. Others, it was argued, have, it is true, robbed us of political rights, but they have at least acted upon intentions openly avowed. You, the conductors of public universities, have beguiled us with promises which you never intended to perform. Professing to disseminate knowledge freely, you have introduced into your system for diffusing it, every restriction which ingenious bigotry could devise. You have, in fact, taken money from the Public under false pretences, and given up to “party what was meant for mankind.” The argument is too true to be answerable, and the daily accumulating force of the waters of public opinion must soon sweep away the barriers which illiberality has opposed to them.

The necessity of educating the native clergy in the Roman Catholic scholastic divinity, led to the first establishment of an university in Dublin. In the year 1311, John Lech, Archbishop of Dublin, obtained a bull from Clement V. for the foundation of an university of scholars in Dublin. This project fell to the ground at the death of the Archbishop in 1313, but was renewed under his successor in 1320, who procured a confirmation of it from Pope John XXII. This university was con-

to subvert institutions, which they seemed to think beyond the reach of remedy. Their conduct on this occasion was aptly illustrated in our hearing, by comparing it to that of the harlot before Solomon, who, when her own child was dead, said of the still living one, “Let it be neither mine nor thine, destroy it.”

nected with St. Patrick's Cathedral, the dean of which was appointed Chancellor, and two Dominicans and a brother of the order of Friars Minor were created doctors of divinity. It continued for some years to give lectures in the sciences, and received a grant of protection for its students from Edward III. It gradually, however, sunk from want of funds, though it continued to exist until the reign of Henry VII., or perhaps until the dissolution of the cathedral by Henry VIII. The present institution, entitled "The College of the blessed Trinity," was founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1591. Loftus, Archbishop of Dublin, having obtained for that purpose, from the corporation of the city, the monastery of Allhallows (then "near Dublin"), which, on the dissolution of religious houses in the preceding reign, had been vested in that body; some grants of land were made, and the patronage of several livings was assigned to it. In 1637, the original constitution having been found deficient, a new charter was given, and a set of statutes were compiled by Archbishop Laud. The government of the college was vested in the Provost, and the majority of the senior fellows, with an appeal to the Visitors, the Chancellor or Vice-Chancellor of the University, and the Archbishop of Dublin. The power of enacting and repealing statutes was taken from the fellows and vested in the Crown, as was also the appointment to the Provostship. In return for this diminution of the power of the fellows, their situations were made tenable for life, instead of seven years, provided they continued unmarried, and unprovided with a benefice of more than 10*l.* in the King's books. It is only necessary to add, that the University returns two members to Parliament.

The corporation is known to be very wealthy, but owing to the extraordinary care taken to conceal the state of its finances, little if any guess can be made at the amount either of its income or expenditure. So great, indeed, are the precautions used on this point, that the Bursar, notwithstanding the very troublesome nature of his duties, is not allowed to keep a clerk, but must undergo in his own person the severe manual labour which his situation involves. The income from pupils, degrees, chambers, &c. may amount to about 55,000*l.* per annum; the regular expenditure, as nearly as can be collected, to about 60,000*l.* To meet this, in addition to the income already mentioned, are the very considerable estates held by the college in many of the counties in Ireland, as well as the interest of the large sum of which the corporation has long been in possession, and which is daily accumulating. Of the extreme reluctance with which the authorities open their pursestrings, some idea may be formed from the fact, that, though the subject has been often brought forward by one or two of the

more liberal members of the Board, they have never afforded themselves a belfry for the splendid bell which is in almost hourly use. It is suspended in a shed within one of the courts, where it is an intolerable nuisance to the surrounding chambers.

In proceeding to animadvert upon some of the defects of the Dublin University, it is not our desire to treat with harshness any of its present conductors. Many beneficial changes have of late been introduced, and Dr. Lloyd seems anxious to remedy, as far as possible, at least its minor evils. Still there are disorders incorporated with the very essence of the system, which require a bolder surgeon. The hands of a near relative are not always to be trusted to administer salutary medicine; for human nature is the same now as formerly, and a Provost, however honest in his efforts to reform, might be conscious of the sensation so beautifully expressed by the poet, "*Bis conatus ibi—bis patriæ cecidere manus.*"

The members on the foundation of the Dublin College consist (in addition to the visitors) of the Provost (who need not necessarily be a fellow), seven senior, and eighteen junior fellows, as well as seventy scholars. The senior fellowships are worth each about 2,000*l.* per annum; the junior fellowships average from 500*l.* to 700*l.* yearly. The fellows are all bound to be members of the Protestant Church, and with the exception of three to enter into priest's orders; one of these three is elected Medicus, and devoted to the profession of physic; the other two are attached to the profession of the bar. The scholarships may be estimated as worth about 60*l.* annually. The advantages they afford, by the facility of obtaining pupils, and the probability of being appointed to one of the various offices confined to that class of students, are very considerable. A fellowship is held for life, on condition of celibacy; a scholarship for five years. Each confers the right of voting for a member of the University; the former is attainable only by persons possessed of very extensive scientific acquirements, while the latter is the one real reward held out to proficiency in classical knowledge. From both, Catholics are excluded: from fellowships, by the necessity which we have mentioned of belonging to the Protestant church; from scholarships, by an institution of the Board, to which we shall hereafter refer.

It has been argued that Catholics should be excluded from the fellowships of the University, since the possession of such a situation would necessarily confer on them a superintendence over the religious education of the pupils. Now, in the first place, it does not follow that they should, by reason of that office, be eligible as lecturers on divinity. They need not, therefore, necessarily possess any controul over the religious studies of the students; and

why they should not be competent to impart classical or scientific information we cannot well imagine. Be it remembered, however, that, even under all the disadvantages to which they are exposed, a considerable number of the students are of the Catholic persuasion, and that it ought to be deemed in the highest degree desirable to furnish them with ready access to religious instruction, even though it may differ in some points from that which Protestants would desire to communicate. As the case now stands, the Catholic students are released from attendance on the religious exercises of the University, without any provision having been made for their moral education, and therefore are left at an age most exposed to temptation, to complete self-government, or to the very partial care which the Catholic clergymen, in the crowded parishes of Dublin, can afford to bestow upon them.

Whatever charges have been brought against the influence of the Roman Catholic clergy, it must be confessed, that the most affectionate intimacy prevails in general between them and their immediate flock. How many cases are daily occurring in the progress of the boy towards manhood, where the influence of a kind, experienced, and friendly adviser would be of incalculable importance? How many difficulties, which appear insuperable, would be conquered? How many dangers avoided? How frequently does the inexperience, or the innocence, of youth, lead to embarrassments seriously affecting their future destinies, but which the timely interference of a considerate monitor would easily have terminated?

It will not surely be argued by any one, however bigoted, that a total absence of religious instruction is preferable to the inculcation of Catholic doctrines, or the *surveillance* of a Christian clergy. Can any fair objection be stated against the admission to the University of some two or three Catholic clergymen, who should have obtained fellowships, and whose jurisdiction in religious matters should be strictly confined to the students of their own creed?

This advantage, moreover, would be gained, that the appointment, as religious instructors, of men of education, as well as ability, would in a great measure secure the inculcation of liberal and enlightened opinions; and thus pave the way for that spirit of toleration so lamentably deficient in Ireland. But if little objection can be made to the admission of Catholic clergy to some of the fellowships, what reasons can be urged in favour of utterly excluding from all chance of fellowships, the laity of that creed? In truth, the system which compels the fellows to enter the Church, appears to us utterly inconsistent with the interests of religion. The youthful candidate for a fellowship, immersed in the

pursuits of logic, mathematics, and physics, can necessarily have formed but few clerical tastes or habits. He may, indeed, in his ethical course, have obtained an intimate acquaintance with the various systems of morality, and he may even, from his acquaintance with Hebrew, be able to read the Psalms in the original; but of the deep scriptural knowledge, of the earnest Christian zeal, which should characterize the clergyman, he cannot always be conscious. And even if he be, there is, in the very nature of his ordinary occupations much to unfit him for such a situation. Conversant with abstractions, he knows but little of realities—the hopes, the fears, the passions, the temptations which beset his fellow-men, are utterly unfamiliar to him, and he is therefore peculiarly unfit to “negotiate between God and man,” where success must frequently depend on an intimate acquaintance with human nature. He gains a fellowship, and unless he happen to be one of the three above mentioned, he must relinquish it or take orders; he embraces the latter alternative, and looks on it more as a nominal than an actual profession; under which comfortable conviction he is sometimes equally negligent of its duties and its decencies.

He is not allowed to retain his fellowship if he marries; but he has not the religious restraint which, under similar circumstances, affects the Catholic clergy; human passions, therefore, not unfrequently prevail, and an unacknowledged, if not an illegitimate, family, disgrace the religion he professes, and the gown he has been compelled to wear. Is this the fault of the man? No, but of the system which makes him what he is—which obliges him to enter a profession which of all others should be voluntarily chosen, or relinquish the honours he has so dearly earned, by devoting to their attainment the best years of his life.

We meet, therefore, the argument against the admission of Catholics to fellowships, which is derived from the necessity of the fellows being clergy of the Establishment, by denying the morality and the expediency of such a rule, and by protesting against the principle of compulsion when applied to a profession which should be so completely voluntary. We assert that as a nursery of good parochial clergy, the Dublin University has completely failed. Nay, farther, we know that the system to which we refer has tended very materially to the detriment of religion; and if we do not dwell at greater length upon the subject, it is only because we wish to avoid even the appearance of unnecessary severity. This at least is evident, that the advantage of imposing on the fellows a clerical character should be fully proved, before that character is put forward as an argument for the exclusion of Roman Catholics.

Let us grant, however, for the sake of argument only, that the fellowships should be confined to individuals of the Protestant creed, in order that the religion of the State may be supported in the University. Does the same principle extend to the scholarships, with which no religious duties are necessarily connected? and is it requisite, to support Protestantism in Ireland, that a classical prizeman should be unrewarded for his talent and his labour? Perhaps, indeed, in the judgment of certain legislators, Catholicity is inconsistent with literary eminence; and a belief in transubstantiation unfits a man for appreciating the beauties of Horace or Homer. It may be, that Euripides is unsuited to the genius of confession, and that Tacitus and Livy withhold their taste and their wisdom from the unfortunate advocate of purgatory.

True, it has been said, that to Catholics we owe all that remains to us of classical literature, and that the darkness of the middle ages would have totally benighted Europe, but for the zealous toils of the professors of that creed;—but the Board of Trinity College, Dublin, are of a different opinion; and they have, no doubt wisely, concluded, that eminence in literature appertains exclusively to Protestants. Why it is so, they have not yet declared. It has, however, so happened, that some of the students most distinguished within our own memory, professed the Roman Catholic creed; but such instances, we must imagine, can only be looked on as specimens of the *lusus naturæ*, and most strange deviations from the ordinary course of providence.

The receiving of the bread and wine according the Protestant ritual, has been rendered by the Board a *sine qua non* to the obtaining of a scholarship, and the fact of the candidate's appearance on the occasion must be duly testified by the College register. This excellent contrivance for Protestant exclusiveness, reminds us of a story of a late ingenious artist, who invented a machine for entrapping flies during the summer, which destroyed all the large and inactive ones, while it offered no obstacle to the departure of those younger and less inert branches of the family, that seem born but to torment us. What, in truth, is the effect of such an enactment? It prevents from obtaining the just reward of his exertions the upright and high-minded Roman Catholic, while it holds out the most unworthy stimulus, that of personal emolument, to him whose principles are less fixed, or whose conscience is more pliable. If religious faith mean any thing, it is to be based on that unbiassed acquiescence of the heart and mind, which alone can render it acceptable to the object of our worship; but if piety is to be degraded into a source of lucre, if the advancement of particular opinions be encouraged, not by promoting a dispassionate

consideration of their merits, but by attaching an annual stipend to the profession of them, then are we bound to admire regulations, which, like those under consideration, discourage conscience, and hold out a premium to want of principle.

The temptation is artfully put forward.* To the attainment of the prize, it is not necessary, as in the case of a fellowship, to continue throughout life the profession of Protestantism. For five years only need the poor candidate, to whom an annuity of £60., and a facility for obtaining pupils are objects of importance, allow his principles to slumber: perhaps but one decided lapse from honesty may be requisite, and during the remainder of the period he may live on in the enjoyment of his dearly purchased honours, an avowed but distrusted Protestant,—a concealed but despised Catholic.

The bait, indeed, is so well arranged, that we cannot wonder if it has sometimes succeeded in betraying into a temporary abandonment of integrity, those whom youth and the *res angusta domi* conspired to tempt.† But is it, we would ask, consistent with the genius of a Christian creed, thus to patronize vice and reward dishonesty? Or are good Protestants formed from the refuse of Catholicity? Great as may be the virtues of Protestantism, we knew not that it could work so instantaneous a miracle, and thus change in a moment the unprincipled renegade into the meritorious scholar. Has the argument, that the University is essentially a Protestant corporation, any reference at present to the non-admission of Catholics to scholarships? Leaving out of consideration the great principle, that such monopolies are unsuited to the spirit of our Constitution, let us remember that the Reform Bill has done away with the force of this reasoning. Formerly, when the right of returning a member to Parliament was vested in the scholars and fellows, it was a specious, at least, if not, a just, argument, that Catholics should be excluded from the privilege of voting, lest, by obtaining a large majority among the scholars, they might swamp the minority of Protestant fellows. The Reform Bill, however, in opening the franchise to all who have taken a master's degree, has destroyed the force of this objection. Catholics

* In a late instance, which is likely soon to be brought before the consideration of Parliament, a Catholic candidate, of integrity as well as merit, had succeeded in obtaining, at the examination, a place considerably above many of those to whom the lower scholarships were awarded. When the decision was about to be made, the Junior Dean was sent to know whether, as his name did not appear on the books of the chapel, he would at the last moment obviate the defect,—in other words, (for he was known to be a Catholic,) whether he would apostatize? He preferred honesty, and lost his scholarship; in lieu of which the Board, as if to add insult to injury, offered him "an exhibition" (as it is termed) of £10. annually, which was indignantly rejected.

† A glance over the lists of scholars for some years past, will present some idea of the injurious effects of these efforts at proselytism.

can now possess themselves of the franchise, when of A.M. standing. Why should they be precluded from obtaining it some five years sooner, if they exhibit the same proofs of competence for its exercise which the Legislature has deemed sufficient in a Protestant? A scholar's vote is now lost amid the host of masters whom an election summons to the contest. The political privilege, therefore, which would be conferred by the opening of the scholarships, which we are now advocating, would be so trifling as to be utterly unworthy of consideration. The franchise would not be extended to any who cannot now obtain it. And the only political advantage granted, would be the anticipation of it by five years in favor of those who are supposed to have proved themselves adequate to its exercise. It may be said, that there are certain duties to be performed by scholars, which, as they require an attendance on a Protestant place of worship, must be limited to persons of that creed. To this the answer is easy: reserve a sufficient number of scholarships for Protestants only, to secure attention to these duties;—but why exclude Catholics from seventy situations, because some four or five have offices annexed to them which Catholics cannot conscientiously undertake? But farther: the scholars are not in any way connected with the government of the College; they exercise no control over the course of education, or the appointment of the teachers; they have no share in the election of a Professor of Divinity, nor any power of interference with the religious instruction of the students. They are, in fact, utterly powerless, as regards any single point in the management of the University, possessing no authority in the direction of either its religious or secular affairs, but being simply recipients of certain personal advantages provided for them from the funds of the Institution.

Wherein, then, we ask, consists the danger to the University, if Catholics be admitted to its scholarships? The gain of political power, we have shewn to be utterly unworthy of consideration. No other advantage would be conferred, which could, in the slightest degree, trench upon Protestant privileges; and how the advancement of learning is to be retarded by widening the circle of competition, or morality injured by the removal of the premium on apostasy, we confess ourselves at a loss to discover. The only reason for exclusiveness we can imagine to exist, is that which arises from a jealousy of bestowing reward or distinction of any sort upon those who differ from the creed of the Established Church,—a doctrine so unworthy of educated men, that we are not inclined to attribute it to more than one or two of the present fellows of Dublin College. Among that body, we know several of high intellectual as well as moral character; and we

cannot be induced to believe, that they can long continue to shut their ears to the dictates of good feeling as well as justice. We have hitherto treated this subject rather with reference to Catholics than Dissenters generally, because, on account of their numbers, it is on the former that the injustice more closely presses. It requires not much argument to prove, that both are aggrieved by regulations which limit the offices of the University to the members of the Establishment. At a future period, we may shew the peculiar hardships of the case as affecting Protestant Dissenters; meantime, we have endeavoured to expose the absurdity of the system which excludes Roman Catholics from the enjoyment of the dignities and emoluments of the College, for the sake (as is pretended) of supporting Protestantism. It has been seen, that the method pursued for this purpose is equally unwise and unjust. Let us now examine how far the general regulations of the University are consistent with the alleged desire of promoting in every way the interests of religion.

For the advantage of instruction on this important subject, the students are obliged to attend either lectures or examinations in divinity, entitled catechetical.* Now, if there be any meaning in the assertion, that the University was intended to promote true Scriptural education, these lectures ought to be rendered as useful

* "To those who are acquainted with them," says a Protestant friend of ours, "how pregnant with the ridiculous is the very name! Recollections of amusing absurdities crowd upon my view, and I see before me the rotund figure of the reverend lecturer, as he examined into my proficiency in the Book of Genesis. For weeks before, under the care of an anxious mother, I had been gathering up each scrap of information which the united libraries of the surrounding clergymen could furnish; and when, with a beating heart, and unsteady tread, I entered the hall, I felt that the terrors of my preceding quarterly examination were renewed, and, though conscious of being almost over prepared, I waited with a nervous anxiety for the first question. Two students sat above me. One was what is termed a serious looking personage, that is, he was dressed in a suit of rusty black, wore a soiled cravat, and enunciated with a drawl. The other was the most noted profligate in the Gib class, and gave his attention, for the half hour which intervened between my arrival and examination, alternately to a pocket Bible and a pocket Rochester. Dr. ——— approached. 'Thomson?'—'Yes, Sir.'—'In the beginning what did God create?'—'The Heaven and the earth.'—'Right, Sir.'—'What form was the earth of?'—'Without form, and void and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.'—'Good, sir, very good; you have read your business I see, Sir.'—The Doctor then addressed me; I trembled inwardly: 'Sir, God said, in the beginning, let there be light; pray, Sir, what was the consequence?'—'There was light.'—'Right, very right.' Another round of similar questions succeeded; and my serious-looking neighbour was declared to have obtained the premium."

To this we might add the testimony of another gentleman, who obtained a premium, on such an occasion, by answering from the notes of *Queen Mab*. Our remarks, however, are directed only against these particular lectures. Those intended for divinity students, are spoken of, by persons who have attended them, in terms of high praise. Dr. Sandes, Dr. Elrington, and Dr. O'Brien, are men, of whose zeal and honesty, as well as talent, any university may be proud; and though from one of them, at least, we differ widely, we respect the integrity with which his duties are performed.

as possible. Instituted for purposes the most important, they should be as consistent as may be with the great end they have in view, and no pains should be spared to make them the vehicles of really useful information in natural and revealed religion. We all remember how great was the outcry raised against the system of national education, by the so called Protestant party in Ireland. It was described as unscriptural, and therefore unchristian; and the clamour was certainly proportionate to the gravity of the charges. It is, therefore, with good reason, that we expect to find, in a system originating with the Dublin University, the perfection of Scriptural instruction. There, at least, we may hope to see the grand truths of religion properly put forward, and sedulously enforced.

At a time of life when the youthful mind is peculiarly open to conviction, we shall surely discover the vital principles of Christianity urged on the students in a way somewhat commensurate with the importance of the subject. Classics and science are, indeed, minor objects of University education; but an institution intended to propagate the knowledge of religion in a Catholic country, will, of course, have directed its principal efforts to the chief object of its foundation; and whatever defects may be found in its other regulations, *those* at least will be well considered connected with that Scriptural knowledge, on the possession of which Protestantism rests its claim to support. Alas! how sadly different is the reality. Proficiency in the religions of antiquity is undoubtedly requisite. The under-graduate is bound to investigate that complicated machinery of the universe, which science exposes to his view. The soft Sapphics of Horace, or the knotty mazes of a syllogism, are especially worthy of his attention, and he is examined on these points with the utmost skill of practised ingenuity; but a knowledge of his Creator is of very secondary importance; and the very examiner who, two days since, investigated, with the strictest accuracy, his proficiency in Aristotle or Lucian, succumbs into the sleepy utterer of some three or four senseless interrogations, (the answers to which he scarcely hears) when the student is to be questioned concerning the interests of eternity. A catechetical examination is, in fact, the most empty farce which ever degraded religion,—and that boy must be insensible to ordinary impressions, who does not retire from it with the conviction, that in the eyes of the Governors of the College, religious knowledge is the least desirable, and certainly the least necessary of acquisitions.*

Having been instructed in the principles of religion, by the excellent contrivance of catechetical lectures, such as we have described them, the students are perpetually reminded of their

duty, by the necessity of frequent presence at chapel. Now, compulsory attendance in a place of worship appears to us peculiarly objectionable, when introduced into the ordinary routine of college discipline. On that day, indeed, which Scripture informs us the Deity has peculiarly consecrated to himself, it may be deemed the duty of the Governors of the University to enforce, as far as possible, the attendance of the students; and every opportunity should, throughout the week, be afforded to those who are desirous of it, of communing thus solemnly with their Creator. But, to convert the worship of God into a muster-roll of the careless or the scoffers; to force the presence of the body, when the heart is far distant; to drag the young student, at a moment's warning, from the convivial party, or even the solitary study, into the temple of religion, to listen impatiently to hastily-muttered formulas, or a scampering common-place, whence he returns to complete his orgies, or work out his problem,—is to offer insult instead of homage to the Deity, and to degrade religion itself, in the mind of the student, by depriving it not only of fervour, but even of sincerity and decorum.

If, indeed, we were to select a disgusting exhibition of profane indecency, it would be such a scene as has been more than once witnessed, at a six o'clock a.m., or a four o'clock p.m., chapel. At the former, as the dawn of a winter morning spreads a hazy light over the courts, you might see the slip-shod reveller, who had prolonged his debauch till day-light, pacing unsteadily towards the place of rendezvous. It wants, however, two minutes, as yet, to the last moment at which his entrance is permitted. The service occupies, altogether, not more than ten minutes—but, unless the cold drives him into shelter, he cannot afford to waste some hundred seconds, more than are absolutely necessary, on so ill-timed a ceremony. As the door is closing he enters; whilst along with him rushes in some yet half-stupified sleeper, whom his servant has just awakened, with the disagreeable intelligence, that 'he had but five minutes to dress and get to chapel.' The darkness, it is true, conceals his half-buttoned apparel and untied cravat;* he sinks into the corner of the pew nearest him, and dreams on, until aroused by the shuffling of feet, which announces to him the departure of the sullen, but, of course, highly-edified, congregation. If, however, he has been unoccupied,

* The above description may possibly appear overdrawn: those who have been present, on the occasions referred to, will not doubt its truth. It will be in the recollection of more than one of our readers, that, on a Christmas morning, not many years since, the "chaunter," as he is termed, entered the chapel, with a face which his colleagues of the preceding night had tattooed with burnt cork—a species of ornament which his inebriation did not admit of his perceiving.

the reverend reader cannot, certainly, be accused of similar inactivity. In less than ten short minutes, he has finished the whole task of the morning service, and perhaps *has won some bets for those who backed the performance against time.* The distance on a race-course was never accomplished with such ~~an~~ incredible rapidity. Yet, even this feat is destined to be exceeded in the afternoon service. As the preacher enters the pulpit, the dinner-bell is heard; visions of chilled vegetables or iced soup, flit before the eyes of the audience; the expectation of appetite is on tiptoe; all present wonder how the sermon and the dinner are to be reconciled; when, suddenly, no little to the delight of his hearers, the orator cuts the Gordian knot, which appeared so difficult of solution, leaves the parable unapplied, or the metaphor unfinished, and dismisses, with a truly welcome benediction, his most grateful, because most hungry, disciples, to the enjoyment of their repast.

Are these, we ask, proper methods of inculcating piety? Is such the instruction afforded to the students, by a Protestant university, which defends the exclusiveness of its system upon the pretext of supporting the interests of religion? Can the directors of such an institution answer to the public, or to a higher tribunal, for thus debasing the principles of the young, and degrading devotion even below contempt?

There are other faults in the system of education generally pursued in our University, on which it is not necessary very particularly to dwell, but which are, nevertheless, of considerable importance in narrowing the mind of the student, and involving him in worse than Cimmerian darkness, with regard to his rights and duties as the citizen of a free government. Trained up to, at least, a partial view of the institutions of other countries, he leaves college almost totally ignorant of the history of his own; and the only knowledge of the kind which he has acquired, is derived from the party squabbles of the day, always the worst, because the most prejudiced, sources of information. During his undergraduate course* no book is placed in his hands, by which he can regulate his ideas or form any just notions of the origin or nature of government, or the general principles by which society is ordered. He talks, indeed, largely (for he ~~thinks~~ it fashionable to do so), of our glorious constitution, and the "pious and immortal memory" of King William III. Of the one he has some indistinct notions, about three component

† Burlamaqui's 'Natural Law' may, perhaps, be considered an exception to this assertion; but its style and matter are so purely elementary, as to furnish but little information to an active mind.

parts, and a King, Lords, and Commons, who legislate in London. Of the other, he has heard that he "saved Ireland from Pope, popery, and slavery, wooden shoes, and eating salt herrings on Fridays," for which eternal benefits he has been honoured with a statue* in College-green. The power of learning can no farther go; but, upon this valuable stock of information, he builds a system of prejudice, as narrow as that of any of his neighbours, and yields to no man in the sincerity with which he abhors his Catholic fellow-countrymen. "We, Sir, of the quorum; we, Sir, and Sir, we," is the everlasting burden of his song.

Yet, even amidst the bigotry every where surrounding him, the student might possibly be saved, were he permitted to have access to any sources of information as to the ties which bind him to his species, and the light in which he should regard them. Such considerations, however, are left perfectly out of view; and anything which touches on such a subject is sneered at as fantastic, or stigmatized as absurd. We have heard many grave objections to the new establishment of a Professorship of Political Economy (the merit of which is due to Dr. Whately); and even the premiums, now most properly given for proficiency in the modern languages, have more than once been spoken of as a dangerous innovation upon the good old habits of our ancestors.

Locke's *Treatise on Government* formed, at one time, part of the undergraduate course; and, though a better selection might have been made, yet, the complete omission of every book connected with this subject is, surely, not a matter of congratulation. If men are to be educated with a view to the parts which they are afterwards to play in the drama of life—if they are to be formed to sustain those parts with credit to themselves and advantage to their species—if this be, in truth, the end of all education, the great object to which University studies should tend, then it follows that the information which we deem requisite, on other subjects, is peculiarly necessary in this; and that if study be demanded to form a good historian or mathematician, it is still more indispensable to form a good citizen.

The absence of information upon these points is, indeed, a fault, chargeable, in a great degree, against all our Universities, but there are still other evils by which the Alma Mater of Dublin is especially distinguished. It is the great nurse of infide-

* Recently blown up it is said by means of detonating silver, and consigned, we hope, to the tomb of the Capulets. If replaced, at all, it should be by an equestrian statue of William IV.—the monarch who proved the liberal principles he always professed, by voting for Catholic emancipation when a subject, and assenting to the Reform bill when a King.

lity in Ireland. Those who are unacquainted with the workings of the system may wonder at this charge; there are many who will grieve over the necessity of acknowledging its truth. It has been well argued that "Ireland might be superstitious, but she never could be infidel;" and, speaking of the nation, the observation is correct—the people are too warm-hearted for so cold a creed; but that there issue annually upon society a considerable number of the Irish youth deeply tinged with infidel opinions, and that this is principally attributable to the regulations of the Dublin University, may easily be shewn. Let us suppose a young Roman Catholic, at a very early age, urged forward by an honourable ambition after knowledge, and entering college probably as a sizar. His religious principles have not yet become fixed. He believes only because he has been taught to do so; he obtains rooms in college, is removed from the care of his family and his clergy, and sees or hears nothing of religion, but the empty mummery by which the University regulations degrade it. Meantime, the tenets of Catholicity are attacked among his associates, not by the legitimate weapons of reasoning, but by scoffs or sneers. They are derided as absurd, and, still worse to the young mind, decried as *ungentlemanly*. If ridicule be powerful, fashion is still more so: he begins to wish that he had been born of a family professing different opinions, and is soon withheld from apostasy only by some indefinite feeling of honour. Presently, to other motives, interest is added: he has distinguished himself by his proficiency in classics, and were he but a Protestant, a scholarship is open to him. The impressions of his childhood have, by this time, gradually disappeared. He has heard many objections to his creed, for it is always more easy to make objections than to answer them. He has already begun to doubt, and to doubt in religion is to lose his faith at once; besides, there is no danger of singularity—M. and N., and many others around him, are now Protestant scholars, who were once as assured Catholics as himself. Is it wonderful, that amid such a host of assailing motives, his scruples gradually give way, and he announces himself a candidate? Still he has that lingering dislike to Protestantism, natural to those who have so long suffered under its ascendancy in Church and State; partly for this reason, therefore, and partly in order to rid himself of the uncomfortable convictions with which either creed would impress him, he resorts to the easier expedient of infidelity, and takes refuge from conscience in the mazes of Deism. Having once involved himself, his vanity and pride are enlisted in support of his new opinions; he scorns vulgar prejudices, takes reason as his guide, and propagates the fallacies of Voltaire or Rousseau with all the

ardour of an enthusiast. True, in after-life the mania generally ceases; but his talents and his example have aided in spreading the contagion, and the evil which he has done lives after him.

If such be the case with many of the Catholic students, the Protestants are not exempted from similar errors. Accustomed to see the ceremonies of religion lightly regarded, and its ministry profaned, they are naturally led to doubt its efficacy; and assuredly the instruction afforded to them is little likely to dissipate the delusion. The temptations of youth, too, and the prickings of conscience, urge them to the abandonment of principles, which are strong enough to annoy, though not to restrain them. Under such circumstances, it cannot surely surprize us that many of the students of the Dublin University should adopt, infidelity at least *pro tempore*, to which in the one case they are impelled by the combined influence of fashion and interest; while in the other, disrespect is first generated by the regulations of the University, and then stimulated into the activity of disbelief.*

But independently of the propagation of infidelity, there are other points in which the regulations of Dublin College are seriously injurious to the well-being of society. The greatest calamity of that country is, the prevalence of religious and political bigotry,—the unchristian intolerance, with which each sect almost universally regards its opponents. To those who are conversant with Protestant society of the middle and higher classes, especially in the northern counties, it is too well known how thoroughly the mingled feeling of hatred and contempt tinges their thoughts and actions with regard to their Catholic fellow-countrymen, whom they very generally believe to be faithless, treacherous, cowardly, and above all *vulgar*; that most abhorrent of epithets with which the fashion of the Establishment salutes those who differ from it.

Popish rebellion and popish plots are the theme alike of the Sunday sermon and the fire-side conversation; and the parson, fearful for his tithes, and the country gentleman proud of his Protestant respectability, are equally clamorous against the iniquity of their neighbours. Thus, while the Catholics are believed to meditate, not merely the extinction of Protestantism, but the extermination of Protestants, they are repaid for their imaginary efforts with suitable abhorrence.

The comparatively few Protestants, on the other hand, who mingle in Catholic society, while they experience personally the

* Mr. Shaw ought to have been a little more cautious in accusing, as he some time since did, his political opponents of being infidels in religion. Had he known somewhat more of the University he represents, he would have felt that it was especially unbecoming in him to bring forward such a charge—a charge which might, with far more of truth, be urged against the institution which returns him to Parliament.

utmost kindness and liberality, are grieved though not surprized to see, that persecution has had its natural effects, and that those who have long been subjected to every species of indignity, entertain no very cordial feelings towards their haughty tyrants. The truth is, each party knows too little of the other. Meeting only in public, when their angry passions are brought into play, they are unacquainted with the kindliness of feeling which, in private life, distinguishes, in other countries, many of the most determined political antagonists. Even in Ireland there are occasional examples of this oblivion of public enmities; and, when they do occur, there is something characteristically national in the readiness with which the Orangeman or the Radical lays aside, towards his friend of the opposite creed (alas! that such friendships are so rarely formed,) the animosity, which, some two hours since, he had bitterly poured forth against the party to which that friend belongs. On him personally he frequently lavishes a kindness far exceeding that extended towards his own political coadjutors, as if anxious to atone for his illiberality to the many, by his partiality for one.

In truth, if either side were but acquainted with the merits of their adversaries, there would be far less of rancour in their contests for power. This is, no doubt, true of all countries, but it is especially true of Ireland, where, if there be a readiness to quarrel, there is at least an equal readiness to be reconciled; and where, with but few exceptions, Protestants and Catholics, Liberals and Tories, see nothing more of each other, than is discovered at a meeting to address the Lord-Lieutenant, or amid the angry violence of a contested election. As it is, prejudices intrude even at the supper-table or the ball-room, and an acquaintance is continued or a partner selected, not by his personal or mental qualifications, but by his attachment to a particular creed in politics or religion.

In the midst of this continued turmoil, how peculiarly desirable would it be that there should be some common territory in which each party might lay aside its animosities, if not its prejudices, and exchange angry warfare for peaceful intercourse! To such intercourse a literary establishment is peculiarly suited. There, if it were properly conducted, the youth of either faith might imbibe a spirit of tolerance, the effects of which would be visible in the rivalries of after-life. Has this hitherto been the case? Can it ever be so, while the institutions of the University are themselves as exclusive as the most narrow bigot could devise,—while every regulation impresses on the one party a false sense of superiority, while it degrades the other into the victims of injustice?

We now proceed to the English Universities; and as it might be supposed that national or religious prejudices would lead us into a course of animadversion upon these Establishments, not justified by the real nature of the case, we shall confine ourselves to the evidence furnished by the three publications, numbered 2, 3, and 4, whose titles are given at the head of this article. They are written by members of the University of Cambridge—gentlemen sincerely attached to that institution, and, therefore, most anxious that the abuses, which they point out, should be effectually reformed. The pamphlets in which they have delivered their sentiments, are written in a clear, vigorous, style, and are replete with arguments, which, whether they be considered as to their form or matter, cannot, we suspect, be very easily overthrown. Of the “Letters to the English Public,” only two numbers have as yet appeared. They are productions of an extremely searching character, and exhibit in every page, an honesty of principle and a degree of intelligence, worthy of a Watson or a Parr. The “Hints for the introduction of an improved course of Study in the University of Cambridge,” has been well known during the last fourteen months in that University, where upon its first appearance, it created, we believe, a considerable sensation. It bears internal evidence, of having been written by the author of the “Letters.” We have added to these publications the “Appeal to the University of Cambridge,” because it is manifest, that the writer professes political sentiments altogether opposed to those of his coadjutor; and it is worthy of observation, that the Whig and the Conservative, agree in their condemnation of the educational system which they so well describe.

As to the importance of the two English Universities, and the influence which they exercise upon the whole empire, there can be no second opinion. From these establishments men are daily emigrating, we may say, into all the public and private paths, by which political, professional, and social life are intersected. The clergy of the Church of England receive from those institutions the greater part of their education. The aspirants to parliamentary fame and official renown, come strongly recommended to public favour if they have previously won the honours of either of the Universities. At the bar, we may affirm, that university honours generally lead to early success in a most precarious pursuit. The actual condition of these institutions is, therefore, a matter of vital importance to the whole community.

“It is a very common error,” says the author of the ‘Letters,’ “to consider the Universities in the light of large public Schools, and to fancy that if they do no good, they can, at any rate, do no great harm,—

from the mistaken opinion, that degradation in character will be followed, inevitably, by a rapid decrease of students. This, however, is not the case. If the Universities should at any time, from their low condition, cease to be beneficial to the country, we must remember, that, from their rich endowments, they will always have sufficient wealth to purchase largely the power of yearly infusing mischief into the community. The large number of fellowships, scholarships, exhibitions, &c., which the Universities hold out to the competition of young men, may, according to the condition of those establishments, either be made the means of good, or the instruments of evil. If the course of intellectual and moral education be never so bad, these prospective advantages will always procure for the Universities, a sufficient number of students, to enable them to keep up their station in the country, and to maintain a very wide influence on the intellectual and moral character of the people. The pecuniary enticements which Oxford displays to the public, are about 450 livings, 24 headships of colleges, about 570 fellowships, many hundred scholarships and exhibitions, beside several lucrative University offices. And the bait which Cambridge holds out, is about 330 livings, 17 headships of colleges, about 420 fellowships, many hundred scholarships and exhibitions, 15 masterships of schools, and the various University offices,—a few of which have large emoluments attached to them. These riches, which in most cases are open to competition, will, it is evident, draw yearly to the Universities a much larger number of students than can, with any *reasonable* hope, look forward to be benefited by them; and instead of decrease, there is every prospect of their numbers being annually augmented, as population increases, and the arena of speculative contest becomes enlarged.”—*Letters*, No. 1, pp. 8, 9.

Besides the direct influence which the English Universities exercise, as being the seminaries of education for the entire Protestant clergy, a large portion of the bar, of the medical profession, of the gentry and nobility;—they possess, also, an indirect influence still more extensive, and more deeply felt, though acting unseen, over the general education of the country, which has hitherto rendered more or less abortive each successive attempt that has been made, from year to year, to reform the character of the public and private Schools. Partial, indeed, was the trial; and but partial and momentary the success:—until at length the public mind, expanding with the progress of *circumstances*, more than of information, and pushed onwards by the advancement of the lower orders of Society, broke at once into a new system of education, that has already annihilated the whole herd of private seminaries, and has struck a blow also at the public Schools, from which, in all probability, they will not recover.

The system, however, of Proprietary Schools which has lately risen up in England, and which appears hitherto to have been attended with so much success, is not calculated to obviate the

entire evil it was intended to remove. These institutions doubtless afford some security for the moral *habits* of the children; but for their moral and intellectual *education*, they present to us no stronger safeguard than that which before existed. The root of the evil is in the Universities, which must be thoroughly reformed, before any general amelioration can be attempted with success. What can be expected so long as the system thus described is permitted to prevail:—

“ I must first observe, that when the parent or guardian of a young man determines upon sending him to the University, (of Cambridge) he applies to some person holding the degree of M.A., at least, to enter the youth at some one college, which may have been before decided upon; and it is the duty of the person to whom this application is made, to examine into the acquirements of the young man, and then to place his name upon the College boards. Some time after this, the freshman comes into residence,—usually in the October term. It is thenceforward his duty to attend the College lectures and College examinations; but the *University* requires nothing of the student, until at least his fifth term, or about eighteen months after his first coming into residence. The ‘previous examination’ then takes place. The subjects appointed for this examination are a short book or books from one Latin and one Greek author; one of the four Greek Gospels, or the Acts of the Apostles; and Paley’s Evidences of Christianity. After passing this terrible ordeal, the student is again quietly resigned to the care of his College; and the *University* requires nothing farther at his hands, until the termination of his undergraduate career. She then calls upon him to submit himself to the final examination. The nature of this test depends entirely upon the student’s choice: if it be his will to take an ordinary Degree, or to graduate in what is called the *οἱ πολλοί*, he undergoes his trial in the first six books of Homer’s *Iliad*, the first six books of Virgil’s *Æneid*, the first six books of Euclid; the lower parts of Algebra, Paley’s Evidences of Christianity, and Paley’s Moral Philosophy: questions are moreover set from Locke on the Human Understanding, Plane Trigonometry, and now and then from the simpler departments of Natural Philosophy; which questions may or may not be attended to. If, on the other hand, the student be ambitious of the honours of the *University*, he has nothing to do with the examination above-mentioned, but his ordeal is confined entirely to Mathematical subjects; and if he approve himself in these, he is at once admitted to his degree;—such an one alone having the privilege to sit for ‘classical honours’ afterwards, if it please him so to do.

“ This, then, is the system of education pursued at Cambridge; and this is the manner in which that *University* executes the trust which her country has committed to her! Let us now advert to the system which the *University* of Oxford pursues.”

“ When a young man is desirous of entering his name on the books of a College at Oxford, he has a private interview with the Tutor, and sometimes with the head of the College; at which interview he is ex-

amined in Greek and Latin construing, and sometimes in divinity, sometimes in other subjects,—varying, of course, with the will of the examiner. If he acquit himself well, he is then introduced to the Vice-Chancellor, and, on taking the necessary oaths, becomes a member of the University. Some time after this, the student comes into residence, and it thenceforward becomes, of course, his duty, as at Cambridge, to pay attention to the College lectures and College examinations. It is not, however, until between his sixth and ninth term, or after a period of from eighteen months to two years, from the time of his first coming into residence, that the University takes any cognizance of his talents and acquirements: he is then called upon to submit himself to the test of the ‘Responsions,’ or what is commonly called among the students the ‘Little Go.’ The subjects for this examination are one Greek and one Latin author, Logic, or the first four books of Euclid, and a Latin theme. This ordeal being passed, the student is again left to the care of his College, until he has completed twelve terms of residence. He is then called upon by the University to pass his final examination. If this be only for a common degree, the subjects are three Latin and three Greek books (one of which must be a history), Logic, or the first four books of Euclid, and Divinity; in which last subject the examination is usually severe: besides which, the student is expected to write a piece of Latin composition. If the student be a candidate for honours, the examination is in the same subjects as before; but the number of books which he takes up is greater, the examinations in these books is made more *general*, Logic is indispensable, and for *classical* honours more composition is required.”—*Letters, &c.* No. 1, pp. 16, 18.

Thus, the trust-duties of the University are resigned to the individual *Colleges*: the immediate *consequences* are the ruin of the students, and a low standard of education throughout the country. The cause and the effect are both obvious.

“The first fact which demands our attention, is the total carelessness of the University, *as a body*, with respect to the acquirements of the individual whom it receives within its walls. Eighteen months, at least, elapse, after he first comes into residence, before the University takes any cognizance of the knowledge or the ignorance of the student. The country has committed to these establishments a trust,—and they lazily depute that trust to the individual Colleges,—and the Colleges depute it to the existing head, or tutor, in one case, and to the masters of arts dispersed throughout the kingdom, in the other; the latter of whom, at any rate, in four cases out of five, allow it to fall to the ground. I am well acquainted with an individual, who, when he became a member of the University of Cambridge, had not even an interview with the master of arts who entered him. The only examination which he underwent was through the medium of a messenger; and the only question which was put to him was, ‘*What is a triangle?*’ I do not mean to affirm that the present system is *always* abused to the extent here described, but I well know that it *very often* is; and the evil consists in the permitted existence of a system which is so *capable* of mal-administration, even

more than in any actual disadvantages which have hitherto arisen from it, however obvious those disadvantages may be."—*Letters*, No. I. pp. 18, 19.

"A fresh-man comes into residence, from school, or from a private tutor, and sees before him, in the majority of cases, eight full months before any College examination takes place, and nearly a year and a-half before he is compelled to submit to any University test. He feels that the time is long, that the subjects are easy. He argues, that he may as well put things off a little, and look at what is going on about him. He falls into idleness, then into dissipation, and, too often, the most promising school-boy is withered, blasted, ruined, by the temptations of his first term at College. It is a notorious fact, that a vast majority of men pay no attention to the subjects for the previous examination, until the very term in which that examination takes place; and it is the least of the many evil consequences which arise from this, that a large number of candidates are yearly rejected. In several Colleges indeed, these subjects are made matter of daily lecture; and I believe, that in one or two, there is a public examination in them just before the previous examination occurs: but this does not deny the truth of my statement, that the vast majority of them pay no attention to the subjects, until the very term in which the examination takes place; for, independent of the thin attendance at lectures in many of the Colleges, every school-boy is more or less acquainted with the means of construing a passage, if the lecturer should call upon him to 'go on.' But, granting that the Colleges do their full duty in this respect towards their younger members; and supposing that the student were compelled to distribute his labour through the whole five terms which precede the previous examination; and taking into account the little algebra, and the little Euclid, and the very small smattering of classics which the individual Colleges further require during these five terms; still the task assigned is a mere nothing to the most ordinary capacity, with but a mediocrity of school-boy information,—the exertion required is, at the best, but a mockery of idleness. But the evil of the present system does not rest here. The University, as a body, has a public trust committed to it, which trust it hands over to the Colleges. This it has no right to do. I contend, that it has no right to allow young men to reside eighteen months within its walls, without having any public evidence whether they be idle, or whether they be diligent,—whether they be ignorant, or whether they be well informed. The Colleges may do their duty, or they may not; but the University has no right to cast upon the ground this its most important trust, and leave it there to be picked up or not, by the tutors and lecturers of the several establishments."—*Hints for the Introduction of an Improved Course of Study, &c. &c.* pp. 6-8.

"We may ask, How do the Colleges, at this moment, perform those duties which the Universities so carelessly hand over to them? Let facts speak for themselves. The final ordinary examination at either University is surely not very alarming; and yet what a body of candidates are yearly rejected! At Cambridge, for instance, at the general

examination in January 1835, nearly eighty men were missing from the lists; and at the late examination, January 1836, at least an equal number have disappeared. What was the cause of this? It is mainly, I may say *entirely*, to be attributed to the habits of idleness contracted at the University; and thus, from the inexcusable negligence of this chartered seminary of 'sound learning and religious education,' not only has an indelible disgrace been fixed upon a large number of young men, but they have acquired habits of idleness, if not of dissipation, which will probably hold to them through life, and thus ruin their own prospects, mar their usefulness to their fellow-creatures, and perhaps render some of them the very pests of society."—*Letters*, No. I. p. 26.

Thus much, for the *general* system of education in the English Universities: concerning which, with respect to Cambridge, we cannot resist the temptation to transcribe the opinion of one who is evidently no *radical* reformer.

"After having spent three years and a half of his life at College, a young man is finally required to pass in these subjects,—six books of Homer, six of Virgil, four of Euclid, a little arithmetic and algebra, Paley's Evidences again, and Paley's Moral Philosophy. Now, without quarrelling yet with any one of these subjects themselves, can these be deemed sufficient? Would it be thought too much to expect from a boy, just leaving a tolerably good school, or would it be a hard trial in an upper form in any one of our public seminaries? If not, can it be enough for our famous University? Nay, is it not, in consequence, a too frequent *boast* among our under-graduates, that they knew far more when they left school than when just about to go up for their degree? What, too, is the consequence? Many a young man comes up to Cambridge, spends his three years in thorough idleness, and devotes his *last term only* to reading up the necessary subjects. I know this is not exaggeration; I know this is not an uncommon case. Nay, from my own experience, I verily believe that this is the common case, and that those who read much more of their time, with a view to an ordinary degree, form the exception and not the rule. What, then, is the moral effect of all this? What must it be? Happy and fortunate it is when it does not lead to vice; and, however it acts, the mind, during the three most important years of life, is subject to no wholesome discipline, and lies, not fallow (would it were only so), but lies neglected and grown over with foul weeds, bad habits, light thoughts, and idle practices, which shut out the prospect of improvement; and then it often happens, that one who might have been improved and cultivated by regular (I wish not laborious) application, at the end of his time finds himself so unfit for study, that the little period he had allotted himself for it, cannot now be used as it might have been, and he is *plucked*, not merely because he has not read, but because he cannot get the habit of reading or of thinking. What is he then fit for? Disgraced in himself, and a disgrace to his friends, without the mental energy or cultivation to redeem his loss; and this, too, not so much from his own fault, as from an error in the system, which should have

guided him differently."—*Appeal to the University of Cambridge*, pp. 9, 10.

With reference to the higher systems of these Universities,—viz. those connected with the *honour* degrees,—we have but few remarks to offer. With respect to that of Oxford, we believe there is no great reason to complain; and the *classical* honours at Cambridge are even superior to those of the sister University. But into the *mathematical* degrees, for which Cambridge has so long been famous, many grave abuses appear to have gained admittance, which are fully investigated in the "Hints," and the first "Letter to the English Public." The following passage will, perhaps, diminish the public admiration of the annually increasing list of Cambridge mathematical honours.

"It has been before noticed, that the exertion necessary to obtain a degree in honours is, on the part of the student, perfectly *voluntary*. The same fact may be remarked with reference to University scholarships; so that the existence and popularity of these distinctions do not in anywise relieve the Universities from the heavy weight of censure which attaches to them on account of the imbecility of their general system, and their shameful carelessness of the education and morals of the youths entrusted to their care. Against the University of Cambridge, however, I have still a graver charge. By the continuance of an anomaly, the most absurd that ever crept into any system of rational education, she paralyzes even her own feeble efforts, and lays a premium upon ignorance.

"It has already been shewn that at Oxford each graduate in arts passes the same examination; the only difference between that for an ordinary and for an honour degree being, that for the latter the trial in classics, in mathematics, or in both, is deeper and more severe than for the former. But in the Cambridge system the case is far otherwise. The student there signifies to the Moderator (or mathematical examiner) through the medium of the tutor of his college, that it is his intention to graduate in honours. This communication is made several months before the examination takes place. After this he is summoned to the schools by the Moderator three or four times, in order that he may undergo a brief *vivâ voce* examination as to his mathematical knowledge; and if he acquit himself tolerably in these minor trials, he is admitted in due time to the final test. Now in what does this final examination consist? and what subjects does it embrace? Mathematics! solely mathematics!!! It is true, that the student may, some weeks after he has taken his degree, submit himself, if it please him, to a classical examination, in order to obtain classical honours. But this is *completely voluntary*; his examination for his *degree* is in mathematics only; and with this by far the larger part of those who graduate in honours rest perfectly contented.

"Let us analyse this a little further. We have already seen the utter inefficiency of the *ordinary* university system; let us now remark the

superior advantages of this higher course. It will be remembered what an alarming test is the 'previous examination' at Cambridge. A short book, or books, from one Latin and one Greek author; one of the four Greek gospels, or the Acts of the Apostles, and Paley's Evidences of Christianity, present the subjects for this *fearful* trial! Will it be believed, that no other test beyond this (except the mathematical examinations which have just been alluded to,) is required of the graduate in honours? Yet such is the fact. And the consequences of this anomaly are apparent in the almost utter ignorance of literature, and the narrowness of education, usually manifested in the Cambridge mathematical student. It has been asked, 'Why should the mathematician, of all men, be without the education of a gentleman? Why should he alone be ignorant of those common every-day subjects, which you esteem it necessary for every other man to be acquainted with? There is but one rational answer which can be made to these questions, yet, strange to say, we not only find in Cambridge many advocates for the present system, but by the majority of her sons, those who dare to raise their voice against it are either regarded as enemies, or sneered at as ignorant innovators—so great is the inertia of custom!'—*Letters*, No. I. pp. 27—29.

We are glad to find that Cambridge, at least, is now exerting her utmost efforts to increase the efficiency of her system of Medical education; and we hope that ere long she will cease to be represented as a *jest to the medical world*. With respect, however, to the character of her law degrees, Cambridge is not equally solicitous: here we find still fresh abuse existing. Indeed, we are almost led to wonder for what intellectual purpose the students of that class are sent to the University at all.

"The law degrees in the University of Cambridge are, at present, worse than useless. The student graduates after passing a mere mockery of examination, and is usually then as ignorant of law (except as regards a few technical phrases) as when he entered the University; in fact, these degrees instead of being superior to the ordinary system of the University, are but a farcical absurdity; nay, more than this, they are highly mischievous, as affording a refuge to the idle and the ignorant, who, unable to appear even in the ordinary list, are contented to graduate in law."—*Letters*, No. II, p. 44.

We turn to a brief consideration of these institutions as schools of Theology. This is their favourite character. It is on this they found their claim to exclusiveness. If complaints are made concerning them, with reference to any branch of secular education, we are answered, "These things are not their chief duties—they are theological seminaries." If a request be brought forward for the admission of those who dissent from the Protestant Establishment, it is at once opposed because "The Universities are nurseries for the Church—they are theological semi-

naries!" In fact, this appears to be the armour in which they trust for deliverance from the hand of the reformer. Let us examine their theological pretensions—

"It will be remembered that, in my first letter, I stated that the subjects for the Previous Examination at Cambridge were a short book, or books, from one Latin and one Greek author, one of the Greek Gospels, or the Acts of the Apostles, and Paley's Evidences of Christianity. Among the subjects for the final examination, Paley's Evidences of Christianity again appear; *i. e.* in cases where the student does not graduate in honours. If it be the student's intention to become a candidate for Holy Orders, he is expected, moreover, to attend the lectures of the Norrisian Professor of Divinity, twenty in one term, of which *attendance* he receives a certificate, to be presented to the Bishop who ordains him. This constitutes the entire Divinity course of the University of Cambridge!

"The University of Oxford is somewhat stricter in her Divinity requirements, both at the 'Responsions' and at the Final Examination, than is the sister establishment. This constitutes the entire difference of her theological course!

"The utter inefficiency of such a system as is here presented to us, must be immediately apparent, even to the most thoughtless observer. The only difference which is made between the divinity and the ordinary student is, that the former is required to make his appearance at the delivery of one short course of lectures, from which the latter may absent himself. Of the information and improvement which the student has acquired from these lectures, no test whatever is demanded; but with a mere *attendance* the Universities are perfectly contented, and with a certificate virtually to this effect, send him to the Bishop for ordination."—*Letters*, No. II, p. 10.

Does *this* system constitute the claim of the English Universities to the title of Theological Seminaries? But perhaps this claim is grounded on their superior degrees, *i. e.* Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity. Of Cambridge, at least, with reference to this subject, let us see what a *Conservative* "Member of the Senate" can advance.

"In law and medicine we have examinations, and no man can graduate in either without passing these. In divinity we have none, or at least but a mockery; and a person is deemed fully qualified for a divinity degree, because he has graduated in arts. Now this is surely absurd. No one, I suppose, will sit down and calmly argue, that divinity is less important than medicine; yet a degree in arts will not enable a person to proceed to the degree of M.D.; to that of D.D. it will. The consequence is, the degree of D.D. is not esteemed, and that of B.D. is actually avoided."—*Appeal to the University of Cambridge*, p. 16.

Hence we see that beyond the theological instruction, (if such it may be called,) which is communicated to every under-graduate,

nothing further is required of any divinity student than to attend a single course of lectures! Let us now consider the following picture.

"Again, I would draw the attention of the reader to the fact, that no test is exacted by the Universities as to the information which the divinity student has acquired from the lectures which he ~~was~~ compelled to attend; so that, *inefficient* as the system always is with respect to the instruction communicated, it is, in the majority of cases, rendered absolutely *useless* by this absurd defect. Excellent as the lectures in themselves may be, an attendance at them is, in general, considered by the student in no other light than as a compulsory waste of time: and I fearlessly assert, that not one quarter of the inmates of a crowded lecture-room pay the least attention to the Professor's words.

"Let us suppose ourselves seated in the divinity lecture-room at Cambridge, in full term; and I will choose what is called by the students, 'a Pearson day,' when some passage is read by the Professor from 'Pearson on the Creed,' which book he is obliged to introduce by the foundation of the Professorship, and chapters from which the Arch-deacon has admirably interwoven with his other lectures. I challenge any Cambridge man to deny the truth of the following picture.

"Immediately around the Professor's chair, and at his private table, are seated a few *real* divinity students, with the work open before them, and a note-book and pencil in readiness. Further onward, lining the sides of the apartment, and up the two first tiers of the ascending benches, are crowded individuals, a few with volumes of their own, but the major part with dusty folios and quartos, which the Professor has provided for their use, and on many of which the genius of successive ages is displayed in the shape of dogs, horses, imps, and human faces, and all on which the school-boy's pencil loves to dwell. Of the remainder and larger portion of the audience, the majority perhaps hold volumes in their hands; but, alas! of all sizes, shapes and descriptions, and but very few of them written by Bishop Pearson. History, poetry, novels, travels, occupy the attention of the students; and while not a few of them suppose it a convenient opportunity to prepare for their examinations in Paley's Evidences of Christianity, some individuals of a more frivolous disposition amuse themselves with a song-book or a jest-book, and train themselves for the entertainment of a coming supper-party."—*Lectures to the English Public*, No. II. p. 19.

"We will not follow the author in his remarks as to the effect of this system upon the Church to which he belongs—and this, not from any want of interest in the subject, but from a feeling of jealousy toward our Protestant brethren—we like not others to interfere with the internal discipline of our own Church—we will not, therefore, interfere with that of our neighbour's. We cannot, however, so easily permit ourselves to pass over the writer's observations concerning the utility of a more ex-

tended theological education to the *general* student. After introducing a quotation from one of the English Bishops, on the importance of religious knowledge to the *layman*, he proceeds—

“ Now, it cannot be contended, in Cambridge at least, (and the *result* also proves the negative with respect to Oxford),* that the present amount of divinity studies which is introduced into the ordinary system of the University, is sufficient to communicate to any of the students this desirable knowledge. An acquaintance with Paley’s Evidences of Christianity, or, as has been well observed, with a mere selection from that work, and with one of the four Gospels, or the Acts of the Apostles, is all that the University requires. It is *evident*, therefore, that the student may proceed to his degree, and still be almost perfectly ignorant of the great truths of religion. Surely, then, at a period when such opportunities of improvement are presented to him—opportunities which the leisure and circumstances of but very few will a second time afford—the University would do well, in augmenting the measure of its requirements, to bring before the student’s notice, in a more full and perfect manner, a science which thus deeply concerns the happiness of every individual; and which will present to him inquiries the most interesting, and the most elevating, of any which can occupy the energies of the human mind.”—*Letters, &c.* No. II. pp. 28, 29.

After pressing the necessity of these pursuits to every individual, from religious considerations, the author proceeds to recommend them as a part of secular education, in the following eloquent strain.

“ We are told that, more than eighteen hundred years ago, an obscure person was born in one of the smaller states of Syria; that when about thirty years old, he collected together a few fishermen, and travelling in poverty from place to place among his countrymen, endeavoured to persuade them that he was sent from Heaven to overthrow every religion in the world, and to establish one universal faith, which should centre in himself. We are told, moreover, that having met with much derision and opposition, after three years he was put to an ignominious death, but that his disciples still adhered to their new religion, and that, in spite of the most strenuous opposition and the most cruel persecution, this religion continually gained ground. Ages roll on, and still we find the faith advancing with firm and steady steps, the old religions crumble at its touch; nations and countries ere long embrace it; and ‘ kings become its nursing fathers, and their queens its nursing mothers;’ until at length we find it covering a large portion of the globe; having civilized and enriched every nation which has embraced

* The *nominal* requirements in divinity for a degree at Oxford are much more severe than at the sister University; but the actual requirements are very defective, as may be seen from the fact, that the graduates of both Universities are in general equally ignorant on these subjects. In fact, the preparation for the examination is usually made in a very few days, and from little noxious volumes, which are known by the technical name of ‘ *Crama*.’”

it, and left in a state at least of semi-barbarism all who are not under its controul. Such, briefly, is the history of Christianity; and it is evident, that whether true or false, the mainspring of its success must be a *moral influence* working upon the minds of men. The question then occurs, What is this *moral influence*? And, putting aside all reference to piety and religious feeling, I challenge the whole world to produce an inquiry more worthy of the attention of the philosopher—an inquiry more interesting and important than an investigation of the causes which have produced by far the greatest revolution man has ever witnessed, and which by their secret and silent operation, have civilized and elevated the nations off which they have acted, and raised them to an immense superiority over the remainder of mankind.

“I think, then, it must be grafted that some insight into these causes, some intellection of this moral influence, as a most material part even of secular learning, every educated individual should possess; and if so, it is surely insufficient that he should be taught the bare evidence of the existence of the supposed founder, or even of the *truth* of the religion, in order to understand this influence: he must be made acquainted with the *genius* of the faith; he must manifestly be instructed, at least in the *main* doctrines of Christianity, or he will be ignorant at once of the causes of its success and the manner of its influence upon man.”—*Letters*, No. II. pp. 30-31.

We have thus briefly shown that in almost every branch of education the English Universities are lamentably deficient. Is it then to be wondered at that those who proceed from them should in most cases be ignorant and narrow minded? We are no enemies to these establishments; “they possess,” as our author observes, “means and opportunities of usefulness, of which the public are utterly ignorant;” and we believe with him, that they are capable of being made “most useful institutions.” But at present, notwithstanding the few great and high-minded men who proceed from them, they are scarcely more than mere hotbeds for the *Tories*—the mental cradles of the bitterest enemies of the people.

Art. V.—*Musical History, Biography, and Criticism: being a General Survey of Music, from the earliest period to the present time.* By George Hogarth. London. 12mo. 1835.

The noblest employment of music is in conjunction with the exercises of religion. Its power, in exciting those feelings of reverence, and love, with which man ought ever to approach his Creator and Preserver, has been felt in all ages of the world; and its use, in expressing those feelings, not only appears to have been silently dictated by God himself, in the act of consti-

tuting the human mind, but has received his express authority and sanction. Of the first of these facts we have evidence in the tendency of mankind, in all times and countries, where they have emerged from absolute barbarism, to give utterance to their feelings of dependence on an Almighty Being (however much their knowledge of him may have been darkened by superstition), in songs of prayer and praise, joyful thanksgiving, and humble contrition: and both are proved by the most ancient records of authentic history—the Holy Scriptures. In the rites of the Hebrew worship, established by the command of God, immediately after the Jews, delivered from their Egyptian bondage, had taken possession of the country of their fathers, music, both vocal and instrumental, and on a magnificent scale, formed an essential part, till the political destruction and dispersion of that people.

Music entered into the devotional ceremonies of the earliest Christians, and was more and more cultivated as the Christian Church grew and prospered. When Europe emerged from the barbarism of the dark ages, and music was revived as a science and an art, the knowledge of it (like that of all the other peaceful arts and learning of the time) was confined to the clergy; and its productions were, for a long period, exclusively of a sacred character. It was by the Church that not only the treasures of ancient literature and philosophy were restored to the light, but the arts of poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture, as well as music, were fostered by the patronage and employment bestowed on the men who cultivated them. It was in the service of the Church that Michael Angelo raised the dome of St. Peter's, and invested the walls of the Vatican with the terrors of the *Day of Judgment*; that Leonardo da Vinci produced the *Last Supper*, and Raffaele the *Transfiguration*; that Monteverde penetrated into the unknown regions of harmony; and Palestrina gave birth to those divine strains which lift the soul to heaven.

In those times, with the exception of the rude melodies which Nature, in all ages, teaches the most uncultivated, there was no music but that which was dedicated to holy purposes. The musical drama, or opera, did not then exist; and music does not appear to have made any essential part of the pageants or spectacles destined for the public amusement. When the music of the theatre and the chamber came gradually to be cultivated, it seems to have been as a pastime or relaxation, by those men of genius whose severer studies were devoted to the service of religion. The music of the church has thus been the foundation of the other branches of the art, and retains its pre-eminence over them. It has, indeed, been enfeebled by pretended reforms and actual discouragement, and in some degree corrupted by the introduc-

tion of a florid and theatrical style; but it continues to exercise an extensive and powerful influence, which might be still further strengthened, by every where restoring the grave and solemn simplicity which truly belongs to its original character.

To trace the progress of sacred music from the earliest times, and to give a comprehensive view of its present state all over the Christian world, would be a task well worthy of all the learning and research which could be brought to bear upon it. The subject has not engrossed a sufficient portion of the attention of any of our musical historians. Many parts of it have been slightly treated, many more misrepresented, and others entirely overlooked. Much obscurity hangs over it, which might be removed by closer investigation; and it is nowhere presented in an unbroken and connected form.

The first great religious solemnity accompanied with music, which we find recorded in Holy Writ, is that in which the Israelites, after the passage of the Red Sea, celebrated, by choral songs of thanksgiving, their miraculous escape and the destruction of their enemies.—“Then Moses and the children of Israel sung this canticle unto the Lord, and said: Let us sing to the Lord, for He is gloriously magnified, the horse and the rider he has thrown into the sea”*—“So Mary, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went forth after her with timbrels and with dances. And she began the song to them, saying: Let us sing to the Lord, for He is gloriously magnified, the horse and his rider he has thrown into the sea.”† From the construction of this sublime hymn, and the description of its performance, it is evident that it must have been partly recited by Moses alone, partly sung in what may be called semi-chorus, by Mary and the women who attended her, and partly shouted with one accord by the whole assembled multitude. It appears, also, that the choral parts must have been sung to a regular and rhythmical melody, the measure of which was marked by timbrels, or instruments of percussion. It must have been sublime beyond imagination; even the composition produced by Handel, in attempting to convey some notion of its effect, is among the noblest of his works. The few and simple notes in which Miriam, at the utmost pitch of her voice, exclaims, “Sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously!” are inexpressibly grand; and the responsive chorus (though of the most artificial construction) seems to consist of nothing but wild shouts of tumultuous exultation, reverberated from group to group, and finally rising from the whole multitude, in one

Exodus, xvi. Douay edition.

† Ibid. 20, 21.

general acclaim. Many of us have felt the power of these sounds, pealing through the expanse of York Minster or Westminster Abbey; but how poorly, after all, must they mimic the grandeur of the united voices of a whole people, animated by one feeling of enthusiasm and religious triumph!

There can be little doubt that the Israelites acquired a knowledge of music, and of musical instruments, from that wonderful people, amongst whom all the arts and sciences appear to have flourished, and even decayed, before the period of authentic history. In the time of David, the Jews possessed a variety of instruments, which were used in their religious solemnities, and the nature of which has been the subject of much controversy. But though we learn that there were among them stringed and wind instruments, as well as instruments of percussion, such as cymbals and timbrels, yet little is known as to their construction and powers. The translators of the Bible appear to have used the names of modern instruments almost at random. In Psalm CL, the English Bible contains the word "organs;" and the French Bible has "violon" (more cautiously expressed in the English version by "stringed instruments"), though there is no reason to suppose that any instruments analogous to the organ or the violin were known to the ancients. During the time of David and Solomon, the musical establishment, for the performance of religious ceremonies, was on the most magnificent scale. A great number of persons, belonging to the Levitical families, were employed as choristers and instrumental performers. They were divided into separate bands, a musician of distinguished abilities being placed at the head of each, and a "chief musician" over the whole. To this "chief musician" several of the Psalms of David are directed; for the purpose, doubtless, of being performed by him and his choir.

Of the nature of the religious music of the Jews very little is actually known. It may, however, safely be conjectured to have consisted of simple melodies or chants, capable of being distinctly sung in unisons or octaves by large numbers of voices. It must, too, have been easily caught by the ear, and easily remembered; for the Jews do not appear ever to have had a musical notation, and the music of their synagogues must have been handed down, from age to age, by tradition. Notwithstanding the length of time during which this people have been dispersed over the earth, they have continued, in those countries where they have preserved the most regular settlements, to make use of chants which are, undoubtedly, very ancient; and these, considering the tenacity with which the Jews adhere to the rites and observances of their religion, may not unreasonably be looked upon as remnants of

the music which resounded in the temple of Solomon. The learned Padre Martini, in his great *History of Music*, has given a number of the chants sung in the synagogues of different parts of Europe, particularly Germany and Spain; and many of them are introduced in Marcello's celebrated "Psalms." Their melody is plain and natural, frequently containing those omissions in the scale which give the old Scottish airs their character of nationality; a further proof, by the way, that the supposed peculiarity of the Scottish scale belongs to the primitive music of all parts of the world. Their effect, too, is grave and solemn, similar to that produced by the Gregorian chants of the Christian Church.

Music was used in the religious-worship of the Christian Church, at the earliest period of its existence. Its introduction was sanctioned by the precept and example of the Messiah himself, and his Apostles. The music then made use of must have been that which already existed; so that the hymn sung by Christ and his disciples, on the night in which he instituted the sacrament of the Eucharist, and that which was sung by Paul and Silas in their dungeon, must have been to the notes of Jewish religious chants. When Christianity spread into other countries, the faithful would naturally adapt their sacred songs to the melodies with which they were familiar. Philo, speaking of the nocturnal meetings of the supposed primitive Christians, says—"After supper, their sacred songs began; when all were arisen, they selected from the rest two choirs, one of men and one of women; and from each of these a person of majestic form, and well skilled in music, was chosen to lead the band. They then chanted hymns in honour of God, composed in different measures and modulations, now singing together, and now answering each other, by turns."

Eusebius, describing the consecration of churches throughout the Roman empire, in the time of the first Christian emperor, Constantine, says:—"There was one common consent in chanting forth the praises of God; the performance of the service was exact, the rites of the church decent and majestic; and there was a place appointed for those who sung psalms, youths and virgins, old men and young." In this manner of singing, "now together, and now answering each other, by turns," and in the appointment of a separate place for the singers, we recognise the origin of the choirs, and the *antiphonal* singing, of the Christian Church to this day;—usages evidently borrowed from those which were already prevalent in the Pagan as well as Jewish worship.

About the end of the fourth century, when, after long struggles, Christianity was at last firmly established throughout the Roman empire, St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, reduced the music of the church into a regular system, and established a method of singing

known by the name of the Ambrosian Chant. We can gather very little information as to the nature or extent of the reforms effected by this celebrated prelate. As Christianity was first established in the eastern part of the empire, the rites and ceremonies of the Church appear to have originated there, under the direction of the Greek Fathers, and to have been afterwards adopted by the Christians of the west. According to St. Augustine, St. Ambrose brought from the east the manner of singing which he established at Milan; and Eusebius says, that it was from Antioch, where he had long resided, that St. Ambrose brought his melodies. The Ambrosian Chant was, in some manner, founded on the musical system of the Greeks; and the scales of notes, on which the melodies were constructed, retained the ancient names of the Dorian, Phrygian, Æolian, and Mixolydian modes. St. Augustine speaks with rapture of the impressions made on him by the Ambrosian singing. "As the voices," he says, "flowed into my ears, truth was instilled into my heart, and the affections of piety overflowed in tears of joy."—"The church of Milan," he adds, "had not long before begun to practise this method. It was here first ordered that hymns and psalms should be sung after the manner of eastern nations, that the people might not languish and pine away with a tedious sorrow; and from that period it has been retained at Milan, and imitated by almost all the congregations of the world." St. Augustine was a disciple of the celebrated Bishop of Milan; and it is said, that it was on the occasion of St. Augustine's reception into the bosom of Christianity, that St. Ambrose composed the sublime hymn, *Te Deum laudamus*, which, to this day, has been constantly used in the service of the Catholic Church.

The Ambrosian chant has generally been spoken of as something different from the Gregorian, which succeeded it; but what that difference was, it is, probably, now impossible to discover. From all that can be learned on the subject, it appears that the Gregorian chant is founded on the Ambrosian, but more scientific in construction, more extensive in compass and modulation, and more varied in character and expression.

The Gregorian chant was established by Pope Gregory the First, generally, and deservedly, distinguished by the epithet of "the Great." The reformation which he effected in the music of the Church took place towards the end of the sixth century; and between two and three centuries after the introduction of the Ambrosian chant. Pope Gregory is said, by the writers of the middle ages, to have banished from the church the *canto figurato*, as being too light and dissolute. The meaning of this term has been the subject of much dispute; but the most probable opinion

is, that a sort of florid and measured, or rhythmical melody, borrowed from the pagan temples or theatres, had corrupted the severity of the Ambrosian chant, the notes of which had no rhythm, and no measure, save the syllabic quantities of the words to which it was sung. Rhythmical airs have been in use among the people, in all ages and countries, for the purpose of being sung to metrical songs, or of accompanying dances, marches, or processions; and, even in our own times, there is ample evidence of the propensity to employ these secular strains in religious services. Gregory appears to have restored the solemnity of the Ambrosian chant, while he extended its limits, and added to its variety: and the Gregorian chant, used in the Catholic Church to this day, received the name of "Canto Fermo," or "Plain Chant," which it still retains, from the gravity and simplicity of its character.

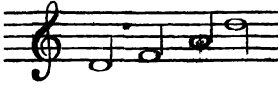
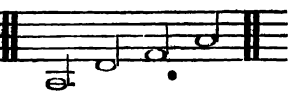

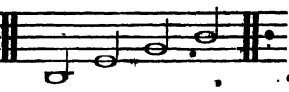
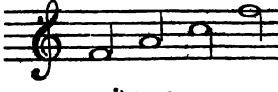


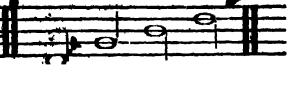
In order to form some idea of the ecclesiastical chant, and of the features which distinguish it from the music of the world, we must request our readers to bear in mind, that every note of the natural scale can be made the foundation of a similar scale, by preserving the same order in the succession of tones and semitones—that is, placing the semitones always between the third and fourth, and between the seventh and the octave. This is the case in the key of C, without sharps or flats. A similar scale, beginning on the note G, must have the F made sharp; on D, the F and C must be made sharp; on F, the B must be made flat; and so on, as is familiarly known to those who possess the mere rudiments of music. The various scales, or keys, thus produced, differ only in pitch; and an air may be sung in any of them (if the compass of the voice admits of it), without any change in its melody or expression.

But the scales of the Ambrosian chant (which were borrowed from the *modes* of the Greeks) were formed upon a different principle. The position of the semitones was not adjusted by the introduction of sharps and flats; so that, in each scale, the semitones were in a different position in reference to the fundamental note, and, consequently, produced a melody of a different character. In the Ambrosian chant, only four of these different scales were employed, and received the names of the Greek modes already mentioned. These scales were formed on the notes D, E, F, and G; and it is evident that melodies or chants, in these scales, without artificial sharps or flats, would each have peculiarities. The scales of D and E, having *minor thirds*, would resemble our corresponding minor keys. The scale of F would differ from the modern major key, only in having the B natural instead of flat; and the scale of G would be our G major,

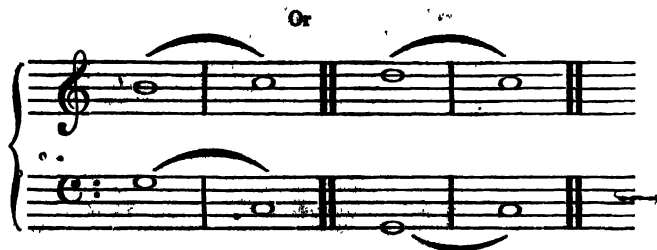
with an F natural instead of sharp. In singing the different scales thus formed, some harsh sounds take place; but these were avoided, by passing over the notes which produced them: as, in the scale of F, the unpleasing and impracticable B natural was got rid of (as in Scottish, and other ancient national melodies) by passing, at once, from A to C, an omission which always produces an antique effect. The introduction of B flat, however, was admitted in passages where the ear would have been otherwise offended; and this is the only alteration of the scale found in genuine chants of high antiquity.

To the four modes of St. Ambrose, Pope Gregory added four others. The four original modes were called *authentic*, the four others *plagal*; phrases which may be interpreted principal and relative or collateral. To each principal mode, a relative mode was added; the scale of the relative mode consisting of the eight notes below the fifth of the principal key. Thus, the *authentic* mode being D, the scale of its *plagal* mode is from A below the D, to A above it. As there are only seven notes in the scale, while there are eight modes, there are two modes of the same name, (that of D,) the one being authentic, and the other plagal. The introduction of these additional modes produced the *plagal cadence* or close, one of the most solemn features of the old ecclesiastical music.

The following few notes will enable the reader, who is at all conversant with music, to perceive the peculiarities of the different modes, authentic and plagal, now generally called the eight Gregorian tones.

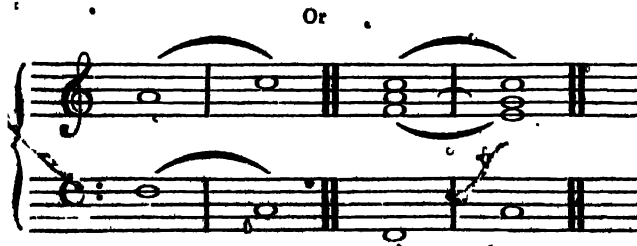
Mode of D authentic.	Mode of A plagal.
	
Mode of E authentic.	Mode of B plagal.
	
Mode of F authentic.	Mode of C plagal.
	
Mode of G authentic.	Mode of D plagal.
	

The above are the essential sounds of each mode, or those which are predominant in the chants or melodies formed upon it; the intermediate notes being less marked, and serving the purpose of completing the scale. It will, at once, be observed, that the essential sounds of a plagal mode, are the same with those of the authentic mode, to which it is relative; the difference consisting in the final note, on which the melody closes. A chant in the plagal mode of A, will close on that note, but will have the same essential sounds as the authentic mode of D. Now it is familiarly known, that, in music, generally, the note next in importance to the *key-note*, is the *fifth* or *dominant*; and that the great, or perfect close, which terminates a strain of music, is made by passing from the fifth to the key-note. In the melody, the passage may, for the sake of smoothness, be from an harmonic of the fifth; but the bass always passes from the fifth, to the key-note:—thus,



Here G, the fifth, passes to C, the key-note; and, from the analogy between a note and its octave, the G may either fall or rise to the key-note.

By looking, however, at the essential notes of the plagal modes, it will be seen, that, in them, there is no fifth to the key, or final note. Take the mode of A, there is no E, which is the fifth; but, the next essential note is D, the fourth; and, the same is the case in the plagal modes of B, C, and D. Hence, in the plagal mode of C, (for example) the close, instead of that given above, will be,



The hearer of church music, is always deeply impressed with the solemnity of this close, particularly when clothed with full harmony, however unacquainted he may be with its technical construction.

The music of the Gregorian chants, in the Catholic missals, is written in those ancient square and lozenge-formed characters, which are usually called the Gregorian notes; a name which has led to the erroneous belief, that Gregory invented these notes, as well as established the chant, which they were first used in writing down. But these characters, of which the modern system of notation is merely a series of improvements, were invented by the celebrated Guido d'Arezzo, in the beginning of the eleventh century. Previous to that time, the attempts at notation were very rude; and Pope Gregory seems to have merely expressed the notes by Roman letters, written above the syllables to be sung.

The introduction of the Gregorian chant—which still forms a large part of the music of the Catholic ritual, and has left many vestiges, even in the “reformed” Churches,—is the greatest era in the history of sacred music. The memory of the illustrious Pontiff, to whom we owe it, is still held, throughout the civilized world, in the highest veneration. The *Schola Cantorum* which he established, was in existence in the days of John Diaconus, his biographer, three hundred years after his death. At that time his original *Antiphonarium*, or book of chants, was preserved in the school as a relic, as well as the whip with which he kept the scholars in awe, and the couch on which he reclined when he came to hear them practise. His qualities as a divine, and a statesman, do not belong to our present subject; though it may be mentioned that the introduction of Christianity into England, with the ritual and music of the Church, was one of the greatest measures of his pontificate.*

Dr. Burney,—whose otherwise excellent work is deformed by many prejudices, and whose predilection for the fashionable theatrical music of his own day made him unjust to the music of the olden time,—speaks with a lamentable taste and unbecoming levity of the venerable *canto fermo* of Gregory. “If imperfection,” he says, “in one place, be perfection in another, let a mutilated scale be a meritorious characteristic only in the Church; for, on the stage, and in the chamber, where zeal and gravity give no assistance to the composition or performance, every refinement and artifice is requisite, to stimulate attention and captivate the

* The memory of Pope Gregory is successfully vindicated, from the calumnies of several infidel writers, by the author of the *Classical Tour through Italy*. “His real crimes,” says Mr. Eustace, “in the eyes of both Bayle and Gibbon, are that he was a Pope, and that he converted England to Christianity.”

hearer. Let all the sharps, and six of the seven flats, be excommunicated; let them have no admission within the pale of the Church, but let them not be cut off from all society elsewhere, or the anathema be extended beyond its limits;" and he says elsewhere, that the *canto fermo* is a continuation of "the simple, artless, and insipid psalmody of the primitive Christians." This language is worthy of the writer who could fill a third part of one of his volumes with elaborate critiques on every single air in Handel's forgotten Italian operas, and expatiate on the flourishes of the Senesinos and Cuzzogis who sang them, while he could afford room only for a barren catalogue of the titles and dates of the mighty master's imperishable Oratorios.

It can hardly be necessary to bring forward testimonies to the qualities of a music, which, at this hour, acts so powerfully in exciting and sustaining the devout feelings of the Christian world; yet the remarks of Rousseau (in the *Dictionnaire de Musique*, art. *Plain Chant*) are so just, that we gladly quote them. "Such of the melodies of the Gregorian chant," he says, "as have been faithfully preserved, notwithstanding the losses they have sustained, afford real judges valuable specimens of ancient music, and its modes, though without measure and rhythm, and wholly in the diatonic genus, which can be said to be preserved in all its purity in the *canto fermo* alone; these modes, in the manner in which they have been retained in the ancient ecclesiastical chants, have still a beauty and a variety of expression, which intelligent hearers, free from prejudice, will discover, though they are formed upon a system totally different from that at present in use."

The notes of the Gregorian melodies are few, simple, and confined to the sounds of the natural or diatonic scale; and yet, by the diversity of their modes, they have great variety of character and expression. Independently, too, of their intrinsic qualities, their solemnity is heightened by their venerable antiquity, their association with the rites of religion, and their dissimilarity from the music of the world. Their effect upon the mind is derived from the same qualities, both intrinsic and associated, with that which is produced by the hallowed fanes of the middle ages, within whose walls they first resounded; and, when sung, in their pure state, either in unison, or with the simple harmony which belongs to them, they possess an awful grandeur which cannot be reached by the refinements and artifices of modern music.

"When Haydn was in England," says Mr. Hogarth, "he witnessed the annual celebration in St. Paul's cathedral, which is attended by the children belonging to the charity schools of the Metropolis; and was affected even to tears, by the psalms sung in unison by four thousand

infantine voices. One of these tunes he jotted down in his memorandum book; and he used afterwards to say, that this simple and natural air gave him the greatest pleasure he had ever received from music."

Such are the feelings produced by the ancient Gregorian melodies.

The *canto fermo* of the Catholic Church is not confined to the melodies which have descended from the time of Pope Gregory. Much of it has been produced by comparatively modern composers, in adherence to the principles of the Gregorian chant; and fragments of it are introduced into masses and other ecclesiastical compositions, even of the present day. The most remarkable piece of *canto fermo* in existence is the celebrated *Miserere* of Gregorio Allegri, which was composed in the early part of the seventeenth century, and has ever since been annually sung in the Pope's chapel, in the Vatican, during passion week. The *Miserere* is the ~~fiftieth~~ psalm,* to the most beautiful verses of which, Allegri's music is set. The chant contains only the single accidental flat, the use of which seems to have been admitted from the time of Gregory himself, and the harmony is of the utmost simplicity.

This composition was long preserved, with jealous care, for the exclusive use of the *Capella Sistina*. Dr. Burney, in his *State of Music in Italy*, says, that he was informed by Padre Martini, that only three copies of it had ever been taken by authority,—for the Emperor Leopold, the King of Portugal, and himself. He permitted Dr. Burney to take a copy of it, and the Doctor published the score of it in 1773, through Bremner, the well-known music publisher of that day. The impression was small, and the volume is now become extremely rare and curious. In 1810, it was published by M. Choron, in his *Collection des Classiques*; and is now to be found, but in a contracted form, in various collections of sacred music.

This far-famed work is connected with a remarkable anecdote of the youthful days of Mozart.

"When he arrived at Rome," says Mr. Hogarth, † Ganganelli, who then filled the Pontifical Chair, invited him to the Quirinal Palace, where he had the honour of performing privately before his Holiness. This was just before Easter. In the course of the conversation the approaching performances in the Sistine chapel were spoken of, particularly the famous *Miserere* of Allegri. Mozart, with the *naïveté* of his age, requested a copy from the Pope, which he declined giving, explaining, in kind terms, that compliance was out of his power, because the piece was forbidden to be copied under the pain of excommunication. The young musician, however, obtained permission to attend the single rehearsal

* By Protestants generally designated as the fifty-first.

which preceded the public performance. He listened with the most earnest attention, and, on quitting the chapel, hastened home and wrote down the notes. At the public performance, he had the manuscript concealed in his hat; and, having filled up some omissions, and corrected some errors in the inner parts; he had the satisfaction to know that he possessed the treasure so jealously watched. The next time he was invited to play before the Pope, he ventured to mention what he had done, and produced the manuscript. The Pope listened with amazement, but said with a smile, 'The prohibition cannot extend to the memory, and I think you may escape the penalty of excommunication.' This composition, afterwards published, from a copy sent as a present from Pius VI. to the Emperor of Germany, was compared with the manuscript of Mozart, and it was found that there was not the difference of a single note."

The *Miserere*, even when performed in the ordinary manner, is full of solemn and mournful expression; but those only who have heard it in the Vatican, can have any idea of the effects which it is capable of producing. Its performance, there, is thus described by an accomplished traveller.*

"Allegri's famed *Miserere*, as sung in the Sistine chapel, at Rome, during Easter, justifies the belief that, for purposes of devotion, the unaided human voice is the most impressive of all instruments. If such a choir as that of his Holiness could always be commanded, the organ itself might be dispensed with. This, however, is no fair sample of the powers of vocal Sacred Music; and those who are most alive to the concord of sweet sounds, forget that, in the mixture of feeling produced by a scene so imposing, as the Sistine chapel presents on such an occasion, it is difficult to attribute to the music only its own share in the overwhelming effect. The Christian world is in mourning; the throne of the Pontiff, stripped of all its honours, and uncovered of its royal canopy, is reduced to the simple elbow-chair of an aged priest. The Pontiff himself, and the congregated dignitaries of the Church, divested of all earthly pomp, kneel before the cross in the ostentatious garb of their religious orders. As evening sinks, and the tapers are extinguished, one after another, at different stages of the service, the fading light falls dimmer and dimmer, on the reverend figures. The prophets and saints of Michael Angelo look down from the ceiling on the pious worshippers beneath; while the living figures of his *Last Judgment*, in every variety of infernal suffering and celestial enjoyment, gradually vanish in the gathering shade, as if the scene of horror had closed for ever on the one, and the other had quitted the darkness of earth for a higher world. Is it wonderful, that, in such circumstances, such music as that famed *Miserere*, sung by such a choir, should shake the soul even of a Calvinist?"

The invention of the Organ, the consequent discovery of the harmonious combination of simultaneous sounds, and the increasing

* Pessel's Tour in Germany.

cultivation of music, led to the introduction into the Church of compositions of a more extended and complicated kind, than the *canto fermo* hitherto exclusively made use of. The words of many hymns and other parts of the ritual, were set in the form of *motets*—compositions of considerable length, and full of learned and intricate contrivance. *Motet* is an ancient term, of which the etymology is not very clear. Old Morley's account of it* seems the most probable.

“A *motet*,” he says, “is properly a song made for the Church, either upon some hymn or anthem, or such like; and that name I take to have been given to that kinde of musicke, in opposition to the other, which they called *canto fermo*, and we do commonlie call *plain song*; for, as nothing is more opposite to standing and firmness than motion, so did they give the *motet* that name of moving, because it is in a manner quite contrarie to the other, which, after some sort, and in respect of the other, standeth still.”

Among the earliest composers of this elaborate music, the name of Josquin des Prés, (who flourished in the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries,) stands conspicuous. Many works of this great master are still extant; their harmony is very ingenious and profound, and their effect superior to that of any music anterior to the age of Palestrina. Josquin appears to have been a man of some humour. He was *maestro di capella* to Louis XII. of France; and that prince having neglected to confer on him some benefice which he had promised, was reminded of his omission by hearing, in his chapel, a motet on the psalm beginning, “*Memor esto verbi tui servo tuo.*” Having, by this expedient, obtained the favour, Josquin thanked the King by another motet, on the words “*Bonitatem fecisti cum servo tuo, Domine.*”—Though many Italian composers, of high reputation, flourished during the sixteenth century, yet their works, in general, have fallen into oblivion, with the exception of those of the illustrious Palestrina, many of whose compositions are performed to this day. He is considered the father of ecclesiastical harmony; and music in the church style is frequently distinguished by the phrase “*alla Palestrina.*”

Palestrina, born in 1529, died in 1594. Before his time the music of the Church had been gradually corrupted by being turned into a display of harmonical contrivances, and intricate combinations of unmeaning sounds. Palestrina reformed this abuse.

“This great genius,” says an old Italian writer,† “guided by a [e-

* Introduction to Harmony, part iii. p. 179.

† Lettera del Sig. A. Liberati, 1688.

cular faculty, the gift of God, adopted a style of harmony so elegant, so noble, so easy, and so pleasing both to the learned and the ignorant, that, by means of a mass composed on purpose, sung before Pope Marcellus Cervinus, and the sacred college of Cardinals, he made that Pontiff abandon the resolution he had taken of enforcing the bull of John XXII., which entirely abolished Church music under the penalty of excommunication. This ingenious man, by his astonishing skill and the divine harmony of that mass, convinced his Holiness that those disagreeable jars between the music and the words, so often heard in churches, were not owing to any defect in the art, but to the want of skill in the composers. This mass is now, and ever will be so long as the world shall endure, performed in the sacred temples at Rome, and in all other places where they have been so fortunate as to procure the compositions of a genius whose works breathe divine harmony, and enable us to sing, in a manner so truly sublime, the praises of our Maker."

This enthusiastic prophecy has been fulfilled, down to the present time, at least; for the famous "*Missa Papæ Marcelli*" is still the admiration of musicians, and continues in use wherever the permanent beauties of the ancient ecclesiastical harmony are preferred to the florid and transient graces of the modern school. It is sung always, on holy saturday, in the Papal chapel. It is in eight parts, but was reduced, by the illustrious Palestrina himself, to six, almost without any diminution of effect.

Several of the earliest and greatest English sacred composers were contemporary with Palestrina. Of these, the principal were Christopher Tye, Thomas Tallis, William Bird, and Orlando Gibbons. During their time the Protestant ritual was established by Edward VI., abrogated by Mary, and restored by Elizabeth. In 1548 the English book of common prayer was ordered to be generally used; and in 1550 the music of the whole cathedral service was published by John Marbeck, organist of Windsor. The *canto fermo* of the old liturgy was retained in the new; the chants and the principal hymns and responses, contained in Marbeck's publication, being nearly the same with those in the missals and antiphonaries formerly in use. The anthems and hymns used in the new Establishment were similar to the motets of the Catholic Church; and pieces composed for the one were transferred to the other, with no alteration but a translation of the words into English. This seems to have been the case with the compositions of Tallis and Bird, who held their places in the royal chapel under the Catholic Mary, as well as the Protestant Elizabeth. To this day, the chants and anthems of the English cathedral service are after the ancient models, though more sparingly used, and less carefully performed than the music of the Catholic Church.

In retaining, to a considerable extent, the old music of the Church, as well as in introducing the innovation of metrical psalmody, the English "reformers" followed the example of Luther. In the reign of Elizabeth, the Puritans made violent efforts to abolish altogether the cathedral service, and all church music except psalm-singing, unaccompanied by any musical instrument. In 1571 they published a *declaration*, in which they say; "concerning singing of psalms, we allow of the people's joining with one voice in a plain tune, but not of tossing the psalms from one side to another, with intermingling of organs." By "tossing the psalms from one side to another," they meant the antiphonal, or responsive choral singing of the Catholic Church, retained in the English service. In 1586, a pamphlet was extensively circulated, entitled "A request of all true Christians to the House of Parliament," which, among other things, demands "that all cathedral churches may be put down, where the service of God is generally abused by piping with organs, singing, ringing, and trowling of psalms, from one side of the choir to the other, with the squeaking of chanting choristers, disguised (as are all the rest) in white surplices; some in corner caps and silly copes, imitating the fashion and manner of anti-christ, the Pope, that man of sin and child of perdition; with his other rabble of miscreants and shavelings." These attempts, though abortive at first, finally produced the desired effect. The cathedral service was abolished during the commonwealth; and, though it was soon restored in the Established Church, yet, among the Scotch, and the population of England which consists of Calvinistic dissenters, metrical psalmody is the only music admitted into places of worship.

In rude states of society, the propensity to the use of rhymes and songs, on all subjects of popular interest, has been universally observed; and, as one of these subjects, religion has been treated in the same way as love, war, drinking, or the chase. Instances of this may be found in the *noels*, or Christmas carols, which have been in use among the common people for centuries, in all Christian countries;—songs, which, however pious in intention, partook of the grossness of the times, and were mere dog-grels, full of ludicrous, prophane, and indecent expressions. The observation of this propensity seems to have led to the versification of the psalms by the earliest Calvinists. The celebrated French poet, Marot, on the suggestion of Vatable, a Calvinist divine, versified a number of them, which, as Marot was the fashionable poet of the day, were received with great favour at the court of France, and came into such vogue, that they were

sung by the king, queen, and chief personages of the court, to the tunes of the love-songs, hunting-songs, and drinking-songs, that were then in fashion. These psalms are full of the affectation, quaintness, and pedantry which characterize what is still familiarly known in French literature as "*le stile marotique*"; but they were nevertheless eagerly received by Calvin, who contributed a preface to the edition which was published at Geneva.

In Scotland, too, the first metrical psalms were sung to the popular profane tunes of the time. In the preface to a small volume of spiritual songs, called "*The Saint's Recreation*," published at Edinburgh in 1683, compiled by Mr. William Geddes, Minister of the Gospel, we are told, that "grave and zealous divines in the kingdom have composed godly songs to the tunes of such old songs as these:—*The bonny broom—I'll never leave thee—We'll all go pull the heather*; and such like." These are the names of old Scottish songs, still extant. Mr. Geddes speaks of the tunes as "*angelical*," and, after reprobating the "*diabolical amorous sonnets*" to which they were sung, suggests the probability of their having been formerly connected with spiritual hymns and songs. There is also a singular little work which first appeared before the end of the 16th century, and of which a *new edition* was published at Edinburgh in 1621, and reprinted in 1801, entitled, "*Ane compendious Booke of godly and spiritual Songs, collectit out of sundrie parts of the Scripture, with sundrie of other Ballates, changed out of prophaine songs, for avoyding of sin and harlotrie.*" The doggerel verses in this collection are rendered more grotesque, by being close parodies of the profane ballads of the time, and, from their measures, are evidently intended for the tunes to which those ballads were sung.*

The modern methodists have proceeded on a similar principle. John Wesley was of opinion that the devil ought not to have the use of all the good tunes. All sorts of popular airs, accordingly, have been enlisted by his sect in the service of religion; and we may hear a Methodist congregation singing a pious hymn, in full chorus, to the tune of "*The Lass of Richmond Hill*," or "*Sally in our Alley.*"

The violence with which the English puritans endeavoured to break down the ceremonies of the then established Church, was far surpassed by the fanaticism of the "*reformers*" in France and the Low Countries. Among many instances of their outrageous

* Some further details on this curious subject are to be found in the Essay on Scottish Music and Song, prefixed to the great Collection of the National Melodies and Songs of Scotland, by Mr. Thomson of Edinburgh.

fury, given by the historians of the time, one may be quoted from Strada.† “On the 21st of August, 1566,” says this historian, “these gentry—

• “Came into the great church of Antwerp with weapons hidden under their clothes; and, waiting till vespers were over, they shouted with a hideous cry of ‘Long live the *Gheuses*,’ a name which they had taken at a drinking-bout by way of distinguishing their faction. Nay, they commanded the image of the blessed Virgin to repeat their acclamation; and madly swore they would beat and kill her if she refused to comply. And though Joannes Immerselius, the prætor of the town, with some apparitors, ordered them to keep the peace, they would not listen to them: and, well-meaning people having fled, to get out of the tumult, the Gheuses shut the doors after them, and, like conquerors, possessed themselves of the church; where, finding no resistance, when the clock struck the last hour of the day, and darkness increased their confidence, one of them, in order to give formality to their wickedness, began to sing a *Geneva psalm*. Then, as if a trumpet had sounded a charge, being all moved by the same spirit, they fell upon the images of the mother of our Saviour, of Christ himself, and his apostles. Some threw them down and trampled upon them; and others thrust swords into their sides and hacked off their heads with axes. They broke the picture frames, defaced the paintings on the walls, demolished the organs, threw down the statues from their niches and pedestals, and committed every possible violence and impiety, even to the greasing of their shoes with the holy oil, and getting drunk with the wine which they found in the vestry prepared for the altar.”

The fanaticism of the Scots was equally fierce, though not marked by such brutal atrocity. In every part of that country, however, the populace, stirred up by their preachers, rose in tumultuous masses; of the many noble religious edifices which then existed in Scotland, every one, (save the cathedrals of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Kirkwall) was reduced to a heap of ruins; and they stand to this day in venerable desolateness, melancholy proofs of the violence of blind and misguided religious enthusiasm.

The metrical psalmody of the English Church was originally introduced from Germany. The old tunes, being founded on the Gregorian Chants, are grave and solemn; and, when devoutly sung by a numerous congregation, have an impressive effect. No care, however, is taken to preserve the purity of this psalmody, either in regard to the selection of the tunes, or the manner in which they are sung. The ancient tunes are now lost in an inundation of mean and vulgar trash; every ignorant organist of the church of a provincial town thinking himself competent to produce a collection, and having influence enough to get his

† De Bello Belgico, lib. v.

congregation to use it. The present state of English psalmody is well described in the preface to a valuable collection lately published under the auspices of Mr. Novello, who, of all the musicians of the present time, has rendered the most important services to sacred music. After speaking of the style of the old German psalmody, and recommending its preservation, the writer adds:—

“It is to be regretted, however, that ~~stupid~~ compositions of this kind have, of late years, failed to obtain that popularity to which they are entitled, in consequence of the productions of a class of men who would have been much better employed in learning to sing and appreciate what men of genius had already composed, than in obtruding their own crude, dissonant, and tasteless performances on the public in their stead; which they have done in a way that has tended to degrade the popular taste, and to deprive this delightful part of public worship of its due solemnity, as well as every other attraction it originally possessed. The apparent simplicity of the genuine psalm tune seems to have seduced these persons into the serious mistake of supposing themselves capable of composing in that style, and the still more grievous error of imagining that they could improve upon it. So prolific have they proved, and such has been the extent of their influence, that they have not only succeeded in banishing from many places of worship, the noble compositions of the fathers of English psalmody, but, by incessantly occupying the ground with novelties of the same spurious order, have deprived the legitimate musical talent of the present day of almost every chance of successfully developing itself in this description of music.”

In regard to the *performance* of the psalms, it is not considered *de bon ton* to sing in church; “genteel” congregations, therefore, are silent, or hum to themselves with fashionable *nonchalance*, while the psalm, the very essence of which is the union of many voices, is feebly drawled out by the organ and half-a-dozen hired singers. In those congregations, again, where the people really sing, the psalms are deformed by boisterous vulgarity and uncouth attempts at singing in parts. Even in this simple kind of singing, some little musical knowledge is necessary, and some care is requisite to get rid of coarse and uncouth habits: parochial psalmody, therefore, will never acquire a truly solemn and religious character, till the rudiments of music (as in other countries) be a regular branch of popular education.

Metrical psalmody forms a very trifling part of the English cathedral service, in which the liturgy is chiefly chanted, and the principal prayers sung as choral hymns, after the manner of the Catholic Church. But the English chants do not, like the *canto fermo* of the Catholics, consist of a great body of ancient Gregorian melodies: a large portion of them are productions of

modern organists, and frequently composed with little attention to, or knowledge of, the principles of the old ecclesiastical style. The English choral hymns and anthems are generally excellent, having been contributed by the long succession of musicians—comprehending Purcell, Croft, Greene, Boyce, and other distinguished names—who have followed in the footsteps of Tallis, Bird, and Gibbons, the fathers of English sacred harmony. While, however, the musical establishments of the Church, in Italy, Germany, France, and other Catholic countries, are supported with undiminished magnificence, those of the English church are wholly unworthy of a great and opulent nation: and, in truth, even in the unendowed Catholic chapels in London, the Choirs are much better appointed and more effective than those of our great metropolitan cathedrals. Indeed, the cold, slovenly, and feeble manner in which the musical part of divine service is performed, and the paltry means provided for it, form a striking contrast to the zealous and powerful manner in which it is executed in the Catholic churches. In the metropolitan church of St. Paul's, the musical establishment consists of five vicars-choral and eight singing-boys, with an organist. In the Catholic times, beside the singing-boys, there were thirty vicars-choral—six times the present number. Their salaries, and that of the organist, are about 150*l.*, for which they are required to attend twice daily; but, as men of respectable education and attainments will not bestow so much of their time for such a remuneration, they are allowed to perform half their duties by deputy, and send substitutes whose time is not so valuable as their own. The establishment of Westminster Abbey consists of an organist, ten lay-clerks, (or vicars-choral,) and ten singing-boys. The organist's salary is 150*l.*, and those of the lay-clerks average about 110*l.* While the musical establishments of these churches are upon this miserable footing, their rich endowments are eaten up by the swarm of drones who feed upon them, under the denomination of deans, prebendaries, canons residentiary, minor canons, &c. who receive great incomes for doing nothing, or next to nothing. The deaneries are worth fully 4,000*l.* per annum each. The three canons residentiary of Westminster Abbey have between 2,000*l.* and 3,000*l.* each. There are in this church *twenty-six* prebendaries, whose stalls are of various value; one of them is understood to be worth 1,800*l.* a-year. The *twelve* prebendal stalls belonging to St. Paul's are estimated at from 800*l.* to 1,000*l.* a-year each. While the ample funds of these churches, derived from tithes, lands, and tenements, are so lavished, the expenditure on the musical establishment is partly defrayed by the *cupola-money* in St. Paul's, and the *tomb-money* in Westminster

Abbey—in other words, by the shillings which, to the disgrace of this country, are exacted from curious strangers. To all this it must be added, that the attendance of the choristers, even on Sundays and holidays, is never full. They are often absent from the infirmities of age, and from indisposition; a slight cold being sufficient to incapacitate a singer. On the week days the attendance is lax in the extreme, and the service is performed with the most discreditable carelessness. It thus happens that, even on solemn occasions, the fine anthems of Croft or Boyce are sung, or attempted to be sung, with two voices, or even one, to sustain a choral part that would require the full powers of twenty. The voices of such pitiful choirs are hardly audible in those colossal structures, and are for the most part entirely drowned by the organ, which the organist is obliged to play as loud as possible, in order to produce a volume of sound sufficient to fill, in some measure, so extensive a space. How poor and mean is the music of these rich and magnificent cathedrals, compared with that which is heard, every Sunday, and every day of religious festival, in the *unendowed* Catholic chapel in Moorfields, and in those of the Bavarian, Sardinian, and other foreign embassies!

In the Catholic service, the transition from singing to ordinary reading is avoided. When the ear has been affected by musical sounds, the common tones of the voice appear flat and insipid, and cannot be rendered distinctly audible in a large church. It is on this account that chanting was introduced by the early Christians; and the degree in which it is raised above the tone of common speech depends on the import of what is read. In the lessons and epistles the voice is sustained at a uniform pitch, the interrogations, exclamations, and periods being marked by corresponding cadences or inflexions. In the gospel the modulations become more numerous; and the psalms, prayers, and hymns, are invested with all the grave and solemn melody and harmony of the Gregorian music. The whole service is frequently performed in this manner; but generally the music of the principal hymns is of a more artificial character, composed by both ancient and modern masters. As it is chiefly, in the celebration of the mass that this description of music is made use of, the greatest musical compositions for the church are called masses.

The mass (musically speaking) is divided into five different heads; the *Kyrie eleison*, the *Gloria in excelsis*, the *Credo*, the *Sanctus*, and the *Agnus Dei*. Each of these forms a separate piece; and, where the composition is on a large scale, each piece is subdivided into various movements, which have received different names. The *Gloria*, for example, besides the opening

movement, contains the *Gratias agimus tibi*, the *Qui tollis peccata mundi*, the *Quoniam tu solus sanctus*; the *Sanctus* contains the *Benedictus* and *Hosanna*; and the *Agnus Dei* contains the *Dona nobis pacem*. Each of these movements may be separately performed; and they are often found, in collections of sacred music, under the above and other similar titles, extracted from the works to which they belong. Besides the ordinary mass, there are others, as the *Requiem*, or mass for the dead, and songs or hymns used on particular occasions, as the *Stabat Mater*, and the *Te Deum*, which have furnished the most illustrious musicians with the subjects of their noblest compositions.

The Gregorian chant, as well as the more elaborate music of the mass, has been corrupted. The *canto fermo* suffered from the barbarous taste of the middle ages. In its primitive state it was a musical recitation, in which the notes were regulated by the quantity and accent of the words; as is still the case with the chants employed in the psalms. But in many of the hymns a single syllable is drawled out in a long succession of unmeaning notes, not only intolerable to the ear, but destructive of the very object of chanting, that of making the words distinctly audible. This evil exists almost every where, and we need not go farther than our own Catholic chapels to be sufficiently sensible of it. But it is in France that the performance of this part of the service is most supremely barbarous. The late M. Choron, one of the most learned and enlightened French musical writers, gives the following account of it:—

“After having received from St. Gregory the Roman chant, that valuable remnant of the Greek music, and having, by degrees, made great alterations in it, it was at length totally abandoned for absurd *plain chants*, composed at the period when the art was most depraved in France. It is relatively to the counterpoint (or harmony) on the *plain chant*, that the French school is greatly defective. They have no writings on the subject, which is not surprising, as the French chapel-masters understand so little of the plain chant, that I have seen the most experienced of them (in their own opinion) mistake the tone of the chant. And besides, writing this sort of music is not taught in France, but they practise, instead, in the cathedrals, an extemporary harmony, which is called *chant sur le livre*. To give some idea of it, imagine fifteen or twenty singers of every description of voices, from the bass to the highest soprano, singing as loud as they can bawl, each according to his own fancy, without either rule or method, and making every note in the scale, both diatonic and chromatic, heard at the same time with the plain chant, which is performed by harsh and discordant voices: you will then have some idea of what is called in France *chant sur le livre*. But what will be thought still more incredible, is, that there are choral precentors and chapel-masters, who are so depraved in

their taste as to admire and encourage this horrid mockery of music in their churches."

In Italy, of course, where the people are of a more delicate musical organization, things are not so bad; but Eustace says, that even there, "the Gregorian chant is encumbered with an endless succession of dull unmeaning notes, dragging their slow length along, and burthening the ear with a dead weight of sound." The purity of the Gregorian chants, too, has been corrupted by the false refinement of our own times, as well as by the barbarism of our ancestors. By the introduction of sharps and flats, inadmissible into the ecclesiastical modes, and other embellishments, these ancient melodies, as they are now frequently performed, lose their distinctive character, and assume the appearance of ordinary modern airs; and the disguise is completed by the florid and chromatic harmony with which they are clothed. They are treated in the same way as an old Scottish tune, prepared for the use of a fashionable stage singer; it is rendered spruce and polished, but deprived of the expression it derived from its rude simplicity. In the papal choir these innovations are carefully guarded against. The ancient music of the Church* is preserved in its purity; and the modern compositions which are admitted on stated days, and under certain circumstances, are in the proper ecclesiastical style. No organ is ever allowed there:† Voices only are employed; and, as the singers are numerous, of exquisite skill, and concealed from public view, their harmony is ravishing and celestial. The papal choir still preserves its excellence, though its voices are no longer procured by the means resorted to in a less enlightened age; and it might be expected, that, in regard to the purity of its musical service, the Catholic Church would pay more attention than it does to the example which is set by its head.

The music of the mass is corrupted by the unrestrained licence of modern composers, and the prevalence of the theatrical style. From the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the opera took its rise in Italy, the ecclesiastical music began to lose the severity of its character. For a time it gained by the change,

* For a most interesting recovery of very ancient music we are indebted to the Abbe Baint, the learned director of the Pope's choir. At the request of the King of Prussia, he extracted from manuscripts of great antiquity in the Vatican library, the strains annexed, in the old notation, to ecclesiastical hymns, and harmonised them with exquisite delicacy. German words have been since adapted to the notes, and with these matchless melodies, form a part of the new Prussian liturgy. From the learned compilation we learn, that, as far as probable conjectures can guide us, we have here the music of the early church.

† Even in St. Peter's, if the Pope officiate or preside, his own choir accompanies the organ is silent. During the elevation at the papal high mass, the trumpet playing a delicate harmony.

having become more melodious without losing its depth and solemnity. The works of the Italian masters, during the seventeenth and the earlier part of the eighteenth century, furnish the best and purest models of this kind of composition. Gradually, however, the profound and learned style of the old musicians disappeared, and the music of the church became almost as light and airy as that of the theatre.* The same thing has taken place in Germany; and the sacred music of the great composers of that country—even of Haydn and Mozart—is polluted by the levity of the stage. Without multiplying instances, it is sufficient to refer to Haydn's eighth mass, in B flat, in which the *Sanctus* is a very lively jig; and to his twelfth mass in E flat, (a most elaborate, and, in many parts, sublime work) in which the prayer, *Dona nobis pacem*, is also a jig in *presto* time, requiring the words to be gabbled with the volubility of one of Rossini's *buffo* songs. Mozart did not possess Haydn's jocose temperament; but his masses are even more theatrical, containing passages full of voluptuous languour and earthly passion. The masses of these great composers being much used in this country, care ought to be taken to select the least exceptionable of them in these respects. Generally speaking, the masses used in our chapels are too modern. The works of the Augustan age of the Italian music, from the time of Carissimi to that of Jomelli—including those of Durante, Leo, Clari, Steffani, Martini, and Pergolesi—afford inexhaustible treasures which are almost entirely neglected.

Mr. Hogarth's biographical sketch of the last-mentioned composer, is written in his happiest style.

"The last of the composers who may be considered as belonging to this period, was GIOVANNI BATTISTA PERGOLESI, who was born in the neighbourhood of Naples, in 1704. He received the usual musical education of the time, but early showed a dislike to the intricacies of learned counterpoint, and a love of simple melody. After leaving the Conservatorio, or music-school, at which he had been placed, he received instructions from Vinci, in vocal composition. His first productions were comic operas, one of which, the *Serva Padrona*, was in great favour throughout Italy, for many years. In 1736, he was engaged to compose the music of Metastasio's *Olimpiade*, for Rome, and produced a work of exquisite beauty. But by some strange caprice on the part of the Roman public, it was very coldly received; while another opera, by Duni, an inferior composer, was applauded to the skies. Duni himself, who was a

* The following paragraph lately appeared in a Parisian Journal. "Toutes les célébrités de la musique assistaient, le jour de la Toussaint, à Saint-Roch, pour entendre une messe d'une composition nouvelle; l'église était pleine au point qu'on ne pouvait plus se remuer. On a remarqué un *Credo* arrangé sur les différents motifs de nos opéras les plus en vogue." "Décidément," adds the writer sarcastically, "il faudra avoir sa chaise à Saint Roch comme on a sa loge aux Italiens."

man of a candid and generous spirit, as well as a good musician, was ashamed of the treatment Pergolesi had received; and not only expressed his honest indignation in strong language, but exerted himself to promote the success of his rival's opera, though without effect; and Pergolesi, disappointed and mortified, returned to Naples. After some time, he turned his attention to sacred music, and was prevailed upon to compose a mass and vespers for a festival at Rome. These productions were heard with enthusiasm, and their reception was some consolation for his former treatment in that city. Whether, however, from infirmity of constitution, or from the effect of that treatment on his sensitive mind, his health rapidly declined, and he soon fell into a confirmed consumption. He retired to a small house at Torre del Greco, on the sea-side, where he lingered for a short time, and expired at the age of thirty-three. It was while in this retreat, and on the verge of the grave, that he composed those works which have especially contributed to render his name immortal:—the cantata of *Orfeo e Euridice*, the *Salve Regina*, and above all, the *Stabat Mater*, that divine emanation of an afflicted and purified spirit.

“The death of Pergolesi excited throughout Italy deep sorrow; a feeling which at Rome was mingled with unavailing regret for the injustice which had been done him. The *Olimpiade* was again brought out with the utmost magnificence, and received with enthusiasm by the same public, who, two short years before, had listened to it with a coldness which withered the young composer's hopes, and probably brought him to an untimely grave. This opera was first performed in England in 1742. It was received with much applause, and frequently repeated; but it was obliged to give way to the more powerful and energetic music, afterwards composed for the same drama, by Jomelli.

“Pergolesi's sacred music is distinguished by the natural and expressive strain of its melody, and the simplicity of its construction. Every thing in it has the appearance of the utmost ease, and yet it is that sort of ease which is the perfection of art, and is attained only by the highest genius. If the heavenly *Stabat Mater* has a fault, it is, perhaps, a certain degree of monotony arising from the unvarying uniformity of the sentiment which pervades it. But this objection (if it is one,) belongs properly to the poetry, the expression of which is faithfully echoed by the music. Many beautiful pieces of Pergolesi's are found in modern collections, particularly that of *Litrobes*; and some of them are frequently heard at our performances of sacred music. If the opinion be correct, that musical elaboration has reached its height, and that there is a tendency to return to the simplicity of former times, one consequence of this tendency will be a revival of the popularity of Pergolesi.”—P. 181, 183.

The following is Mr. Hogarth's account of the *Requiem* of Mozart:—

“The celebrated *Requiem* was the last of his works. One day, it is said, he received a visit from a stranger, apparently of some consideration, who said that a person of rank who had lost a dear relative, was desirous of commemorating that event by the performance of a solemn

service, for which he requested Mozart to compose a *Requiem*. Mozart engaged to execute the work in a month; and, on the stranger desiring to know the price he set upon it, mentioned a hundred ducats, which the visitor laid upon the table, and disappeared. Mozart remained lost in thought for some time; he then suddenly called for pen, ink, and paper, and in spite of his wife's entreaties, began to write. For several days he wrote day and night with unabated ardour; but his feeble constitution was unable to support such efforts. One morning he fell down senseless, and was obliged to suspend his labour. Some days after, when his wife was endeavouring to divert him from his gloomy forebodings, he said to her, "I am certain that I am writing this *Requiem* for myself—it will be my funeral service;" and it was impossible to remove this impression from his mind. As he went on, he felt his strength diminish from day to day, and the score advanced slowly. At the month's end, the stranger again appeared, and asked for the *Requiem*. Mozart said he had found himself unable to keep his word, and requested another month; adding, that the work had interested him more than he had expected, and that he had extended it beyond his original design. 'In that case,' said the stranger, 'it is but just to increase the remuneration; here are fifty ducats more.' Mozart, in astonishment, begged to know who he was; but this information he declined to communicate, but said he should return in a month. Mozart called one of his servants, and ordered him to follow this extraordinary personage, and endeavour to find out who he was; but the servant returned without being able to trace him. Poor Mozart, in a state of mind at once enfeebled and excited, imagined that the stranger was some supernatural being, sent to warn him of his approaching end, and applied himself to the *Requiem* with greater ardour than ever. During his labour he was seized with frequent fainting fits, and reduced to the most extreme debility. On the day of his death, he desired the score to be brought to his bed. 'Was I not right,' he said to his afflicted wife, 'when I assured you that it was for myself that I was composing this *Requiem*?' At the end of the month the stranger returned, and found that the work was still unfinished, but its author was no more.

"The *Requiem* was afterwards completed by Süssmayer, a composer of considerable eminence, who was a friend of Mozart's family. The circumstances under which this work was composed, and the state in which it was when Mozart's pen was arrested by death, have occasioned at different times a good deal of controversy in Germany; but the matter has not been fully cleared up. In the year 1827, an edition of the *Requiem* was published by André, a respectable music-publisher at Offenbach, the preface to which contains all the information on the subject that can now be obtained. From M. André's statements it would appear, that the person by whom Mozart was employed to compose this work, was a Count Waldseck, who, having lost his wife, took it into his head not to obtain, but to pretend to compose, a *Requiem* to her memory; that he determined to procure a composition of which the reputed authorship would do him credit; and that his steward was Mozart's mysterious visitant. M. André's evidence amounts to a presumption, and nothing

more, that this might have been the case; but the truth will now probably never be ascertained.

"After Mozart's death, his widow begged Sussmayer to examine and put in order his manuscripts, which were in great confusion; and the unfinished *Requiem* being among them, she requested him to complete it, which he accordingly did. It appears from a letter written by her to M. André, in answer to some inquiries made by him, that the movements, from the beginning down to the *Dies iræ* were completed by Mozart; but that of the subsequent movements, *viz.*, the *Dixit in Tuba mirum spargens sonum*, the *Rex tremende majestatis*, the *Recordare*, and the *Confutatis*, Mozart had only made a sketch or outline, consisting of the principal voice parts, with indications of the most prominent effects in the instrumental accompaniments; and that the voice parts had been filled up, and the instrumental score completed, by Sussmayer. In M. André's edition, he has distinguished, as far as possible, by means of marks, the original work of Mozart from Sussmayer's additions.

"It is deeply to be regretted, that Mozart was prevented from completing this most pathetic and impressive of all his productions. No unpleasant feeling of uncertainty, indeed, can subsist as to its entire authenticity; because, independently of all other proof, the music itself furnishes internal evidence that every idea it contains flowed from the mind of Mozart himself, and that what remained to be done consisted of *remplissage*—a task which a skilful musician could execute in precise conformity with the clearly indicated intentions of the author. But had he lived, he would have given the work a conclusion worthy of its greatness, the want of which has rendered it necessary to finish by a repetition of the opening movement with different words."—P. 252-255.

• We never read musical commentaries with much pleasure, until we met with those in the *Morning Chronicle*, which are ascribed, we believe correctly, to the pen of Mr. Hogarth. The unaffected elegance of expression, the sound taste, the extensive acquaintance with the science of music, and the enthusiastic appreciation of its charms, by which those contributions are distinguished, have justly earned for them the highest rank in the critical literature of the day. The work now before us comprises several of these masterly compositions, which we have perused again and again with fresh delight. The following remarks upon Beethoven will, we conceive, justify the praise we have bestowed upon Mr. Hogarth's taste and general style.

"As a musician, Beethoven must be classed along with Handel, Haydn, and Mozart. He alone is to be compared to them in the magnitude of his works, and their influence on the state of the art. Though he has written little in the department to which Handel devoted all the energies of his mind, yet his spirit, more than that of any other composer, is akin to that of Handel. In his music there is the same gigantic grandeur of conception, the same breadth and simplicity of design, and the same absence of minute finishing and petty details. In Beethoven's harmonies,

the masses of sound are equally large, ponderous, and imposing, as those of Handel, while they have a deep and gloomy character peculiar to himself. As they swell in our ears, and grow darker and darker, they are like the lowering storm-cloud, on which we gaze till we are startled by the flash, and appalled by the thunder which bursts from its bosom. Such effects he has especially produced in his wonderful symphonies; they belong to the tone of his mind, and are without a parallel in the whole range of music. Even where he does not wield the strength of a great orchestra,—in his instrumental concerted pieces, his quartets, his trios, and his sonatas for the piano-forte, there is the same broad and massive harmony, and the same wild, unexpected, and startling effects. Mingled with these, in his orchestral as well as his chamber music, there are strains of melody inexpressibly impassioned and ravishing;—strains which do not merely please, but dissolve in pleasure; which do not merely move, but overpower with emotion. Of these divine melodies, a remarkable feature is their extreme simplicity: a few notes, as artless as those of a national air, are sufficient to awake the most exquisite feelings.

“ The music of Beethoven is stamped with the peculiarities of the man. When slow and tranquil in its movement, it has not the placid composure of Haydn, or the sustained tenderness of Mozart; but it is grave, and full of deep and melancholy thought. When rapid, it is not brisk or lively, but agitated and changeful,—full of “ sweet and bitter fancies,”—of storm and sunshine,—of bursts of passion sinking into the subdued accents of grief, or relieved by transient gleams of hope or joy. There are movements, indeed, to which he gives the designation of *scherzos*, or playful; but this playfulness is as unlike as possible to the constitutional jocularity to which Haydn loved to give vent in the *finales* of his symphonies and quartets. If, in a movement of this kind, Beethoven sets out in a tone of gaiety, his mood changes involuntarily,—the smile fades away, as it were, from his features,—and he falls into a train of sombre ideas, from which he ever and anon recovers himself, as if with an effort, and from a recollection of the nature of his subject. The rapid *scherzos*, which he has substituted for the older form of the minuet, are wild, impetuous, and fantastic; they have often the air of that violent and fitful vivacity to which gloomy natures are liable; their mirth may be compared to that of the bacchanalian effusion of the doomed Caspar. They contain, however, many of Beethoven’s most original and beautiful conceptions; and are strikingly illustrative of the character of his mind.

The works composed by Beethoven in the latter part of his life, are not so generally known or relished as his earlier productions. These earlier compositions are clear in design, and so broad and simple in their effects, that, when they receive justice from the performers, they at once strike every one who is susceptible of the influence of music. In his more recent works, his meaning is obscure, and, in many instances, incomprehensible. He has cast away all established models, and not only thrown his movements into new and unprecedented forms, but has introduced the same degree of novelty into all their details. The phrases of his melody are new; his harmonies are new; his disposition of parts is new; and

his sudden changes of time, of measure, and of key, are frequently not explicable on any received principles of the art.

"The imagination is defined by metaphysicians as the faculty which enables us to create new forms, by throwing the parts of existing objects into new combinations;* but, in order that the new creation may be comprehensible, all its parts must be previously familiar to the mind. The wildest imagination, in forming the

Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire,

of the poets, can only compose them of parts, all of which exist in nature, but which nature has never placed in such fearful collocation. Originality in the arts consists in the novelty of the combinations into which the artist throws known materials. The architect, for example, creates an edifice entirely new in its general aspect, by a new disposition of those objects which are held to be constituent parts of all buildings of its class. Whatever may be its magnitude or complexity, its porticos, its pediments, its pillars, its pilasters, must all be modelled according to forms and proportions which are prescribed by the rules of the art. If each of these parts is properly introduced with a view to its particular function, and also with a view to the site and purpose of the building, the architecture will be pure and beautiful: if the parts are so combined as to produce a general aspect different from that of any existing edifice, the architecture will be original. If the architect, in the wantonness of imagination, throw together the elementary parts of the architecture of different orders, different ages, and different countries,—if he blend the Grecian portico, the Gothic arch, the cupola, the minaret, he will produce an architectural "chimera," which, however monstrous, may possess a certain wild and fantastic beauty, like the fictions of the poets, or arabesques of the painters. But endeavour to imagine a building, which shall be new in all its parts as well as its entire form,—a building *not* composed of the parts belonging to any order of architecture; and, if it is possible to imagine such a thing, it will be a mere mass of deformity. There are many styles in music; but every composition, whatever may be its style, in order to be beautiful or expressive, must consist of those elementary phrases of melody, or harmonic combinations, the beauty or expression of which the listener has already felt; and the originality of the work will depend on the novelty of the forms into which these elements are thrown.

Nature herself has dictated the simple forms of melody; and that which constitutes "the concord of sweet sounds," is fixed by immutable

*"The province of conception is to present us with an exact transcript of what we have formerly felt and perceived; that of imagination, to make a selection of qualities and circumstances from a variety of different objects, and, by combining and disposing these, to form a new creation of its own."—"An uncommon degree of imagination constitutes poetical genius; a talent, which, although chiefly displayed in poetical composition, is also the foundation of (though not precisely in the same manner) of various other arts."—"A cultivated taste, combined with a creative imagination, constitutes genius in the fine arts. Without taste, imagination could produce only a random analysis and combination of our conceptions; and without imagination, taste would be destitute of the faculty of invention."—DUGALD STEWART.

laws. Caprice, and the love of change, may lead to arbitrary deviations from these principles, but such deviations are always temporary, and end in a return to the natural standards of taste. It was by listening to the beautiful, but hitherto neglected popular airs, which had been sung for ages among the hills and valleys of their country, that the Italian musicians of the sixteenth century formed that school of melody "which enchants the world;" and it is by digging deeper into the rich mine of national song, that the most modern composers have discovered inexhaustible stores of the materials of melody. Beethoven's most beautiful works draw much of the originality of their character from the traits of national song with which they abound. But when he has attempted, in his latest productions, to attain originality by an entire novelty in his musical phrases themselves, he has failed in his object of giving delight, because he has presented objects, the forms of which do not pre-exist in the mind of the listener, associated with the ideas of beauty or expression. A piece of music, entirely constructed in this manner, would be analogous to a building destitute of the elementary forms of architecture. The one would be a fit residence for the king of a tribe of African savages; the other would be a suitable entertainment for his ears. But none of Beethoven's works are entirely constructed in this way. Even in those which appear the most extravagant and incomprehensible,—in which we can neither discover a regular form, nor an intelligible design,—and which contain phrases and passages which convey no ideas either of melody or harmony, we are ever and anon enchanted with both melody and harmony of the purest, simplest, and most exquisite kind; and we regret that so much beauty should be mingled with what we cannot help feeling to be actual deformity.

"But it will be said, music of an original character is never appreciated at first. The works of Haydn and Mozart, and the earlier compositions of Beethoven himself, which are now in general favour, were, in their novelty, looked upon as strange and extravagant. This, however, arose from these works being more complex in their forms, and demanding more skilful execution than their precursors. The bounds of melody were enlarged by the development of the powers of instruments; and the growing skill of performers enabled them not only to execute passages that formerly would have been deemed impossible, but to untwist the most complicated chains of harmony. For such performers as these, the works we speak of were composed, and by such they were comprehended and relished from the first. But, in the hands of ordinary performers, a concerted vocal piece, a quartet, or a symphony of one of those composers, was a mere mass of confusion; and, as they themselves could neither perform it, nor understand it, it was, of course, equally incomprehensible to their audience. Wherever, however, these pieces were really performed, they were instantly understood. Innumerable amateurs are now able to execute them with more correctness and effect than the ordinary professional artists of the period when they appeared: and they give delight to every one whose musical taste has received the most moderate cultivation; because their elementary phrases, though drawn from a greater variety of sources, and more varied in their combinations than before, already have

their types in the mind of the hearer, and thus instantly excite the feeling of beauty. The extreme *naturalness* of Beethoven's melody, we have already had occasion to point out as a peculiar feature of his most admired works; and hence it arises, that there is no music, belonging to the highest department of the art in its modern state, more easily comprehended, and more powerfully felt by a promiscuous assembly. There is thus no analogy between the case of the compositions in question, and the latest works of Beethoven. The truth appears to be, that, in consequence of his total exclusion from the audible world during his latter years, not only must his mind have been deprived of that constant supply of new ideas, derived from the hearing of actual sounds, which is the daily food of the imagination, but the ideas accumulated during his earlier years must have gradually faded away from his memory.

"If, then, the view which we have taken of the later works of Beethoven is correct, it seems less probable that they will gradually gain popularity, than that they will fall into oblivion; leaving, however, enough behind them to secure the undying fame of their author.

"It is in his symphonies that the powers of Beethoven's genius are most fully displayed. The symphony in C minor stands alone and unrivalled; and the *Sinfonia Pastorale* is probably the finest piece of descriptive music in existence. Every movement of this charming work is a scene, and every scene is full of the most beautiful images of rural nature and rural life. We feel the freshness of a summer morning. We hear the rustling of the breeze, the waving of the woods, the cheerful notes of birds, and cries of animals. We stray along the margin of a meandering brook, and listen to the murmuring of its waters. We join a group of villagers, keeping holiday with joyous songs and dances. The sky grows dark, the thunder growls, and a storm bursts on the alarmed fustics, whose cries of dismay are heard amidst the strife of the elements. The clouds pass away; the muttering of the thunder is more and more distant; all becomes quiet and placid; and the stillness is broken by the pastoral song of gratitude. Nothing can be more beautiful or more true to nature than every part of this representation. It requires no key, no explanation, but places every image before the mind with a distinctness which neither poetry nor painting could surpass, and with a beauty which neither of them could equal.

"In his chamber compositions—his quintets, quartets, and trios, for bowed instruments, and especially in his splendid series of works for the *piano-forte*—Beethoven has left to the amateurs of music an inexhaustible fund of delight. He has shown that this instrument has powers which it was not formerly imagined to possess, and has made it the means of producing effects which neither those who have preceded, nor those who have followed him, have been able to reach.

"Beethoven's greatest vocal composition is the musical drama, or oratorio, *The Mount of Olives*. Some parts of this work are more in the dramatic than the ecclesiastical style, and some of the scenes would require dramatic action to give them their full effect. But it bears the impress of his mighty genius. The gloomy sounds of the opening symphony, sinking into a silence broken only by the slow and measured

strokes of the drum, are sufficient to banish every wandering thought, to fill the most indifferent auditor with awe, and to prepare his mind for the strain, so full of woe, which expresses the passion of the Redeemer. In the original form of the piece, the Divine Person himself is supposed to speak this language of intense suffering; but this, though not inconsistent with continental notions, is very properly viewed in a different light in England. This passage, therefore, is delivered in the third person, so as to be a description, by another, of the agony it is meant to express; and the design of the author is necessarily sacrificed to a right sense of religious decorum. Considered as a drama, containing scenes of intense interest, and full of the deepest feeling, *The Mount of Olives* leaves nothing to be desired; but, when heard in a church, it wants the sustained gravity and solemnity of the ecclesiastical style. Almost the only parts of it, indeed, which really belong to that style, are the instrumental symphony at the commencement, and the concluding chorus, '*Hallelujah to the Father*,' which is full of sublime simplicity."—pp. 346-56.

Mr. Hogarth's book supersedes every work of the same kind in our language. It condenses within one elegantly printed volume, every thing concerning the History of Music, which an amateur, or even a professor, would wish to know; it is wholly free from pedantry and the jargon of the schools, and is calculated, more than any production of which we possess any knowledge, to diffuse through the country a taste for that "only one of all the arts," which, according to Montesquieu, "does not corrupt the mind."

ART. VI.—*England in 1835; being a Series of Letters written to Friends in Germany, during a residence in London, and Excursions into the Provinces.* By Frederick Von Raumer, Professor of History at the University of Berlin, author of the "History of the Hohenstaufen;" of the "History of Europe from the end of the Fifteenth Century;" of "Illustrations of the History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," &c. &c. Translated from the German by Sarah Austin, 3 Vols. 8vo. London, 1836.

FEW names are more celebrated on the Continent than that of Frederick Von Raumer. The historical volumes which he has produced, especially his work on the Emperors of the House of Hohenstaufen, have long since raised him to the highest rank on the splendid roll of German literature. But his labours have not been confined to the department of history. He commenced his career at an early age, in the civil service of the Prussian Government, and subsequently passed through a variety of offices, which have given him more than ordinary experience

in all matters relating to the difficult science of political economy, blended with every question which can arise in the internal administration of a highly civilized country. From the chamber of the Kurmark he was promoted to the presidency of the board for managing the royal domains at Wusterhausen, near Berlin; thence he was removed to the office of the then minister of finance, the Prince Von Hardenberg, who received him into his house, admitted him to familiar intercourse, and entrusted him with the transaction of affairs of the highest importance. The trammels of official life being, however, but little in accordance with the natural independence of such an intellect as that of Von Raumer, he obtained permission to spend some time in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. Upon his return to Berlin, he was appointed Professor of Political Science; but the doctrines which at that period (1819) prevailed at the Prussian Court, being inconsistent with the liberal principles of the new professor—principles from which no hope of advancement, or apprehension of disgrace, could ever induce him to deviate—he confined himself to lectures on history, statistics, and public law.

When we say that Raumer's political principles have been and continue still to be of a liberal character, we do not intend to ascribe to him any of those extravagant notions of government, for instance, which were propagated by the disciples of Jahn, and other German fraternities, who are for hastening at once into all the abysses of sanguinary revolutions. It has been his fate often to stand alone amid the conflicts in which parties of every shade have been involved upon the Continent. In Prussia, he has been a firm and an admirable advocate of all that is free and wise in the system of internal policy adopted by the reigning sovereign of that kingdom; but, although a sincere royalist, that is to say, a friend to the monarchial principle of government, he has always held, that it could not be permanently or safely carried out through all its legitimate consequences, unless it was assisted by the machinery of free institutions, by a perfect code of education, and a well-regulated press. We cannot, of course, agree with him in thinking that the press should be subject to a censorship: but even on this point he is greatly in advance of many persons in his own country, for he holds that the censorship ought only to remain until the people shall be sufficiently educated to be able to form their own opinions upon public affairs, and that, in the meantime, the restrictions upon it should be gradually relaxed.

It has been Raumer's peculiar good fortune, arising, no doubt, from the implicit confidence reposed in his integrity by the monarch whom he serves, that he has been allowed to occupy a kind of

neutral, or rather, indeed, of opposition ground, with reference to several measures which have been, of late years, proposed and carried into effect in Prussia. It is manifestly the habit of his mind to speak out freely on all subjects. Such freedom is the privilege of able and sagacious minds, and the privilege cannot but be respected, even in nations where no tribune exists, because the attribute of good sense, in which it originates, is the best guarantee that it shall not be abused. Raumer's history of the "Downfall of Poland," which was first printed in the "Historical Annual" for 1831, is full of sympathy in the misfortunes of that deeply injured nation, whose cry against the oppressor is now resounding through the world. This work, together with his manly protest against the severity with which the law of censorship has been recently administered in Prussia, display, in brilliant colours, as well the inflexible honesty of his character, as the right feeling and true wisdom by which his great talents are directed.

We have made these observations with respect to Raumer's personal career, in order to let the reader at once understand the weight that ought to be ascribed to the commentaries which this traveller has made upon the many important political questions reviewed by him during the six months he spent in these kingdoms, in the year 1835. A writer more free from prejudice of every description has never, perhaps, appeared in this or in any other country. He has judged of every thing for himself, after having taken extraordinary pains to make himself thoroughly acquainted with his subject. He appears to have studied with unwearied care whole libraries of Parliamentary debates, reports of committees, financial accounts, and documents of every kind from which he could derive authentic information. Having filled his mind with the details, and having further enlightened it by personal inquiry and examination wherever the occasion seemed to require them, he ascends boldly to the intellectual summits, whence he has been accustomed to survey all the actions and deliberations of mankind, and pronounces his sentence in language that disdains compromise with any party. Opinions so formed, and so delivered, are worthy of being printed in gold, and preserved amongst our most sacred archives. They are of inestimable value in a nation torn by religious discord, and long afflicted by the most barbarous systems of government, whose basis has uniformly been composed of bigotry, suspicion, treachery, cupidity, unrelenting tyranny, and remorseless crime.

Let us hear the plain good sense of Raumer, contending against

some absentee Irish politician, almost the very first hour the stranger lands in England.

"I breakfasted yesterday with Mrs. A——. We fell upon Irish affairs. A gentleman said that the rule of Prussia over her Catholic subjects was tranquil and undisturbed, only because she was a military despotism. I replied, that from the first existence of Prussia as a kingdom, to the present hour, not a single sword had been drawn against the Catholics; that, on the contrary, they had been conciliated by justice, charity, confidence, and a scrupulous equality in the treatment of them and of the Protestants. In Ireland, on the contrary, where this system had not been pursued, a large armed force had, for centuries, been absolutely indispensable to the preservation of the country.

"In despotic states, he continued, it may be possible to make such concessions to the Catholics without danger, but in constitutional states it is not so: England is not Prussia.

"I replied, that the Prussians did not feel the despotism he talked of, and that no such complaints were heard among them as were constantly uttered by the Irish. I added, that while I denied the despotism of Prussia, I could just as little admit the justice of the reproach he threw on constitutional governments; that I was convinced it was perfectly possible for them to grant the vast benefit of religious toleration, whenever they should come to a just view of the subject."—Vol. I. page 14.

The precious "fair trial" Government finds no mercy from this clear-sighted and unsophisticated politician.

"For some days to come I cannot reckon on seeing or speaking to any body. The political crisis occupies all minds. Next Monday the affair will probably be decided. It is certainly not difficult to blow up the present ministry, but very difficult to form a new one that will last. Peel stands alone, and a man of such distinguished talents cannot be displaced without a loss to the country. But his colleagues, who, as they pretend, are now anxious to effect those measures which all their lives they have stigmatized as destructive, are neither entitled to be trusted, nor to be considered as statesmen in any high sense of the word. On the other hand, the moderate Whigs can reckon on no large or permanent majority, in case the Tories and Radicals should combine against them. The number of the Radicals of bad character in Parliament is very small; the others ask for no more than we Prussians are so happy as already to possess. The danger, "the crisis," has been brought on by the manner in which the king dismissed the Melbourne ministry, which, as far as form is concerned, it would be difficult to justify.

* * * * *

The stratagem which was employed to show the complete difference of the present Irish Tithe Bill from the former, could deceive no unprejudiced person. This isolated measure will not tranquillize Ireland; the evil must be thoroughly remedied; and it is obvious to every

man in what that consists. The Irish were originally oppressed and maltreated mainly because they were Tories; and now that the modern Whigs are willing to repair the injuries of their ancestors, the English Tories justify the injustice of their former adversaries, and regard it as the Palladium of religion and of the State. What changes and what confusion!—in words, names, opinions and facts!”—Vol. I. pp. 15-17.

M. von Raumer dwells at some length upon the possibility of a coalition between Sir Robert Peel and the leaders of the Whigs at the time of the late Lord Spencer's death, if matters had been managed with due discretion by the secret advisers of the king on that occasion. No person conversant with the state of parties in this empire could have formed any notion of the kind, unless he felt persuaded that he could reckon upon an extent of apostacy on the part of the Whigs, of which their previous history had furnished no example. That certain individuals, who called themselves Whigs, were about that period well disposed to form a cabinet, which should comprise the names of Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, Lord Brougham, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Wharnccliffe, and others of that stamp, we are prepared to believe. Very intelligible hints of some such amalgamation had been thrown out in the *Edinburgh Review*, as well as in other publications of a less imposing character, calculated to try how the public pulse would answer to an experiment of that description. The attempt wholly failed. It was not merely an error of judgment, but a revolt against principle, which tended seriously to impair the influence of Lord Melbourne's first ministry. To that most indiscreet, and very suspicious proceeding, his Lordship was certainly no party. He is too high-minded a man, too faithful to his friends, too deeply attached to his country, its freedom and its glory, to think for one moment of purchasing power at the expense of personal honour. Lord John Russell, we are confident, would have been found equally inaccessible to any intrigue likely to brand his forehead with the title of tergiversator. Indeed, we know not a single member of the present Cabinet, who, as far as we may be permitted to judge them from our own knowledge, and their public acts, would have joined in any such patch-work as M. von Raumer seems to have thought practicable in the November of 1834.

Sir Robert Peel must be admitted upon all hands, to be a ready and accurate man of business in office; a clear, often an eloquent, and always a plausible debater, in the House of Commons, perfectly skilled in Parliamentary tactics, a fair and even a generous opponent, gifted with great talents, indefatigable in his attention to public affairs, and a perfect master of every

subject on which he delivers his sentiments. But it will be the disagreeable duty of history to add, that he never appears to have had the slightest consciousness of principle. He is wholly destitute of the faculty which enables the accomplished statesman to see, even though dimly, before, as well as around and behind him. One should have thought, that while he was Chief Secretary for Ireland, he must have become acquainted with a great variety of circumstances which would have demonstrated to him the utter impossibility of preventing us Catholics from speedily spurning the yoke of the penal laws. Had he even an ordinary degree of sagacity, he must have seen with his own eyes, that our accumulating numbers, our growing wealth, our hourly increasing intelligence would, by the mere force of moral action, have dissipated every distinction between us and our fellow-subjects of the Protestant denomination. But to the palpable operation of these active agents of revolution, Mr. Peel was incurably blind. Session after session served only to exhibit his ignorance of our condition, until at length we sent forth a simultaneous shout for liberty, which was not to be resisted.

How happened it that the same man who had won his way to power by the energy which he displayed in opposing our claims, subsequently took his station among those who were the first to yield to them? He had no *principle*. He was the advocate of party. He was the champion of an ascendancy which had no foundation in the natural order of things. He was an instrument of passion, not the child of wisdom. He saw through a glass which caused the rays of light to diverge from objects upon which they should have been concentrated, and the consequence was, that from the moment he presented to the House of Commons the Bill for our Emancipation, he fell into a train of inconsistencies from which he shall never escape, even were his life extended over fifty generations.

The same want of foresight, the same subservience to passion, the same narrow zeal for party interests, precluded him from the knowledge that reform was the immediate corollary of the Catholic Bill, and that from the momentum, which the force of public opinion had acquired in the career of revision and reparation, the one became even less possible to be resisted than the other. Nevertheless, Sir Robert Peel waited to the last on the beach, attempting to stay, with his hand, the waters which were coming in upon him, and it was not till the tempest blackened the air, and the surges flung their foam upon his head, that he acknowledged the necessity of retiring. And yet, a few short years after this—short in the history of a nation—the man who fought with his utmost strength against every measure of reform, no matter

how trivial, had the courage once more to assume office, which he knew he could not hold for six months, unless he became a reformer. Accordingly, a reformer he promised to become; but nobody believed him sincere,—and he fell from the pinnacle of power, never to ascend it again.

With such a temporizing politician as this, it is a great mistake on the part of Raumer, to suppose that such men as Lord Melbourne, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Palmerston, and Sir John Hobhouse, could ever sit in cabinet. As to Lord Stanley, subsequent events have shewn that his refusal to join the government of Sir Robert Peel was founded upon no principle, but that of personal pride, which forbade the patrician to act under the plebeian. His Lordship has proved himself as violent an anti-reformer, especially in all matters relating to Ireland, as Sir Henry Hardinge himself. Of the temper which his political indiscretions and mortifications have begotten in his bosom, those may judge who have heard or read his speeches during the present session of Parliament. His avowal of his personal hatred of O'Connell, at a moment when he was sitting in judgment upon a false and abominable accusation preferred against that inestimable patriot, whose efforts have done more for liberty in one year, than has ever been achieved, or even attempted, by the whole race of the Stanleys, disqualifies that noble lord for any station which requires the head and the heart of a statesman.

Of a kindred mind with that of Lord Stanley, was the member of the Peel ministry, who, although “a very instructed man, and one of mild temper on other subjects,” thus expressed himself to Raumer:—“We will grant the Catholics every thing, but *we will have nothing to do with them; above all, we will not live with them!*” Let the Prussian's commentary upon this charitable and discreet confession be placed beside it; and we defy any honest-hearted Englishman not to blush for the land which could have given birth to such an unrelenting spirit of tyranny.

“This *granting*, however, amounts, at last, only to this,—that they will allow the poor Irish (on condition of maintaining the rich Protestant Church) to give their own money for the support of their *own* clergy and churches. The latter part of his expression implies a feeling of antipathy amounting to hate, which is more injurious and exasperating than the extortion of money; and which, God be praised, has either totally disappeared, or sunk into perfect impotence in Germany.”—Vol. I. p. 66.

Well may Raumer give praise to God, that religious hate such as this has no rival in Germany, nor, indeed, any where else that we know of throughout the civilized, or even the savage world. And yet a ministry composed of all such men as this in-

dividual, professed to conciliate Ireland! To conciliate!—How just is the observation of Raumer:—

“The peculiar form of expression which certain men have given to the Christian doctrine,—or rather, the differences created by different confessions,—are, in their view, the primary object; the fountain-head of that doctrine, the Gospel, the secondary one. Still more important in their eyes is that external constitution of the Church which secures to them such large revenues. They regard the property of the Irish Church as our nobles used to regard the sinecures in the cathedral chapters.”—Vol. I. p. 68.

The following remarks shew how clearly the Prussian traveller understood at once the state of things in Ireland:—

“It remained Catholic and royalist, in great measure, because the hated English were Protestant and Republican; it was as Conservative as even the Duke of Wellington could desire. For that reason was it so cruelly treated by the republican and puritanical tyrant Cromwell; and private as well as ecclesiastical property were confiscated with scandalous injustice, not even on alleged theological grounds, but on political pretexts. Charles II. did nothing for the redress of these iniquitous acts; and the success of William III., so advantageous to the liberties of Europe, laid Ireland alone—Tory, Conservative Ireland—in chains. For a century the struggle endured; slowly and reluctantly did England concede something to the claims of nature and of justice, while every step she set in this course was denounced by many as a dangerous innovation—as the destruction of State, Church and Religion. At every step it was said that far too much had already been conceded. Too much? What, then, can explain the existence of such a man as O’Connell? Whence the possibility of the position occupied—of the influence exercised by O’Connell?—a demagogue of a shape and magnitude such as history never yet beheld. With the most powerful government in the world as his antagonist, a single man has become the counsellor, the trust, the ruler of a people; the poor and hungry voluntarily give to their advocate a salary larger than the King of England can afford to pay his ministers. That, reply some, is merely a consequence of the frenzy and revolutionary tendency of our days. Is this a satisfactory answer? What, then, are the causes of this frenzy, and of this tendency? Was there been no irritation to account for the fever and delirium now so bitterly complained of? Wisdom, and justice, and moderation, alone can heal it; arbitrary, violent conduct certainly will not. Treat the Irish Catholics as the Prussian Catholics are treated, and O’Connell’s revolutionary fire, which you pretend is so vast and unquenchable, is in that same moment extinct; instead of flame you will find but ashes, and the turbulent demagogue will be reduced to order and to peace.

“In all Demagogism there lies, somewhat that is irregular, lawless, and indeed incompatible with law, and therefore it is one of the first and most important duties of all governments to check such deviations of the public mind, and to reduce them to the path of law and order.

But means conceived in so narrow and one-sided a spirit,—so impotent, nay, so destructive,—as those which, from the time of Elizabeth to the present day, have uniformly been applied to this evil in Ireland, must of necessity raise up O'Neills and O'Connells. You know my admiration for Elizabeth; but do you think that because I admire her, I cannot understand O'Neill?—because I honour Wellington, must I see in O'Connell an incarnate fiend?"—Vol. I. p. 23.

It is unnecessary for us to follow Raumer through his succinct and accurate history of the Tithe Question. It is written too plainly in letters of blood, upon all our green fields and valleys, and in the hearts of too many of our widows and orphans, ever, ever to be forgotten, with all the tremendous injustice and oppression which it has produced. It will be sufficient for our present purpose, to present the reader with the views which this enlightened foreigner takes of the beneficent influence exercised by the Established Church upon the fortunes of Ireland, and of the principles upon which Von Raumer, if he possessed the power, would legislate for our country.

"The partiality, nay, the cruelty of the ruling English Protestants to the conquered Catholic Irish, is manifested, as in every thing else, in what relates to education. By a law of William III., Protestant education alone was tolerated; a Catholic who kept a school, was liable to a fine of £20. or three months' imprisonment. Thus, all public instruction for the Catholics ceased, ignorance and barbarism flourished, and the object of making converts to Protestantism completely failed. Since that time much has been changed for the better; yet how much partiality and intolerance, how many subordinate objects, are still upheld, even in our times, under the pretext of Christianity, with reference to churches and schools! In the year 1828, there were in Ireland about 92,000 scholars belonging to the Established Church, 45,000 to the Presbyterians, and 408,000 to the Roman Catholics. Eight-elevenths of the schools had been undertaken by private persons, without the interference of the Church or State, and must necessarily demand a suitable remuneration for the instruction given. Three-fifths of the scholars were boys, and two-fifths girls. Since the government has made grants to support the schools, their zeal has increased. There were applications from members of the Established Church, for 12 schools; from members of the Established Church and Presbyterians, for 29; from members of the Established Church, Presbyterians, and Roman Catholics, for 104; from Presbyterians and Catholics, for 7; from Presbyterians alone, for 34; from Presbyterians and Catholics, for 98; and from Catholics alone, for 537 schools.

"Hence, we see not only the very great want of schools, but also the good-will and Christian concord and tolerance which prevail.

"The last Report on Public Instruction in Ireland furnishes the following general results:—

"There belong to the Established Church 852,000 members, about

10 per cent. of the population; Presbyterians, 642,000, about 8 per cent.; other Dissenters, 21,000; Roman Catholics, 6,427,000, about 80 per cent. of the population.

"The Established Church has 196 places for religious meetings, and 1338 churches; the Presbyterians, 452 churches; other Dissenters, 403; the Roman Catholics, 2105.

"In 539 places there is no parsonage-house; in 339 places there is no resident clergyman; and 157 places have no divine worship at all.

There appertain to the Established Church—

Living.	with	Number of the Congregation.
41		Not any.
99	..	1 to 20
124	..	20 .. 50
160	..	50 .. 100
224	..	100 .. 200
286	..	200 .. 500
209	..	500 .. 1000
139	..	1000 .. 2000
91	..	2000 .. 5000
12	..	above 5000

There is matter enough in these few figures for instructive observation and salutary resolves; and there have been long debates in Parliament, for many days and nights, on this subject. I confess (and why should I deny it?) that it gives me but little pleasure; I miss the elevated style of generous bold sincerity, and often find, or feel, incompleteness, secondary views, and subordinate objects. Some things, though insignificant, are ostentatiously put forward; and others, though important, are passed over. Every one is afraid of pronouncing the right word; every one endeavours to get something out of his adversary, which may bring the small majority to this or that side. Like Phædra to CEnoæ, they would then cry out to him who spoke the truth, 'Thou saidst it; not I.' And yet every unprejudiced person knew the truth long before.

The commutation of tithes, and the application of the revenues of the Church, says one party, are different, and ought to be separated, for a more easy arrangement and legislation, and each of these subjects should be treated distinctly. No one would object to these and similar arguments for the management of affairs, if they contained the truth, and the whole truth. But the main object of this party, which it does not avow, is,—to quiet the people's mind by a tithe-law, and thus to secure the ancient ecclesiastical arrangements; or, after the removal of that crying evil to obtain a majority of votes for the rejection of the second part of the law, when brought in separately. On the other hand, the other party well knows what may be said, on the score of form and of proceeding, against the union of the two halves; and knows also that this union is the only means to get at and overcome the other abuses.

"In the same manner, there is a want of sincerity in the discussion of the question on the surplus of the Church revenue. The ministerial party represent it as large as possible; in order to gain votes in favour

of a new mode of appropriating it; the opposition, on the other hand, deny that there is any surplus, in order to prevent strict investigation. But, if it is so certain that there is *no* surplus, why do they contend against investigation? Why do they at once represent it as useless? They ought rather to require and encourage it, in order to make their victory the more secure. Instead, however, of entering into the main questions, they find fault with some figures, and prove, what is a matter of course, that there are many mistakes. But what is a surplus, and what is necessary? If a bishop receives annually £1000. or £14,000.; if a parish priest receives £20. or £200.; according as I assume, arbitrarily, the one or the other statement, I come to very different conclusions. Surely many things must be defective, when some clergymen receive enormous incomes, while others starve; when 539 places have no parsonage-houses; when 339 places have no resident clergymen; when many rectors have no congregations, and congregations no pastor.

“ The ministry is entirely in the right path when it desires to remedy these crying abuses, whatever objections may be made to some of its proposals; but the ministry does not venture to tell the *whole* truth. It pertinaciously maintains the existence of a surplus, because it will not propose any other source of revenue, or point out any other means of support. Now, it must be granted, that the supposed surplus may be greatly reduced, nay, perhaps wholly absorbed, by a more equal distribution among the Protestant clergy. But shall nothing more be done? Shall no regard be had to the Roman Catholic Church, which, in comparison with the Protestant, is extremely poor? Shall it, after having been entirely stripped, be referred to the voluntary system, which is justly considered as ruinous to the English Church? The property of the Protestant Church and schools, and the established application of it, are, in the eyes of one party, inviolable and sacred; nay, the two parts are so arbitrarily separated and opposed, that the school, in a bad sense, is excluded as secular, and the holder of a living as inviolate, though he may have no church and no parishioners. Many have argued themselves into such a confusion of principles, calculations, assertions, and denials—have aimed at all objects, and talked of all things, only not of true religion and genuine Christianity. Sons, brothers, cousins, church livings, money, ministerial places, inspire too many orators, and *not* the highest command, charity and toleration. Now that Great Britain and Ireland have become one state, and that, politically speaking, all opposition between Catholics and Protestants is removed, provision ought to be made for the church and the schools of the former. Prussia has not only asserted this principle, but carried it into execution: hence there is peace and harmony among the adherents of all religious principles, and equal love for the king, the government, and the country.”—
Vol. III. pp. 107-112.

We have, here, the testimony of an enlightened and impartial witness, as to the real grievances by which the energies of Ireland are bowed down to the earth. It must be confessed, that the only man who has yet spoken the truth upon this subject.

is Raumer. We would venture to say, that if, through any court intrigue, or any of those political accidents which sometimes suddenly bring about a ministerial revolution, Sir Robert Peel had been again called to the Cabinet, last November, he would have gone down to Parliament, with a bill in his hand, for the final settlement of the Church question in Ireland. He would have got rid, at once, of the difficulties of the Appropriation Clause, by admitting the impossibility of preserving the Protestant establishment, at all, upon any thing like its present footing. Looking to the overwhelming majority attained by the Catholic population, he would have said, that no statesman could read the *Public Instruction Report*, without coming to the conclusion, that, if the Church of so small a minority as the Protestants compose, were to be provided for by the State, *à fortiori*, the Church of so large a majority, as that constituted by the Catholics, must also be maintained from the same source, unless it were the will of Parliament that religious discord should for ever defeat the hopes of peace, and useful industry, and national prosperity, in the fairest portion of His Majesty's dominions. He would declare—and the declaration would be hailed with shouts of applause, from all sides of the House—that, under no form whatever, ought an attempt to be made ever again to collect tithes in Ireland; and he would wind up one of his magnificent periods, by asserting the right of all His Majesty's subjects, without distinction, to the benefits of a sound practical universal system of education. He would farther state, that the time had arrived, beyond which it would not be safe to defer the enactment of a law for the relief of the helpless pauper in Ireland; and then, coming to his ways and means, he would, without hesitation, propose the transfer, to the State, of all the Church property; the levying of a general land-tax, for the support of the clergy of all denominations, for the diffusion of education, and the maintenance of the poor; and he might then boldly challenge the House and the country to shew by what measures, different from those we have just sketched, the tranquillity of Ireland, and the development of her inexhaustible resources, could ever be secured. To this "complexion" must things come at last, let who will be in power. Raumer, to use a common, but expressive phrase, has here "hit the nail upon the head." Every proposal, short of this, will be but a palliative, barren of useful results, pregnant with embarrassments, productive of abundance of legislation patched up with great ingenuity, but, for all practical purposes, as vain as the reverie of an infant.

Raumer is, we believe, in religion, what is called an "Independent;" that is to say, he professes to be a Protestant, but

he knows nothing of the English Thirty-nine Articles: in other words, he thinks for himself, and believes, we have no doubt, that if he be in charity with all mankind, he has as much religion as he can desire. It is no part of our duty to quarrel with him upon this subject: we only allude to it in order to shew the natural effect which the majestic and unchanging features of the Catholic Church have produced upon such a mind as his. Let us accompany him, for a moment, to Studley Park.

"I strayed, at five in the morning, from Ripon to Studley Park, along fields and hedges. The park, itself, is but an extensive and highly-improved section of the entire landscape. The noblest trees, a crystal lake, a murmuring stream—nature everywhere tastefully combined with art; nothing rude, nothing over-refined. On a sudden turn in the road, the magnificent ruins of Fountains Abbey stood before me, towards which I hastened with my intelligent guide. I thought that I was entering the aisle of the church, but it was only the transept; and the extent and sublimity of the building again surprised me, when I reached the intersection of the cross. An extremely lofty and slender column still supports two bold arches; the vaulted roof, which covered the centre, has fallen in. The ancient library, the vast refectory, the vaulted cloisters—they are not the ruins of a single edifice, but an astonishing assemblage of ruins of many splendid buildings. The solemn stillness, the beauty of the scenery, the ivy which mantled the walls and towers, and in part completely covered them, presented an image of the bygone world of mind, and the fresh and youthful energy of nature. I have never seen ruins so grand and striking,—I might almost say, so full of thought and feeling.

"I could never yet feel any real enthusiasm for the remains of the corrupt ages of the Roman emperors. In the Colosseum, I have always been reminded of the ill-fated Jews, who were forced to raise a pile for the Heathens, to prepare a triumph for the ignobler passions, by the combats of gladiators and wild beasts. How far otherwise is the case here. Solitary pilgrims arrive in the savage spot; they repose under the ancient trees, endure wants of every kind, in order to spread the glad tidings of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Touched by their call, the soul bursts its fetters; gratitude hastens to rear a temple to the Lord; and the small band, united in the strong bonds of love, can effect more than an empire composed of conquered provinces. The grove of primæval trees finds its artificial and ennobled image in the columns, branches, foliage, and wreaths of the churches and chapels; a destination, a style of architecture, altogether different from the amphitheatres of Rome, Verona, or Nismes. They only prove, that man can settle where he finds a convenient spot—but these structures testify, even in their ruins, that man must raise himself to God. The impious shedding of human blood in the combats of the arena, is changed into the remembrance of the atoning blood of Christ: then, the innocent was the victim, and the conqueror triumphed in his savage

joy: the new faith offers consolation to all—leads all to holiness and humility.

“Some remains of Mosaic indicate the place where the high altar stood. Here, then, will some, perhaps, say, was the centre of superstition, of monkish indolence and ignorance: well, thank heaven! it is all destroyed, or, at the most, remains as a favourable object in the scene for the landscape painter. But what will be left, in the lapse of ages, of the manufactories, rail-roads, and steam-engines? You accuse yourselves, when you speak thus of your ancestors. You cannot raise, with cotton and muslin, vaulted roofs and pillars, like those which exist here in monumental stone. How miserable, stunning, and stupifying, is all the noise of your machinery, compared with the *sanctus*, the *gloria*, and the *requiem eternam*, which still echo from every stone of these silent ruins. The high altar the centre of superstition! For myself, I need not the miracle of transubstantiation, this recurrence of subordinate, material miracles, because my whole soul is absorbed in the one stupendous miracle, that the Divine nature can and has entered into the circle of individual human existence. If God were wholly, and for ever, separated from man, where would be the comfort, where the possibility, of the exaltation for which we long? On the contrary, if I would raise myself into the Divinity, it is a *salto mortale*, and the pride which, of old, caused the downfall of Satan. The doctrine of the two natures in Christ, of the union of the divine with the human, is so important, because, if rightly conceived, it becomes, or may become, for every one, the guide of his efforts and his hopes.”—Vol. III. pp. 150-152.

Raumer's visit to our own shores was very short. But, during the brief period he was amongst us, he was enabled, by his superior sagacity, to probe, with consummate skill, the many wounds by which the health of our body politic has been so long, and so grievously afflicted. He tells our story in a few plain pages, which he who runs may read; and which cannot be too extensively circulated, at home and abroad. When shall the House of Lords be taught the elements of right legislation for Ireland? Or, rather, having learned their primary lessons upon this subject, when shall they be honest enough to reduce them into practice?

“The Bay of Belfast, with its green hills and environs, the city, with its shipping and activity, excite a favourable opinion of Ireland, and (to begin with a consolatory declaration) there is no doubt that Ireland has, in general, made great progress in improvements, if we compare it with its condition in former centuries, with respect to legislation, manufactures, agriculture, &c. But that, for this reason, there is nothing more to be done, and that every complaint is unfounded, or merely produced by excitement, can be affirmed only by persons who know nothing, or will know nothing, of Ireland. A country of such extent has, of course, barren, stony, or marshy tracts; nor is Ireland distinguished as one of the most picturesque parts of Europe; but, on

the whole, it is fertile, perhaps more fertile than England, and as beautiful as La Belle France. The first thing that strikes you is, that, close to the finest and richest fields of wheat, barley, oats, potatoes, and clover, there are other adjoining tracts wholly uncultivated, overgrown with high weeds; that an equally fruitful soil here manifests the highest cultivation and activity, and there the greatest neglect and abandonment. There is no want of good soil, nor of agricultural knowledge, nor of industry; there are so many hands, that the Irish emigrate by hundreds, to work for very low wages. Whence, then, does this happen? The whole clearly points to the centre of all the evil,—to a defective, nay, a ruinous and condemnable, legislation. Let us, however, proceed step by step, otherwise you might believe that I sought only to introduce pathetic declamations as a cover for falsehood or partiality.

“Why does not the Irishman cultivate his land? Because he has none. Why does not the landlord employ those under him? Because there is no landlord there.

“If we take two steps, but with seven-leagued boots, we are, at once, on the summit of the naked rock, from which we can overlook the whole misery of Ireland. Let us begin our consideration as is fitting, with the Lords. Where are they? They are absentees,—they are absent. No, not absent, for he who is absent intends to return to a home which he loves, where he grew up, and which he doubly values after having seen many countries and nations. An Irish absentee, on the contrary, is one who neglects his country,—who never visits it, nor intends to do so. He has no home, and desires none. This is the hereditary curse of the ancient dreadful confiscation. Violence gave them land; but, with the mode of acquisition, the avenging Nemesis joins the condition, that it should never become their fatherland. But he who possesses land, without loving it as a fatherland, loses the noblest foundation for property, and there remains only the dead letter of the law,—and here, in Ireland, what is the law?

“Public law and private law both equally require prescription; and no man can be farther than I am from desiring to stifle life, as it at present exists, in order to find, somewhere or other, an original germ of all life, and of a pretended eternal law. But, as great sovereigns have been obliged to sanctify the defective origin of their new position by a praiseworthy system of government, or go to ruin, the landlords of Ireland, who first intruded, and then absented themselves, are doubly bound to remain there, and to promote the interest of the country. Where only one performs this condition, I saw walls, fences, and hedges, in good condition; plantations formed; the land free from weeds; the houses, at all events, kept in better repair, and the people rather better clothed, &c. And then, close by, what a contrast! Let him, who would see the blessings of a well-disposed resident aristocracy, in a few single instances, and the curse of an absent oligarchy, in innumerable places, go to Ireland.

“This is so fortunate a circumstance in our country, that the great landholders devote themselves, more and more, to agriculture, love

their occupation, promote every improvement, and, directly or indirectly, exercise a salutary influence over the free peasantry. Here, on the contrary, the great landowners too often despise the country, agriculture, and people. The whole wisdom of their improvements is, to squeeze more and more from the tenants-at-will. Instead of living, in noble activity, in the Emerald Isle, they idle away their existence in the arid, grey, Provence; or sentimentalize about the beggars in Itri and Fondi, while hundreds of beggars are produced in Ireland by the harshness of their principles.

"No other country can, in this respect, be compared with Ireland. Everywhere some wealthy persons travel, everywhere there are some individuals who seek a home abroad. But here, the exception has become the rule; and measures which, in other places, appear not only superfluous, but absurd, here urge themselves as almost necessary, through the power of circumstances.

"The landowner *will* do nothing for the cultivation of the soil. The tenant *can* do nothing. Capital and credit are everywhere wanting. Only the industry of the tenants raises the rich harvest; but, in the midst of an abundance which does not belong to them, they perish from misery and famine.

"How shall I translate tenants-at-will? *Wegjagbare*? *Expellable*? *Serfs*? But, in the ancient days of vassalage, it consisted rather in keeping the vassals attached to the soil, and by no means in driving them away. An ancient vassal is a lord compared with the present tenant-at-will, to whom the law affords no defence. Why not call them *Jagdbare* (*chaseable*?) But this difference lessens the analogy,—that, for hares, stags, and deer, there is a season, during which no one is allowed to hunt them; whereas tenants-at-will are hunted, and may be hunted, all the year round. And if any one would defend his farm (as badgers and foxes are allowed to do), it is here denominated rebellion.

"But, I hear it objected,—have we not a right? Do we violate any law, if we live where we like; if we take from the tenants what they freely offer; and treat them according to the law, if they do not keep their engagement? Undoubtedly, you have a right, a perfect right; as much right as Shylock had to extract from Antonio the pound of flesh, and drain the life-blood from his heart. *Fiat justitia et pereat mundus* is the whole code of your laws. True justice, however, is not destructive, but conservative, and includes (as Plato shews) wisdom and moderation. True justice distributes, but does not plunder; and, if any doubt could be entertained upon the subject, the Christian virtues step forward, and shew how your heathenish Roman justice is to be purified. *Summum jus, summa injuria!*"—Vol. III. pp. 188-192.

In an admirable letter dated from Killarney, our traveller sums up the measures he would propose for the amelioration of our condition. First, provision equally for the schools and churches of the Catholics and Protestants;—Secondly, abolition of tythes altogether;—Thirdly, poor laws;—Fourthly, a tax on absentees. "Let the absentee pay more to the poor tax than he who is pre-

sent. Is this impossible? Have not the Catholics borne for centuries higher taxes than the Protestants? This was possible, *without reason*; and therefore the other would be very possible, *with reason.*" He then arrives at his fifth measure, which we will not venture to describe in other words than his own; upon its expediency, we request our readers distinctly to understand that we offer no opinion.

"Thus we at last come to the point where, perhaps, a final measure is to be taken for the happiness and prosperity of Ireland; at least, without this, all others would be palliative remedies, and the complaints, sufferings, and wrongs will continue unremovable. This measure is—

"Fifthly, The complete abolition of the system of tenants-at-will, and the conversion of all these tenants-at-will into proprietors. On reading this, the Tories will throw my book into the fire; and even the Whigs will be mute with astonishment. The whole battery of pillage, jacobinism, dissolution of civil society, is discharged at me; but it will not touch me—not even the assertion that I would, like St. Crispin, 'steal leather, in order to make shoes for the poor.' Even the Radicals ask, with astonishment, how I would work this miracle. There is a Sibylline book, a patent and yet hidden mystery, how this is to be effected; and there is a magician who has accomplished it—the Prussian municipal law, and King Frederick William III. of Prussia.

"To repel those violent reproaches, I could find in my armoury other arguments and proofs how, precisely through the system attacked by me, revolutions are promoted and civil societies dissolved. To-day, however, I have neither time nor inclination to enter upon these partly theoretical discussions; I will rather, in order to allay people's apprehensions, grant in practice that my proposal ought to be rejected, unless both parties are gainers.

"The ancient doctrine that, in trade and commerce, in custom-house laws, treaties of peace, &c., only one party can and ought to gain, and that the greatest wisdom consists in deceiving and cheating the other party,—this doctrine of short-sighted selfishness is repudiated by every judicious philanthropist, and has been satisfactorily refuted in theory and practice. Unless both parties gain, there must be want of prudence or of justice, or both together, and the merited punishment never fails to follow.

"As all maintain that those who were raised to the class of land-owners would gain very much, I may save myself the trouble of proving it, and put aside a subsequent question,—what new dangers may one day threaten them as proprietors? But that the present proprietors must likewise gain, results from the indisputable truth, that, in the long run, the tenant-at-will is able to produce and to pay less than he who has a long lease, the latter less than the hereditary farmer, and the hereditary farmer less than the proprietor. I will not here repeat what I have already said on this subject in my letter on English agriculture; till pains are taken in England to become acquainted with our laws on

this subject, it is impossible to make oneself understood, and to form a correct judgment, either in praise or blame.

“ But to those who, in our country, are displeased with the whole, on account of some defects, or who, from ignorance, overlook the value of our reforms, or, out of ancient prejudices, wish for the return of greater evils,—to them I exclaim, ‘ Go to Ireland! in order to perceive with horror, the consequences of an intolerant, barbarous, legislation, and to bless the progress of improvement in Prussia.’

“ Ireland is the most deplorable instance in modern history, that a great and noble people may, for centuries together, be involved in the same injustice and infatuation; and all the highly-praised forms of the constitution be often paralyzed by the force of passion and prejudice. Kings, lords, and commons have alternately or simultaneously wronged Ireland; how should humanity, mildness, and obedience to the laws proceed from such education? What all the forms of the constitution denied, what even now the boldest minds in England conceive to be impossible, our kings have accomplished, for schools, churches, cities, towns, peasants, landed property, trade, tolls, military institutions, &c., and laid the basis of a freedom of which Ireland, if no quicker progress is made, will be destitute for centuries to come. Our kings were effectually seconded by the persons in office, in whom the highest degree of civilization and knowledge is concentrated, and will be so, while they are not changed into servants removable at pleasure. The people everywhere co-operated, with correct judgment and good-will, and all reap, besides the advantages they have gained at home, daily more praise from impartial observers abroad. We are not vain on this account; we know (as I have often said) that one kind of bark does not grow on all trees; but a tree of liberty, without bark, is, and remains, a dry stick, though I deck it with ribbons of one or of many colours.”—Vol. iii. pp. 198-201.

No ordinary remedies, it must be admitted, can be successfully administered to the diseases of a land to which the following descriptions apply, with a degree of force that harrows up the very soul:—

Dublin.—A large city: the streets like those in the west end of London; the public buildings in a good style, apparently all agreeing, and of one piece: I say *apparently*, for the English, Scotch, and Irish, the Catholic and Protestant, come here in too hostile collision to grow up, and blend, and flourish together; and to this painful feeling were added scenes such as I never beheld. On Sunday, while crowds of well-dressed people gaily paraded the streets, they were thronged by equally numerous crowds of beggars—and what beggars were these! Such spectres remain elsewhere in their dens till the light of day has vanished, and the darkness of night has set in. Here the sun must testify that Europe, too, has its parias. No, not Europe, but Ireland alone!—for, compared with these miserable phantoms, all the beggary that I saw in Switzerland, the Papal dominions, and even in southern Italy, was a mere trifle.”—Vol. III. p. 203.

At Kilkenny, the number of beggars still astonishes our visitor. .

“ The coach is besieged by them, and their cries from all sides, and in all gradations of old and young voices. In order to gain air and room, I threw from my elevated seat some pence among the crowd. Two girls, about eighteen years of age, had picked up the best share, and thanked me, like the female dancers at Berlin, when they are applauded by the public, kicking up their legs behind—what is to be seen on such occasions you know: there is a difference here, the costume of the fair of Killenny being in a more airy style. I was in a mood to be diverted at all this, when I saw a mother pick up the gooseberry skins which one of the travellers had spit out, and put them into the mouth of her child. I never saw any thing like this even at Fondi, in the kingdom of Naples.”—Vol. III. pp. 205, 206.

Here is another graphic picture of Irish misery.

“ The coach stopped, early in the morning, before a hut, which, if you please, you may call a house. A sow—the Irish sphinx—lay with her hind quarters buried in black mud, while she rested on her fore feet, and addressed me in a very remarkable speech. The house-cock flew from within to the hole in the mud wall, the only window in the house, and attempted to clap its wings. The hole being too small, he was obliged to drop them, stretched his neck, and said something, which I did not understand so well as the speech of the sow: at the same time the door opened, and, like Alceste from the gloom of Erebus, the very strikingly draped, or undraped, mistress advanced into the foreground with her two children, on which two sucking pigs immediately ran to salute their playfellows. This scene of the golden age drew my attention so much, that I had nearly overlooked the master of the house, who was sitting on one side upon some fragments of turf. In attempting to put on his breeches, he unhappily had missed the legitimate way, and had passed his leg through a large, revolutionary, radical hole, so that he found it very difficult to remedy the mistake, still keeping the rags together.”—Vol. III. pp. 207, 208.

Shall we wonder if, after witnessing these horrors, M. Raumer expresses his admiration of the strength of the moral principle which prevents our famishing peasantry from emigrating, through scenes of guilt, to the prisons of England, the most wretched of which is a palace compared to the Irish cabin?

“ When I recollect the well-fed rogues and thieves in the English prisons, I admire, notwithstanding the very natural increase of Irish criminals, the power of morality; I wonder that the whole nation does not go over and steal, in order to enjoy a new and happier existence. And then the English boast of the good treatment of their countrymen, while the innocent Irish are obliged to live worse than their cattle. In Parliament they talk for years together whether it is necessary and becoming to leave 100,000 dollars annually (£15,000.) in the hands of the pastors of 526 Protestants, or 10,759 dollars to the pastors of 3 Protestants; while there are thousands here who scarcely know they

have a soul, and know nothing of their body, except that it suffers hunger, thirst, and cold.

“ Which of these ages is the dark and barbarous—the former, when mendicant monks distributed their goods to the poor, and, in their way gave them the most rational comfort; or the latter, when rich (or bankrupt) aristocrats can see the weal of the Church and of religion (or of their relations) only in retaining possession of that which was taken and obtained by violence?

“ All the blame is thrown on agitators, and discontent produced by artificial means. What absurdity! Every falling-hut causes agitation, and every tattered pair of breeches a *sans-culotte*. Since I have seen Ireland, I admire the patience and moderation of the people, that they do not (what would be more excusable in them than in distinguished revolutionists, authors, journalists, Benthamites, baptized and unbaptized Jews) drive out the devil through Beelzebub the prince of devils.

“ Thrice-happy Prussia, with its free proprietary peasantry, its agricultural nobles, its contented and tolerant clergy, its well-educated youth!

“ I endeavoured to discover the original race of the ancient Irish, and the beauty of the women. But how could I venture to give an opinion! Take the loveliest of the English maidens from the saloons of the Duke of Devonshire or the Marquis of Landsdowne, carry her—not for life, but for one short season, into an Irish hovel,—feed her on water and potatoes, clothe her in rags, expose her blooming cheek and alabaster neck to the scorching beams of the sun, and the drenching torrents of rain, let her wade with naked feet through marshy bogs, with her delicate hands pick up the dung that lies in the road, and carefully stow it by the side of her mud resting-place,—give her a hog to share this with her—to all this add no consolatory remembrance of the past, no cheering hope of the future—nothing but misery—a misery which blunts and stupifies the mind—a misery of the past, the present, and the future;—would the traveller, should this image of woe crawl from out of her muddy hovel, and imploringly extend her shrivelled hand, recognize the noble maiden whom a few short weeks before he admired as the model of English beauty?

“ And yet the children with their black hair and dark eyes, so gay and playful in their tatters—created in the image of God—are in a few years, by the fault of man and the government, so worn out, without advantage to themselves or others, that the very beasts of the field might look down on them with scorn.

“ Is what I have said exaggerated, or, perhaps, merely an unseasonable and indecorous fiction? or should I have suppressed it, because it may offend certain parties? What have I to do with O’Connell and his opponents? I have nothing either to hope or to fear from any of them; but to declare what I saw, thought, and felt, is my privilege and my duty. *Discite justitiam, moniti, et non temnere divos.*

The secret of O’Connell’s constantly increasing popularity—of his

invincibility, let any confederacy of the aristocracy, the press, the Orangemen, or any other men, be they who they will, assail him,—is here disclosed. As Raumer justly remarks,—“ Even the popular talent of so distinguished a mind as Brougham's, wears itself out, because it sometimes trusts more to rhetoric than to truth. O'Connell, on the other hand, whenever his powers fail him, lays himself down on the soil of his injured country, and rises like a new Antæus, to fresh struggles.”

The extracts we have made from this work, are almost entirely descriptive of Ireland. They shew how extensively every thing that relates to this country enters into the consideration of an intelligent traveller, whose chief object it was to become acquainted with the actual state of England in 1835. He could scarcely glance over a single Parliamentary debate recorded in Hansard, without meeting the wrongs of Ireland in almost every page. He found in her a volume of history such as he was utterly unprepared for—such as, with all his research, he has not encountered amidst the archives of any other nation upon the earth. His pages contain a great mass of the most interesting matter connected with the condition of England. What endless contrasts do not those pages present between the two *sister* islands! There, where the great majority have long enjoyed the benefits of a free constitution, and of equal laws, wealth abounds to an extent impossible to be estimated; and, as Raumer aptly expresses it, “ the coal-fire of industry and thought burns steadily the live-long day.” Here, where the British constitution is still unknown in practice, and where equality of law exists not in theory, half a million of our population are beggars, upon a land teeming with fertility, and three millions are scarcely a degree above pauperism. What a commentary upon the system of government of which we have been the victims! What an illustration of the blessings bestowed by the Church of the few upon the labours of the many!

ART. VII.—*Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk, as exhibited in a Narrative of her Sufferings during a Residence of Five Years as a Novice, and Two Years as a Black Nun, in the Hôtel Dieu Nunnery at Montreal.* 12mo. London, 1836.

A BOOK bearing the above title has just appeared in London. It is a verbal reprint from the original edition published in New York in January last; and its object is to calumniate the members of the Catholic religious establishments of Montreal, in Lower Canada, and thereby to cast discredit and obloquy on the professors of that faith generally.

A work of such a character will not long be without patrons. We may expect it to find immediate favour with all those, who are led by their prejudices or interests to seize upon any extravagant tale which seems to tell against the objects of their bigoted hate, without giving themselves the trouble to inquire into its truth, or even its probability.

Indeed, large extracts from it have already been inserted in several of the London journals, especially in the *Standard*, which may be said to live upon the circulation of falsehoods of every kind against the doctrines and members of the Catholic Church. "The details here given," says that calumnious print, alluding to the publication now before us, "are almost beyond the bounds of credibility, but we are assured that *every word is true*. Can we wonder, then, at the crimes and demoralization of the Roman Catholics in Ireland, when under the sanction of their religion we see such profligacy and horrid enormities?" The editor who penned these lines was not altogether so devoid of shame, as to say that he believed the statements to be true, to which he lent the columns of the journal under his controul. Somebody assures him that every word Maria Monk has written "is true;" but who the informant is, what means of knowledge he possessed, what weight may be due to his testimony, the readers of the *Standard* are left to conjecture.

The internal evidence of the volume itself ought to be sufficient to convince any reasonable being, not utterly blinded by error, that at least "every word" it contains is *not* true, nor even like the truth. Indeed, there are so many passages in it indicative of a diseased mind, and so utterly irreconcilable with probability, that were there no other proof of the real character of the whole tale, these passages alone would have been abundantly sufficient to have stamped it as a falsehood from the first page to the last.

Let us hear how this precious nun introduces her awful disclosures.

"It is hoped that the reader of the ensuing narrative will not suppose that it is a *fiction*, or that the scenes and persons that I have delineated had not a *real* existence. It is also desired that the author of this volume may be regarded not as a *voluntary participator* in the very guilty transactions which are described; but receive sympathy for the trials which she has endured, and the peculiar situation in which her past experiences, and escape from the power of the Superior of the Hôtel Dieu Nunnery, at Montreal, and the snares of the Roman priests in Canada, have left her.

My feelings are frequently distressed and agitated by the recollection of what I have passed through; and, by night and by day, I have little peace of mind, and few periods of calm and pleasing reflection.

* * * I have given the world the truth, so far as I have gone, on subjects of which I am told they are generally ignorant ; and I feel perfect confidence that any facts which may yet be discovered, will confirm my words, whenever they can be obtained.—Whoever shall explore the Hotel Dieu Nunnery, at Montreal, will find unquestionable evidence that the descriptions of the interior of that edifice, given in this book, were furnished by one familiar with them ; for whatever alterations may be attempted, there are changes which no mason or carpenter can make and effectually conceal ; and, therefore, there must be plentiful evidence in that institution of the truth of my description.

“There are living witnesses, also, who ought to be made to speak, without fear of penances, tortures, and death ; and possibly their testimony, at some future time, may be added to confirm my statements.

* * * It would distress the reader, should I repeat the dreams with which I am often terrified at night ; for I sometimes fancy myself pursued by my worst enemies ; frequently I seem as if shut up again in the convent ; often I imagine myself present at the repetition of the worst scenes that I have hinted at or described. Sometimes I stand by the secret place of interment in the cellar ; sometimes I think I can hear the shrieks of helpless females in the hands of atrocious men ; and sometimes almost seem actually to look again upon the calm and placid countenance of Saint Frances, as she appeared when surrounded by her murderers.”—*Preface.*

Thus the author confesses that she is afflicted by terrific dreams—that she imagines herself to be pursued by enemies—shut up again in the “black convent”—present once more at the hideous scenes she describes—about to be conveyed to the “secret place of interment” in the cellar—that she hears the shrieks of helpless females in the hands of atrocious men.” Well, then, if the lady be subject to visions of this description, is it not just possible that some of them might have found their way into her book ?

A glance at her early history, even as it stands recorded by herself, will throw some further light upon her character. Her parents, she tells us, were both from Scotland, and resided in Lower Canada. She was born at St. John's, and has spent the most of her life at Montreal. Her father was an officer under the British government. He is dead, and her mother has a pension. The latter is a Protestant. Our heroine, when about six or seven years old, went to a school kept by a Mr. Workman, a Protestant, who taught her to read and write, and arithmetic as far as division. A number of girls of her acquaintance went to school (as day scholars) to the establishment of the Congregational Nunnery, or Sisters of Charity, as they are usually called. When she was ten years old, being anxious to learn French, she obtained permission to attend the school of the

Sisters of Charity. She complains that here her time was engrossed chiefly with lessons in needlework, as if that were not a much more useful occupation for young women in her station of life, who had to earn their bread in service, than geography and the languages. "It would require," she assures us, "only a proper examination to prove, that, with the exception of needlework, hardly anything is taught excepting prayer and the catechism." What she means to say is, that these are the prominent departments of education in this day school. No sensible person will find any fault in this system. Maria, we perceive, would have had no objection to be taught music and dancing instead.

The terrible "Black Nunnery" is adjacent to that of the Sisters of Charity, being separated from it only by a wall. The Black Nunnery "professes to be a charitable institution for the care of the sick, and the supply of bread and medicines for the poor; and *something is done in these departments* of charity, although but an insignificant amount compared with the size of the buildings, and the number of the inmates." This is the institution which Mrs. Monk and her confederates have thought fit to libel. It is called the "Black Nunnery," from the colour of the dress worn by its inmates.

"From all that appears to the public eye, the nuns of these convents are devoted to the charitable objects appropriate to each, the labour of making different articles known to be manufactured by them, and the religious observances which occupy a large portion of their time. They are regarded *with much respect* by the people at large; and now and then, when a novice takes the veil, she is supposed to retire from the temptations and troubles of this world into a state of holy seclusion, where, by prayer, self-mortification, and good deeds, she prepares herself for heaven."—P. 14.

Now, here it is admitted, that these establishments, which have existed at Montréal for upwards of half a century, are regarded with much respect by the people of that place, although we shall presently learn from the evidence of Maria Monk, that one of them, at least, is the perpetual scene of every crime that can degrade religion, and disgrace human nature. But let us proceed. While Maria was at the school of the Sisters of Charity, priests regularly attended to instruct the pupils in the catechism. With a view to forward them in the essential part of Catholic education, the small catechism in common use amongst us, a copy of which any body can purchase for three pence at Keating and Brown's, was put into their hands. "But," says Maria,—

"The priests soon began to teach us a new set of answers, which were not to be found in our books, from some of which I received new ideas, and got, as I thought, important light on religious subjects, while

confirmed me more and more in my belief in the Roman Catholic doctrines. These questions and answers I can still recal with tolerable accuracy, and some of them I will add here. I never have *read them*, as we were taught them only by word of mouth.

“ ‘ Question. Why did not God make all the commandments?’—
Answer. Because man is not strong enough to keep them.’

“ ‘ Q. Why are men not to read the New Testament?’—‘ Because the mind of man is too limited and weak to understand what God has written.’

“ These questions and answers *are not to be found in the common catechisms* in use in Montreal and other places where I have been, but all the children in the Congregational Nunnery were taught them, and many more not in these books.”

Well might Maria say that she had never *read* these questions and answers, and that they are not to be found in the common catechism. The first question is an absurdity in itself, and the propriety of the second may be judged of by those who take the trouble to look into the missal used by the Catholic laity, which they will find almost wholly composed of extracts from the New Testament.

We now begin to see a little of this lady's character. Her first acquaintance with the Black Nunnery arose from a service it conferred upon her.

“ In the Black Nunnery is an hospital for sick people from the city; and sometimes some of our boarders, such as were indisposed, were sent there to be cured. I was once taken ill myself and sent there, where I remained a few days.

“ There were beds enough for a considerable number more. A physician attended it daily; and there is a number of the veiled nuns of that Convent *who spend most of their time there.*

“ These would also sometimes read lectures and repeat prayers to us.”—Page 20.

Such are the practices,—attending the sick, reading lectures to them, repeating prayers with them, spending most of their time with them—of the Black Nuns, whom, nevertheless, we shall, by and by, find charged by this grateful patient with the perpetration of the most horrid crimes! The only opportunity she appears ever to have had of becoming acquainted with the interior of the Nunnery in question, was that which she enjoyed on this occasion; and yet she has the audacity, as well as the ingratitude, to put forth, as a test of the truth of her narrative, the knowledge of the localities, which she acquired during the period she received from the sisterhood the most kind, the most beneficial attentions! She proceeds:—

“ After I had been in the Congregational Nunnery about two years,

I left it, and attended several different schools for a short time; but I soon *became dissatisfied*, having many and severe trials to endure at home, which my feelings will not allow me to describe; and as my Catholic acquaintances had often spoken to me in favour of their faith, I was inclined to believe it true, although, as I before said, *I knew little of any religion. While out of the Nunnery, I saw nothing of religion. If I had, I believe, I should never have thought of becoming a nun.*— P. 21.

According to her own account, Maria was now about twelve or thirteen years old. Suddenly she takes it into her head to become a Black Nun; she was introduced, she says, by an old priest, to the Superior of the Convent, to whom she explained her wishes; and accordingly, after a short delay, she says,—“ At length, on Saturday morning, about ten o'clock, I called, and was admitted into the Black Nunnery, as a novice, much to my satisfaction.” (p. 23.) She states, (p. 28), and not incorrectly, that the usual period of the novitiate is about two years and a half, which is sometimes abridged. And yet, we find her commencing her fourth chapter in these terms:—

“ After I had been a novice *four or five years*, that is, from the time I commenced school at the Convent, one day I was treated by one of the nuns in a manner which displeased me, and because I expressed some resentment, was required to beg her pardon. Not being satisfied with this, although I complied with the command, nor with the coolness with which the Superior treated me, *I determined to quit the Convent at once, which I did without asking leave.* There would have been no obstacle to my departure, I presume, novice as I then was, if I had asked permission; but I was too much displeased to wait for that, and *went home without speaking to any one on the subject.*”— P. 33.

Therefore, we find that, according to her own account, her novitiate was double the ordinary length of that period of probation—that, from her thirteenth to her eighteenth year, she spent in the Black Nunnery, in the first instance; and that, then, she quitted it without asking leave of any body! We next behold her as assistant teacher in a school at St. Denis. And, lest we might be charged with mutilating her narrative by condensing it, we shall permit her to tell her own story.

“ While engaged in this manner, I became acquainted with a man who soon proposed marriage; and young and ignorant of the world as I was, I heard his offers with favour. On consulting with my friend, she expressed a friendly interest for me, advised me against taking such a step, and especially as I knew little about the man, except that a report was circulated *unfavourable to his character.* Unfortunately, I was not wise enough to listen to her advice, and *hastily married.* In a few weeks, I had occasion to repent of the step I had taken, as *in*

report proved true—a report which I thought justified, and indeed required, our separation. After I had been in St. Denis about three months, finding myself thus situated, and not knowing *what else to do*, I determined to return to the Convent, and pursue my former intention of becoming a Black Nun, could I gain admittance. Knowing *the many inquiries* that the Superior would make relative to me, during my absence before leaving St. Denis, I agreed with the lady with whom I had been associated as a teacher, (when she went to Montreal, which she did very frequently,) to say to the Lady Superior *I had been under her protection during my absence*, which would satisfy and stop further inquiry; as I was sensible, *should they know I had been married*, I should not gain admittance.”—pp. 35, 36.

Here, then, we have a novice who ran away from her Convent, married to a man of bad character; having nothing else to do, she resolves again to become a nun, and, in order to shield herself from inquiry upon that subject, deliberately fabricates a false statement, in which she gets another person to join her, and back she goes to the Nunnery with this lie upon her lips, concealing, too, the fact of her marriage, which, without a legal separation, sanctioned by the Church, is utterly inconsistent with the vows into which a nun must enter. But this is not all. Having, as she asserts, obtained permission to take up her abode again in the Convent, as a novice, she proceeds to give us the following piece of information, which, even upon her own showing, would be enough to disqualify her as a witness in any court of justice in the world.

“ The money usually required for the admission of novices had not been expected from me. I had been admitted the first time without any such requisition; but now I chose to pay for my readmission. I knew that she (the superior) was able to dispense with such a demand as well in this as the former case, and she knew that I was not in possession of any thing like the sum she required. •

“ But I was bent on paying to the Nunnery, and accustomed to receive the doctrine often repeated to me before that time, that when the advantage of the Church was consulted, the steps taken were justifiable, let them be what they would; I therefore resolved to obtain money on *false pretences*, confident that if all were known, I should be far from displeasing the Superior. I went to the *brigade major*, and asked him to give me the money payable to my mother from her pension, which amounted to about thirty dollars; and without questioning my authority to receive it in her name, he gave me it.

“ From several of her friends I obtained small sums under the name of loans, so that altogether I had soon raised a number of pounds, with which I hastened to the Nunnery, and deposited a part in the hands of the Superior. She received the money with evident satisfaction, though she must have known that *I could not have obtained it honestly*; and I was at once readmitted as a novice.”—pp. 36, 37.

We shall only add one other trait of this woman's character, as described by herself.

"The day on which I received confirmation was a distressing one to me. I believed the doctrine of the Roman Catholics, and, according to them, I was guilty of three mortal sins; concealing something at confession,—sacrilege, in putting the body of Christ in the sacrament under my feet,—and by receiving it while not in a state of grace: and now, I had been led into all those sins in consequence of my marriage, which I never had acknowledged, as it would have cut me off from being admitted as a nun."—P. 40.

It was about a year after this period that Maria, as she says, became a nun, by taking the veil, having still concealed the circumstance of her marriage, and, consequently, committed sacrilege under all its most aggravated forms. No sooner did she take the veil, than she was at once initiated in all the crimes which she says the nuns are in the habit of committing. From that moment, she declares, "I was required to act like the most abandoned of beings;" then, for the first time, she heard, that "all her future associates were habitually guilty of the most heinous and detestable crimes." (p. 47.) It will not be required of us to go through the dark catalogue of offences which she imputes to the sisterhood. There is one alleged crime, however, which we cannot pass unnoticed. It is told with much of circumstance, and involves a deliberate murder, in which she says she herself took a part, and of which, if there was one tittle of foundation for her story, the authorities of Montreal would have easily disposed, by having the alleged murderers brought to public trial.

"But I must now come to one deed, in which I had some part, and which I look back upon with greater horror and pain than any occurrences in the Convent, in which I was not the principal sufferer. It is not necessary for me to attempt to excuse myself in this or in any other case. Those who have any disposition to judge fairly, will exercise their own judgment in making allowances for me, under the fear and force, the commands and examples around me. I, therefore, shall confine myself, as usual, to the simple narration of facts. The time was about five months after I took the veil; the weather was cool, perhaps in September or October. One day, the Superior sent for me and several other nuns, to receive her commands in a particular room. We found the Bishop and some priests with her; and speaking in an unusual tone of fierceness and authority, she said, 'Go to the room for the Examination of Conscience, and drag Saint Frances up stairs.' Nothing more was necessary than this unusual command, with the tone and manner which accompanied it, to excite in me most gloomy anticipations. It did not strike me as strange that St. Frances should be in the room to which the Superior directed us. It was an apartment to

which we were often sent to prepare for the communion, and to which we voluntarily went, whenever we felt the compunctions which our ignorance of duty, and the misinstructions we received, inclined us to seek relief from self-reproach. Indeed, I had seen her there a little before. What terrified me was, first, the Superior's angry manner; second, the expression she used, being a French term, whose peculiar use I had learned at the Convent, and whose meaning is rather softened when translated *drag*; third, the place to which we were directed to take the interesting young nun, and the persons assembled there, as I supposed, to condemn her. My fears were such, concerning the fate that awaited her, and my horror at the idea that she was in some way to be sacrificed, that I would have given any thing to be allowed to stay where I was. But I feared the consequences of disobeying the Superior, and proceeded with the rest towards the room for the examination of conscience.

“ The room to which we were to proceed from that, was in the second story, and the place of many a scene of a shameful nature. It is sufficient for me to say, after what I have said in other parts of this book, that things had there occurred which made me regard the place with the greatest disgust. Saint Frances had appeared melancholy for some time. I well knew that she had cause, for she had been repeatedly subject to trials which I need not name—our common lot. When we reached the room where we had been bidden to seek her, I entered the door, my companions standing behind me, as the place was so small as hardly to hold five persons at a time. The young nun was standing alone, near the middle of the room; she was probably about twenty, with light hair, blue eyes, and a very fair complexion. I spoke to her in a compassionate voice, but at the same time with such a decided manner, that she comprehended my full meaning.

“ ‘ Saint Frances, we are sent for you !’

“ Several others spoke kindly to her, but two addressed her very harshly. The poor creature turned round with a look of meekness, and without expressing any unwillingness or fear, without even speaking a word, resigned herself into our hands. The tears came into my eyes. I had not a moment's doubt that she considered her fate as sealed, and was already beyond the fear of death. She was conducted, or rather hurried, to the staircase, which was near by, and then seized by her limbs and clothes, and in fact almost dragged up-stairs; in the sense the Superior had intended. I laid my own hands upon her—I took hold of her too,—more gently indeed, than some of the rest; yet I encouraged and assisted them in carrying her. I could not avoid it. My refusal would not have saved her, nor prevented her from being carried up; it would only have exposed me to some severe punishment, as I believed some of my companions would have seized the first opportunity to complain of me.

“ All the way up the staircase, Saint Frances spoke not a word, nor made the slightest resistance. When we entered with her the room to which she was ordered, my heart sunk within me. The *Bishop*, the *Lady Superior*, and five priests, viz. *Bonin, Richards, Savage*, and two

others, I now ascertained, were assembled for her trial, on some charge of great importance.

“When we had brought our prisoner before them, Father Richards began to question her, and she made ready but calm replies. I can't pretend to give a connected account of what ensued: my feelings were wrought up to such a pitch, that I knew not what I did or what to do. I was under a terrible apprehension that, if I betrayed the feelings which almost overcame me, I should fall under the displeasure of the cold-blooded persecutors of my poor innocent sister; and this fear on the one hand, with the distress I felt for her on the other, rendered me almost frantic. As soon as I entered the room, I stepped into a corner, on the left of the entrance, where I might partially support myself, by leaning against the wall, between the door and window. This support was all that prevented me from falling to the floor, for the confusion of my thoughts was so great, that only a few of the words I heard spoken on either side made any lasting impression upon me. I felt as if struck with some insupportable blow; and death would not have been more frightful to me. I am inclined to the belief, that Father Richards wished to shield the poor prisoner from the severity of her fate, by drawing from her expressions that might bear a favourable construction. He asked her, among other things, if she was not sorry for what she had been overheard to say, (for she had been betrayed by one of the nuns,) and if she would not prefer confinement in the cells, to the punishment which was threatened her. But the Bishop soon interrupted him, and it was easy to perceive, that he considered her fate as sealed, and was determined she should not escape. In reply to some of the questions put to her, she was silent; to others I heard her voice reply, that she did not repent of words she had uttered, though they had been reported by some of the nuns who had heard them; that she still wished to escape from the Convent; and that she had firmly resolved to resist every attempt to compel her to the commission of crimes which she detested. She added, that she would rather die than cause the murder of harmless babes.

“*That is enough, finish her!*” said the Bishop.

“Two nuns instantly fell upon the young woman, and in obedience to directions, given by the Superior, prepared to execute her sentence.

“She still maintained all the calmness and submission of a lamb. Some of those who took part in this transaction, I believe, were as unwilling as myself; but of others I can safely say, that I believe they delighted in it. Their conduct certainly exhibited a most blood-thirsty spirit. But above all others present, and above all human fiends I ever saw, I think Saint Hypolite was the most diabolical. She engaged in the horrid task with all alacrity, and assumed from choice, the most revolting parts to be performed. She seized a gag, forced it into the mouth of the poor nun, and when it was fixed between her extended jaws, so as to keep them open at their greatest possible distance, took hold of the straps fastened at each end of the stick, crossed them behind the head of the helpless victim, and drew them tight through the loop prepared as a fastening.

The bed, which had always stood in one part of the room still remained there : though the screen, which had usually been placed before it, and was made of thick muslin, with only a crevice, through which a person behind might look out, had been folded up on its hinges in the form of a W, and placed in a corner. On the bed the prisoner was laid with her face upward, and then bound with cords, so that she could not move. In an instant another bed was thrown upon her. One of the priests, named Bonin, sprung like fury first upon it, and stamped upon it with all his force. He was speedily followed by the nuns, until there were as many upon the bed as could find room, and all did what they could, not only to smother, but to bruise her. Some stood up and jumped upon the poor girl with their feet, some with their knees, and others in different ways seemed to seek how they might best beat the breath out of her body, and mangle it, without coming in direct contact with it, or seeing the effects of their violence. During this time my feelings were almost too strong to be endured. I felt stupified, and scarcely was conscious of what I did. Still, fear for myself remained in a sufficient degree to induce me to some exertion, and I attempted to talk to those who stood next, partly that I might have an excuse for turning away from the dreadful scene.

“After the lapse of fifteen or twenty minutes, and when it was presumed that the sufferer had been smothered, and crushed to death, Father Bonin and the nuns ceased to trample upon her, and stepped from the bed. All was motionless and silent beneath it.

“They then began to laugh at such inhuman thoughts as occurred to some of them, rallying each other in the most unfeeling manner, and ridiculing me for the feelings which I in vain endeavoured to conceal. They alluded to the resignation of our murdered companion, and one of them tauntingly said, “She would have made a good Catholic martyr.” After spending some moments in such conversation, one of them asked if the corpse should be removed. The Superior said it had better remain a little while. After waiting a short time longer, the feather-bed was taken off, the cords unloosed, and the body taken by the nuns and dragged down stairs. I was informed that it was taken into the cellar, and thrown unceremoniously into the hole which I have already described, covered with a great quantity of lime, and afterwards sprinkled with a liquid, of the properties and name of which I am ignorant. This liquid I have seen poured into the hole from large bottles, after the necks had been broken off; and have heard that it is used in France, to prevent the effluvia rising from cemeteries.

“I did not soon recover from the shock caused by this scene; indeed it recurs to me with most gloomy impressions. The next day there was a melancholy aspect over everything, and recreation-time passed in the dullest manner; scarcely anything was said above a whisper.”—pp. 101—108.

Here is a capital felony charged against the Bishop of Montreal, the superioress of the convent; and five priests, three of

whom are named. The person who records this deed, says that she cannot even think of it now without shuddering. She has no kindly feelings towards the parties who, she says, were guilty of this murder. There were other witnesses of it besides herself. Why, then, did she not, at least after quitting the convent, go before the King's Attorney General and denounce the murderers? Simply because she knows that the whole scene is a fabrication of her own brain, or of some other brain still more steeped in falsehood than her own.

We need not pursue this narrative any further. It will be sufficient to add that Maria confesses that even after she had taken the veil, she *twice* quitted the convent, and that eventually, the necessity she was under of preparing for her own *accouchement* as she confesses, obliged her to run away altogether. She found refuge, as she informs us, in an alms-house at New York.

Such is the story of this abandoned woman as told by herself, or at least by others with her sanction; but we ask any reasonable being is it a story that deserves the slightest credit? We might leave the work to its fate upon the evidence we have brought against the alleged author out of her own pages; but fortunately for the cause of our religion and of truth, we happen to have in our hands the means of proving that it is from beginning to the end a tissue of the most unalloyed falsehoods ever penned or uttered. The sources whence we derive our evidence of the utter falsehood of the book are—

1st. The universal testimony of the Protestant press, at Montreal.

2d. The affidavits of individuals of character residing in Montreal; and, amongst the rest, that of Maria Monk's mother, who appears to be a respectable woman.

The first publication of this calumny against the priesthood and nuns of Montreal, appeared in a New York "religious" (?) paper, called the *Protestant Vindicator*. The number in which the infamous libel appeared, was dated 14th October, 1835, three months previous to the appearance of the book; it reached Montreal four or five days after, and was met by immediate and unanimous contradiction from the whole of the Protestant press of the province. These contradictions are of the most unqualified character; and as the parties from whom they emanated are, for the most part, politically opposed to the section of the population to which the priests belong, they are at once honourable to the good feeling of the witnesses, and of course the more valuable as evidence.

We shall commence with the evidence of the *Montreal Herald*,

in favour of the unimpeachable character of the calumniated persons. After a paragraph which it is not necessary to quote, the *Herald* proceeds as follows:—

* * * “The first editorial article is entitled ‘Nunneries,’ and is intended to be an exposure of debauchery and murder, said to have taken place in the Hôtel Dieu in this city. We will not disgrace our columns, nor disgust our readers, by copying the false, the abominably false article. Though of a different religious persuasion from the priests and the nuns, we have had too many opportunities of witnessing their unwearied assiduity and watchfulness, and Christian charity, during two seasons of pestilence, and can bear witness to the hitherto unimpeached and unimpeachable rectitude of their conduct, to be in the slightest degree swayed in our opinion by a newspaper slander; but we would respectfully inform the conductors of the *Protestant Vindicator*, that there never existed a class of men who are more highly respected, and more universally esteemed, by individuals of all persuasions, than the Roman Catholic priests of Montreal. The ‘Sisters of Charity’ are equally respected, and are the means of effecting important services to the community. They practise Christianity, by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, protecting the orphan, and ministering to the sick, the afflicted, and the dying—‘pursuing the noiseless tenour of their way,’ courting no popular applause, and seeking their sole reward in ‘conscience void of offence towards God and man.’ We do not pretend to be defenders of the Roman Catholic religion, or of any of its particular institutions. We are Protestants, and glory in being so; but we will not so far forget the precepts of our divine Master, as to connive at traducing the character of individuals, who are exemplary members of society, although they are of a different religious persuasion from ourselves!”

The *Montreal Gazette*, another journal of similar politics, and conducted by Protestants, is equally unqualified in its testimony in favour of the calumniated—equally indignant in its condemnation of the calumniators. We select the following passages:—

* * * “From our infancy we have resided in this city, and we therefore may be supposed to know the characters of the Roman Catholic clergy and the nuns, somewhat better than any itinerant preacher from the United States. Their constant and unremitting attention to the discharge of their parochial duties—their kind and affectionate attendance upon the sick, at all seasons, but more particularly during the severe visitations of pestilence, have excited general admiration and approval from the believers in other creeds—their numerous acts of charity and benevolence are experienced by thousands, whose wants and sufferings have been relieved from the funds at their disposal—their character for unblemished purity and morality has stood unimpeached, until a worthless and anonymous scribbler has dared to impugn their hitherto unsullied reputations. * * * * *

“It is superlatively ridiculous to suppose, that while these institutions

are open daily to the visits of our citizens, and their inmates are seen at all hours attending to their religious avocations, such events should occur as have been described, and yet be unknown to the public until ushered into notice by a New York paper. The palpable errors with which the article teems, as to the title and qualifications of some of the clergy, betray its origin, and point it out as the production of one, who has raised up the creature of his imagination, with a view to injure the Roman Catholic religion, and to support his own illiberal views."

The other English papers of Montreal added their voluntary testimony to the same effect, as did also those of Quebec; from one of which we shall content ourselves with a single quotation. It is from the *Quebec Mercury*.

"The falsehood of this, pretended, *Protestant Vindicator*, is so revolting and gross, and couched in terms so coarse, that we can make no quotation from it, nor even more particularly allude to it, than to say, in contradiction of the infamous slander to which it has given birth, that having passed the greater part of our life in this Province, in which we have an extensive acquaintance—we have never known any ladies who had been educated in either of the nunneries of this city, and of Montreal, who did not in after-life retain the warmest affection for the religious ladies who were their preceptors, and speak of them in the highest terms; and if they become mothers, afford the strongest evidence of the confidence they reposed in the purity of the lives and conduct of the members of these institutions, by committing their young daughters to their care and instruction. The conduct also of the Roman Catholic clergy in Canada deserves an equally strong testimony from us. We have witnessed their courageous and unremitting attention to their duties, when an appalling pestilence twice swept over the land; we have seen them as the preceptors of youth in the seminaries—we have known them in the discharge of their more limited, yet not less useful, duties as parish priests, and in all these characters we are bound to say, that their conduct has been such as to command the love of their own flocks, and the sincerest respect of the Protestant inhabitants towards the Roman Catholic clergy."

These general testimonies in favour of the Roman Catholic clergy, and religious ladies of Montreal, and in contradiction to the sweeping accusations against them contained in the paper already named, produced no retraction or apology on the part of the editor of the *Protestant Vindicator*. On the contrary, in a subsequent number of that paper, dated 4th of November, 1835, the calumnies were reiterated and insisted upon, in the violent and bitter language of ignorant fanaticism, on the single authority of the unfortunate creature whose name is attached to the book quoted at the head of this article.

In the meantime, some of the Protestant inhabitants of Montreal had voluntarily instituted an inquiry into the origin of the

accusations, and the result was the perfect establishment of the falsehood of the statements, which have since been woven into the book under notice. The first piece of evidence we shall offer, is the affidavit of Dr. Robertson, a physician of long standing, and a justice of the peace. It is not the first in chronological order, but it is the first in importance, as it gives a connected history of Maria Monk for a considerable time previously. This document we give entire, inviting the reader's especial attention to the passages which we have printed in italics.

“William Robertson, of Montreal, Doctor in Medicine, being duly sworn on the Holy Evangelists, depoſeth and ſaith as follows:—On the 9th of November, 1834, three men came up to my houſe, having a young female in company with them, who, they ſaid, was obſerved, that forenoon, on the bank of the canal, near the extremity of the St. Joſeph Suburbs, acting in a manner which induced ſome people, who ſaw her, to think that ſhe intended to drown herſelf. They took her into a houſe in the neighbourhood, where, after being there ſome hours, and interrogated as to who ſhe was, &c., *ſhe ſaid ſhe was the daughter of Dr. Robertson.* On receiving this information, they brought her to my houſe. Being from home when they came to the door, and learning from Mrs. Robertson that ſhe had denied them, they conveyed her to the watch-houſe. Upon hearing this ſtory, in company with G. Auldjo, Eſq., of this city, I went to the watch-houſe, to enquire into the affair. We found the young female, whom I have ſince aſcertained to be Maria Monk, daughter of W. Monk, of this city, in cuſtody. She ſaid that, although ſhe was not my daughter, ſhe was the child of reſpectable parents, in or very near Montreal, *whoſe from ſome light conduct of hers (arising from temporary insanity, to which ſhe was, at times, ſubject, from her infancy), had kept her confined and chained in a cellar, for the laſt four years.* Upon examination, no mark or appearance indicated the wearing of manacles, or any other mode of reſtraint. She ſaid, on my obſerving this, that her mother always took care to cover the irons with ſoft clothes, to prevent them injuring the ſkin. From the appearance of her hands, ſhe evidently had not been uſed to work. To remove her from the watch-houſe, where ſhe was confined with ſome of the moſt profligate women of the town, taken up for inebriety and diſorderly conduct in the ſtreets, as ſhe could not give a ſatisfactory account of herſelf, I, as a Juſtice of the Peace, ſent her to jail as a vagrant. The following morning, I went to the jail, for the purpoſe of aſcertaining, if poſſible, who ſhe was. After conſiderable perſuaſion, ſhe promiſed to divulge her ſtory to the Rev. H. Eſſon, one of the clergymen of the Church of Scotland, to whoſe congregation ſhe ſaid her parents belonged. That gentleman did call at the jail, and aſcertain who ſhe was. In the courſe of a few days, ſhe was released, and I did not ſee her again until the month of Auguſt laſt, when Mr. Johnson, of Griffin-town, joiner, and Mr. Cooley, of the St. Ann Suburbs, merchant, called upon me, about ten o'clock at night, and, after ſome prefatory remarks, mentioned that the object of their viſit

was to ask me, as a magistrate, to institute an inquiry into some very serious charges which had been made against some of the Roman Catholic priests of the place, and the nuns of the General Hospital, by a female who had been a nun in that institution for four years, and who had divulged the horrible secrets of that establishment, such as the illicit and criminal intercourse between the nuns and the priests, stating particulars of such depravity of conduct, on the part of these people, in this respect, and their murdering the offspring of these criminal connexions as soon as they were born, to the number of from thirty to forty every year. I instantly stated, that I did not believe a word of what they told me, and they must have been imposed upon by some evil-disposed and designing person. Upon inquiry who this nun, their informant, was, I discovered that she answered exactly the description of Maria Monk, whom I had so much trouble about last year, and mentioned to those individuals my suspicion, and what I knew of that unfortunate girl. Mr. Cooley said to Mr. Johnson, 'Let us go home, we are hoaxed.' They told me, that she was then at Mr. Johnson's house, and requested me to call there and hear her own story. The next day, or the day following, I did call, and saw Maria Monk at Mr. Johnson's house. She repeated in my presence the substance of what was mentioned to me before, relating to her having been in the nunnery for four years; having taken the black veil; the crimes committed there; and a variety of other circumstances concerning the conduct of the priests and nuns. A Mr. Hoyte was introduced to me, and was present during the whole of the time that I was in the house. He was represented as one of the persons who had come in from New York with this young woman, for the purpose of investigating into this mysterious affair. I was asked to take her deposition, on her oath, as to the truth of what she had stated. I declined doing so, giving as a reason, that from my knowledge of her character, I considered her assertions upon oath were not entitled to more credit than her bare assertion, and that I did not believe either; intimating at the same time, my willingness to take the necessary steps for a full investigation, if they could get any other person to corroborate any part of her solemn testimony, or if a direct charge were made against any particular individual of a criminal nature. During the first interview with Messrs. Johnson and Cooley, they mentioned that Maria Monk had been found in New York in a very destitute situation by some charitable individuals, who administered to her necessities, being very sick. She expressed a wish to see a clergyman, as she had a dreadful secret which she wished to divulge before she died; a clergyman visiting her, she related to him the alleged crimes of the priests and nuns of the General Hospital at Montreal. After her recovery, she was visited and examined by the mayor and some lawyers at New York, afterwards at Troy, in the State of New York, on the subject; and I understood them to say, that Mr. Hoyte and two other gentlemen, one of them a lawyer, were sent to Montreal with her, for the purpose of examining into the truth of the accusations thus made. Although incredulous as to the truth of Maria Monk's story, I thought it incumbent upon me to make some inquiry concern-

ing it, and have ascertained where she has been residing a great part of the time she states having been an inmate of the nunnery. During the summer of 1832, she was at service at William Henry; the winters of 1832-3, she passed in this neighbourhood, at St. Ours, and St. Denis. The accounts given of her conduct that season, corroborate the opinion I had before entertained of her character.

“W. ROBERTSON.

“Sworn before me, at Montreal, this 14th day of November, 1835.

“BENJ. HOLMES, J. P.”

So strong is the evidence of Dr. Robertson, in proof of the mingled insanity and depravity of Maria Monk, that we might safely rest upon it the case of the clergy and nuns. In the first place she represented herself as the daughter of Dr. Robertson. Finding, from the personal attendance of Dr. Robertson, that this story could not be maintained, she substituted for it a statement to the effect that her parents resided near Montreal, and that they had kept her chained in a cellar for the last four years. At a subsequent period she gives up the cellar story for one which seemed likely to become more profitable, and she then represented herself as having been an inmate of the Hôtel Dieu during the very four years that she had previously said she had been chained in a cellar by her parents.

But, although each of these stories contradicts the other, and all completely destroy the general credibility of the witness, we have, further, the direct testimony of Dr. Robertson, that during the four years in question, she was neither chained in a cellar, nor outraged in a nunnery. In 1832, she was at William Henry—a town about forty-five miles below Montreal; and in the winter of 1832-3, she was living in the same neighbourhood, namely, at St. Ours or St. Denis, two villages lying south and inland of the town just named.

We now come to the affidavit of the mother of Maria Monk. It is of great length, and contains some minor details which do not materially strengthen the evidence, though they would do so were that evidence of a less decided character. Many of these details we shall therefore omit, giving only the most important passages.

The affidavit was sworn to on the 24th of October, 1835, before Dr. Robertson, whose own evidence the reader has just perused:

Mrs. Monk declares in this affidavit:—

“That wishing to guard the public against the deception which has lately been practised in Montreal by designing men, who have taken advantage of the occasional mental derangement of her daughter, to make scandalous accusations against the priests and the nuns in Mon-

treal, and afterwards *to make her pass herself for a nun who had left the convent,*"

She proceeds to state that in August 1835, a man named Hoyte, who stated himself to be a Minister of New York, called upon her and informed her,—

"That he had lately come to Montreal, with a young woman and child of five weeks old; that the woman had absconded from him at Goodenough's tavern, where they were lodging, and left him with the child; he gave me a description of the woman; I unfortunately discovered that the description answered my daughter, and the reflection that this stranger had called upon Mr. Esson, our pastor, and inquiring for my brother, I suspected that this was planned; I asked for the child, and said that I would place it in a nunnery; to that Mr. Hoyte started every objection, in abusive language against the nuns."

Subsequently the child was delivered to her. Mrs. Monk then sent an acquaintance, a Mrs. Tarbert, to seek for her daughter, who was found, but she refused to go to her mother's house. The only fact of importance, in this portion of the affidavit, is that Maria Monk had borrowed a bonnet and shawl "*to assist her escape from that Mr. Hoyte, at the Hotel,*" and she requested Mrs. Tarbert to return them to the owner.

We now proceed to quote a further portion of Mrs. Monk's affidavit.

"Early in the afternoon of the same day, Mr. Hoyte came to my house with the same old man, wishing me to make all my efforts to find the girl, in the meantime speaking very bitterly against the Catholics, the priests, and the nuns; mentioned that my daughter had been in the nunnery, where she had been ill-treated. I denied that my daughter had ever been in a nunnery; that when she was about eight years of age she went to a day-school; at that time came in two other persons, whom Mr. Hoyte introduced; one was the Rev. Mr. Brewster. I do not recollect the other reverence's name. *They all requested me, in the most pressing terms, to try to make it out my daughter had been in the nunnery;* and that she had some connexion with the priests of the seminary, of which nunneries and priests she spoke in the most outrageous terms; *said that should I make that out, myself, my daughter, and child, would be protected for life.* I expected to get rid of their importunities, in relating the melancholy circumstances by which *my daughter was frequently deranged in her head,* and told them that when at the age of about seven years, she broke a slate pencil in her head; that since that time her mental faculties were deranged, and by times much more than at other times, but that she was far from being an idiot; that she could make the most ridiculous but most plausible stories; *and that, as to the history that she had been in a nunnery, it was a fabrication, for she never was in a nunnery;* that at one time I wished to obtain a place in a nunnery for her; that I had employed the influ-

ence of Mrs. De Montenach, of Dr. Nelson, and of our pastor the Rev. Mr. Esson, *but without success.*"

* * * "After many more solicitations to the same effect, three of them retired, but Mr. Hoyte remained, adding to the other solicitations: he was stopped, a person having rapped at the door; it was then candle-light. I opened the door, and I found Doctor M'Donald, who told me that my daughter Maria was at his house in the most distressing situation; that she wished him to come and make her peace with me; I went with the Doctor to his house in McGill-street; she came with me to near my house, but would not come in, notwithstanding I assured her that she would be kindly treated, and that I would give her her child; she crossed the parade ground, and I went into the house, and returned for her.—Mr. Hoyte followed me. She was leaning on the west railing of the parade; we went to her: Mr. Hoyte told her, *my dear Mary, I am sorry you have treated yourself and me in this manner; I hope you have not exposed what has passed between us nevertheless; I will treat you the same as ever, and spoke to her in the most affectionate terms; took her in his arms; she at first spoke to him very cross, and refused to go with him, but at last consented and went away with him, absolutely refusing to come to my house.* Soon after, Mr. Hoyte came and demanded the child: I gave it to him. Next morning Mr. Hoyte returned, and *was more pressing than in his former solicitations, and requested me to say that my daughter had been in the nunnery; that should I say so it would be better than one hundred pounds to me;* that I would be protected for life, and that I should leave Montreal, and that I would be better provided for elsewhere; I answered that thousands of pounds would not induce me to perjure myself; then he got saucy and abusive to the utmost; he said he came to Montreal to detect the infamy of the priests and the nuns."

What follows is not important, except that Mrs. Monk heard a few days after that her daughter was at one Mr. Johnson's, a joiner, at Griffin-town,* with Mr. Hoyte; "*that he passed her for a nun who had escaped from the Hôtel Dieu Nunnery;*" and on further inquiry, she found that her daughter had subsequently gone off with the said Hoyte

To the above ample testimony we shall only add the most material portion of the evidence of Mrs. Tarbert, the female who was requested by Mrs. Monk to seek out her daughter:—

"I know the said Maria Monk; *last spring she told me that the father of the child she was then carrying, was burned in Mr. Owsten's house.* She often went away in the country, and at the request of her mother I accompanied her across the river. *Last summer she came back to my lodgings and told me that she had made out the father of the child; and that very night left me and went away. The next morning I found that she was in a house of bad fame, where I went for her, and*

* Griffin-town is the western suburb of Montreal.

told the woman keeping that house, that she ought not to allow that girl to remain there, for she was a girl of good and honest family. *Maria Monk then told me that she would not go to him, (alluding, as I understood, to the father of the child) for that he wanted her to swear an oath that would lose her soul for ever, but jestingly said, should make her a lady for ever.* I then told her (*Maria*) do not lose your soul for money."

Here, then, not only have we abundant proof of the utter falsehood of *Maria Monk's* "awful disclosures," but the whole character of this abominable conspiracy is unfolded.

It is quite clear that *Maria Monk* had been living in a state of concubinage with Hoyte, and there is every reason to believe that the infant alluded to was the fruit of their intercourse. Hoyte probably belongs to one of those sects of fanatics, so common in some portions of the United States, who will not scruple to resort to any means, however criminal, to bring discredit on the professors either of the Catholic or of the Episcopalian faith. This, at least, is the only mode of accounting for his conduct, and for that of the other wretches associated with him.

But little now remains to be added. Touching the character of the Catholic clergy and nuns of Canada, we might add the testimony of several persons now in London, whose opportunities of observation have been ample, having resided many years in Canada, during the whole of which period not even a whisper was ever uttered against the servants of the Gospel. On the contrary, the spotless purity of their lives was universally acknowledged. Living in the midst of a populous city, their residences open to any visitor, constantly mixing with the inhabitants, they may be said to be perpetually under the public eye; hence it would be quite impossible that any irregularity of conduct could be practised without attracting attention and leading to exposure.—Most of the individuals named in *Maria Monk's* book, are specially known for the practice of every active virtue. With reference to education particularly, both priests and nuns have secured the enduring gratitude of the community of Lower Canada. The seminaries† of Montreal and Quebec are the only public schools of any note in Lower Canada, and there is scarcely an individual of any education in the province who is not indebted for his mental acquirements to one or other of those excellent establishments.

The same may be said of the nunneries as places of education

†. Seminary is the specific name of the male religious houses of Quebec and Montreal. They were originally schools of theology, but on the suppression of the order of the Jesuits, the priests of the seminaries extended their plan to general education.

for girls. So deservedly popular are they, that the Protestant English are in the habit of sending their daughters to those institutions for elementary education, and, as the *Quebec Mercury* very properly observes, when these daughters in their turn become mothers, it is seldom that they do not evince their confidence in the purity of the lives and conduct of the members of these establishments, by committing their own daughters to their care.

It really ought to excite astonishment that any persons should be found so destitute of moral feeling, as to renew in England the publication of a work which had exposed its authors in America to so disgraceful a celebrity: That the *Standard*, edited as it is by some of the most reckless of the calumniators of the religion of the people of Ireland, or that the *Times* should make use of any calumny, which could escape contradiction and exposure even for a few weeks, is easily accounted for by the habitual depravity of the editors of those papers. But that any persons of a different station in life should be found so destitute of all sense of religion, as to republish known calumny—calumny, the falsehood of which was demonstrated, might indeed create the extreme of surprise, if anti-Catholic bigotry had not furnished multitudinous instances of the total abandonment of all shame—of such an utter disregard of veracity, that Charles James Fox's expression, of "a good Protestant lie," is not so familiar as to suppress every angry emotion, and to cause a smile of contempt to take the place of a more legitimate resentment.

We cannot but appeal to all that exists of good sense and good feeling, against the continuance of this system of unprovoked and unjustifiable slander. Surely falsehood,—calumny—for we must use the only appropriate word—is not the proper weapon of religious controversy. It cannot possibly make any converts to Protestantism. On the contrary, it irritates and disgusts the Catholics, and tends to convince them that the cause must necessarily be a bad one, which sanctions and requires such vile instruments. It is true that they may deter Protestants from giving that patient and candid attention to the merits of the controversy between them and the Catholics, which so important, so truly awful a subject demands. But this protection to Protestantism, which arises from the dark mist created by calumnious imputations, is one which no sincere Christian can hesitate to condemn: and there is also a reaction in the system itself. Protestants of just minds and right feelings, when they discover how totally false, are the assertions of the advocates of their religion, are thereby rendered more attentive to the arguments of the Catholics—more disposed to look upon

Catholicity with a favourable eye, as not affording any grounds for true accusations, when calumnies are used to supply their place; and thus, what was intended to prevent conversion, is often and often the cause of a great increase to the ranks of our religion.

It is with these consolatory reflections, that we look upon the hostile efforts of the Quarterly Review, and of other High Church publications. Indeed, some of the labours of these worthies are exceedingly amusing, from the grotesque extent of their faculty of falsehood. (Let us, for example, take up the Quarterly Review, published last month, April 1836. Look at page 266; where you will find the astounding assertion, "*that divinity is taught at Maynooth from Dens's Theology.*" Why, this beats O'Sullivan and M'Ghee, the Hoytes and Brewsters of Ireland, all to nothing. Then the crafty Reviewer, as if conscious of his own falsehood, quotes the 8th Report of the Commissioners of Irish Education, as though it proved the allegation respecting Dens's Theology, thus leaving himself a loop-hole to slip out of the direct charge of wilful untruth.

Again, read this passage from page 268 of the same Review. Speaking of persons whom the writer styles isolated Protestants, he says,—

"Their cattle are houghed, maimed, and poisoned; and they themselves are hooted, pelted, beaten, waylaid, shot at, and murdered. It appears to us to be as completely proved as ever was a charge in a court of justice, that these unchristian proceedings are deliberately and systematically encouraged by the priests."——

Well—we take time for breath—and is it possible that the writer of this passage—of all this complicated falsehood—can call himself a Christian,—that he can read the sacred command of God, which anathematizes the false witness,—and yet venture to cluster, in one paragraph, so many proofs of his utter disregard of the respect of men, and of the commands of God?

Be it so. Let this be the Conservative Protestantism of the day. Let the most outrageous violations of truth distinguish the leading publications of that party: It all tends to good,—to expose the futile weakness of the cause, which acknowledges thus blumpet-tongued the necessity of deriving support from disgusting *misrepresentation*,—we use a soft word. The "no-popery" prejudice of England, is the last resort of the sanguinary and peculating Toryism—heretofore called Orangeism—of Ireland. It is for this reason that party, and its organs, continue to calumniate;—to distort truth;—to invent falsehood. The Standard unblushingly *lies* in the evening; the Times

loudly lies in the morning; the Quarterly Review more ponderously *deploys* its inventions once in three months, "or oftener if need be;" whilst from the Penny Magazine of the Society of Useful Knowledge!!! the insinuation of all that is foolishly malignant against Catholicity, issues weekly as part of the Society's stock in trade. Although this constant repetition of slander soon ceases to excite the irritation of the Catholic, or the attention of the general reader, nevertheless it operates upon the angry passions of men who are prone to religious strife, and embitters that contention respecting truth and religion, which should be conducted with good temper, in order to allow the disputants to weigh their mutual arguments; and should, above all, be presided over by the spirit of benevolence and charity, if we would convert the minds of erring men to the love of their Divine Redeemer.

Not so the Quarterly writer—he dreams only of tythes and church rates, and writs of rebellion, and police slaughter, and military massacre.—Why, knows he not that the law of Ireland abundantly provides for the reparation of any injury done to the property of any Protestant, whether isolated or otherwise? The grand juries, constituted always of a great majority of Protestants, are enabled and indeed positively enjoined by law, to make full and adequate compensation to any person whose "cattle or horses" may be maliciously maimed, houghed, or poisoned. An *isolated* Protestant could not carry his "cattle or horses" to so good a market, as the grand jury. He would laugh in his sleeve at the blundering malice which destroyed, or wilfully injured, his property; and this is so well known in Ireland, that, not only Protestants, but Catholics also, have been frequently more than suspected of having contrived so lucrative an injury to their own "cattle and horses."

But the spirit which dictated to the Quarterly Reviewer this calumny, is not the less reprehensible for being altogether absurd. It is in vain that the historian from his closet—and living statesmen in both Houses of Parliament, have declared that the Protestants of Ireland have, often inflicted but never suffered persecution. It is in vain that committees of the House of Lords as well as of the Commons, have, after the examination of many witnesses, reported to parliament that the agrarian disturbances in Ireland, have nothing of a sectarian character in them—that religious differences have no connection with the land war; the whiteboyism; the whitefootism; the Rockitism and all the other criminal *isms* which afflict and degrade the Irish peasantry. All this, and as much more, is vain. It only proves

that the assertion of the Quarterly Reviewer is untrue. What of that!—The party which it represents have hardened their palates to all but the most pungent fare, and their food would want zest, were not a relish of Irish horror given to their repast.

But it is time that this species of warfare should terminate. We trust and believe that the literary profligates of England will be soon as much despised as the personal profligate of America. The occupation of the Maria Monks of the *Quarterly Review* will shortly be gone—and then, but not till then, will the Protestantism of these countries get rid of the stain with which it is tarnished by the frenzy of its political partizans, and the unmitigated falsehoods of its literary champions.

It is, indeed, time that a new era should commence in polemics. The differences in religious belief are proper and most important subjects for discussion; but then they should be discussed with mildness—with benevolence—with charity. Above all, the spirit of the most perfect candour, and of the most complete sincerity, should pervade the whole investigation. Nor is it sufficient to be candid and sincere; we should be also most cautious. Our caution should be, if that were possible, equivalent to the importance of the subject—divine faith,—a subject so important as to involve an eternity of happiness or of misery. Let, then, every angry and bad passion be removed far—very far from the “amicable controversy” which should alone be known amongst Christians. Let every one of us approach that controversy with humbleness of heart and submission to divine revelation, seeking from the charity of God, and in benevolence towards our neighbour, our surest hope of attaining saving truth, and avoiding destructive error.

ART. VIII.—*Outlines of a Journey through Arabia Petrea, to Mount Sinai and the Excavated City of Petra—the Edom of the Prophecies.* By M. Leon de Laborde. 8vo. With seventy plates and maps. London, 1836.

WHILE every progressive step we take in the cultivation of the sciences, seems to lead us nearer and nearer to that region of light in which the Deity stands unveiled, it is a remarkable fact that almost every traveller who visits those parts of the East, expressly mentioned or alluded to in the Scriptures, returns with fresh evidence of the wonderful accuracy by which those sa-

cred records are characterized, even in matters of subordinate consideration. Whether we refer to the customs and manners of the people who inhabited those regions during the period comprised in the two Testaments; to the peculiarities of their climate; the cities, mountains, rivers, or even the very springs that quench the thirst of the traveller; to the turn of thought, the form of expression, the proverbial maxims which we meet with in the Holy Writings,—on every point we find either identity with those which now exist, or an accordance with them as perfect as the lapse of ages could fairly be expected to permit.

Thus, for example, in the book of Job, the most ancient portion of the Bible, we have the passage: “Why is light given to him that is in misery, and life to them that are in bitterness of soul? That look for death, and it cometh not, as they that dig for treasure.”* To this hour the greatest obstacle which the traveller has to encounter in prosecuting his investigations in the east, arises from an obstinate belief on the part of the natives, that a stranger can be actuated by no motive for visiting their country, which does not spring from the desire of finding and taking away with him the treasures said to be hidden in their fields, and beneath the ruins of their towns. When Burckhardt succeeded in penetrating as far as Petra, and was actually within sight of some of its most interesting remains, his Arab guide, probably observing the emotion with which the traveller contemplated the great object of which he had been so long in search, immediately exclaimed:—“I see now, clearly, that you are an infidel, who have particular business amongst the ruins of the city of your forefathers; but depend upon it that we shall not suffer you to take out a single para (a small oriental coin) of all the treasures hidden therein, for they are in our territory, and belong to us.” Burckhardt, notwithstanding all his arts of persuasion, was immediately obliged to give up all further research, and to quit the valley.

Again, it is said in the 44th Psalm, “Myrrh and stacte and cassia perfume thy garments.”† “The people of the east,” says Mr. Roberts,‡ “are extremely fond of perfumes, and they are so easily obtained, either from animals, gums or vegetables, that all enjoy them; for festive occasions their garments have an extra dash, and so powerful is the scent from a numerous assemblage that an Englishman can scarcely bear it.” So also in the 76th Psalm it is written, “In the day of my trouble I sought God, with

* iii. 20, 21. Douay edition.

† 9. Douay edition.

‡ Oriental Illustrations, p. 332.

my hands *lifted up* to him in the night: and I was not deceived."§ The Tamul translation has it, "My hands in the night were spread out, and ceased not." This custom still prevails in the east. "Ah!" says the sorrowful mother, over her afflicted child, "all night long were my hands spread out to the gods on thy behalf." "In that position," adds Mr. Roberts, "do they sometimes hold their hands for the night together. Some devotees do this with their right hand through the whole of their lives, till the arm becomes quite stiff." We might fill a volume with similar illustrations.

There is, however, nothing in these examples, so far as the sacred mark set on the Scriptures is concerned, to be compared with the testimony borne by the actual condition of the countries mentioned in the Prophecies, to the reality of the fate predicted for them in those awful denunciations of the anger of an offended God. Notwithstanding the derision with which Voltaire speaks of the extent, the population, and the fertility of ancient Palestine; both ancient and modern historians and travellers agree in the opinion that it must have been, in the days of its "high and palmy state," a land "flowing with milk and honey." Tacitus, Ammianus Marcellinus, Florus, and Pliny, speak of it as a country teeming in its prosperous days with every species of opulence. "Cultis abundans terris et nitidis, et civitates habens quasdam egregias," says Marcellinus. "Syria in hortis operosissima est," says Pliny, "Inde, quoque est proverbium Græcis, 'Multa Syrorum olera.'" The testimony of Volney is to the same effect. "With its numerous advantages of climate and soil, it is not astonishing that Syria should always have been esteemed a most delicious country, and that the Greeks and Romans ranked it among the most beautiful of their provinces, and even thought it not inferior to Egypt." The evidence collected by Gibbon enabled him to write to the same effect. "The heat of the climate is tempered by the vicinity of the sea and mountains, by the plenty of wood and water; and the producé of a fertile soil affords the subsistence and encourages the propagation of men and animals. From the age of David to that of Heraclius, the country was overspread with ancient and flourishing cities; the inhabitants were numerous and wealthy."—"Even the sides of the most barren mountains," says Dr. Clarke, "in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, had been rendered fertile, by being divided into terraces, like steps rising one above another, where soil has been accumulated with astonishing labour."—"In any part of Judea," continues the same distinguished traveller, "the effects of a *beneficial change*

of government are soon witnessed in the conversion of desolated plains into fertile fields. Under a wise and beneficent government, the produce of the Holy Land would exceed all calculation. Its perennial harvest, the salubrity of its air, its limpid springs, its rivers, lakes, and matchless plains, its hills and vales, all these, added to the serenity of the climate, prove this to be indeed a field which the Lord hath blessed."

But against this Paradise, so happy in the days of its innocence, the curse of the Omnipotent went forth, provoked by the disobedience and multiplied crimes of the people whom he had chosen to inhabit it. "And your land shall be desert, and your cities destroyed. Then shall the land enjoy her Sabbaths all the days of her desolation."* "The cities shall be wasted without inhabitants, and the houses without man, and the land shall be left desolate."† "Your land is desolate, your cities are burnt with fire: your country strangers devour before your face, and it shall be desolate as when wasted by enemies."‡ "The vintage hath mourned, the vine hath languished away, all the merry-hearted have sighed. The mirth of timbrels hath ceased, the noise of them that rejoice is ended, the melody of the harp is silent."§

By the concurring testimony of all travellers, as Keith justly states, Judea may now be called a field of ruins. The memorials of ancient magnificence, covered with rubbish, may be found in all Syria. Of many celebrated cities, nothing remains but shapeless ruins. In Arimathea nothing but rubbish is to be found. Of the towns that once bordered the lake of Tiberias no traces are left. Jericho is in a state of complete desolation, not a tree, and scarcely even a particle of verdure, is to be seen in its neighbourhood. But wasted and destroyed though the land and the cities of Judea appear at the present moment, the day is to come when the former is to teem again with "fatness," and the latter shall start from their ruins to renovated splendour. The moment the Jews, who are now scattered abroad, the wanderers among all nations, "confess their iniquities and the iniquities of their ancestors,"|| then will "the Lord their God" "remember his covenant that he made with Jacob, and Isaac, and Abraham. He will also remember the land."¶ For "I did not cast them off altogether, neither did I so despise them that they should be quite consumed."* Accordingly, we find that preparation is always made in the climate, the salubrity of the air, the limpid springs, lakes, and matchless plains, and hills and vales, for that

* Lev. xxvi. 33, 34.

† Isaias, vi. 11.

‡ Ib. i. 7.

§ Ib. xxiv. 7, 8.

|| Lev. xxvi. 40.

¶ Ib. 42.

* Ib. 44.

“beneficial change of government” which would be capable, as Dr. Clarke attests, of speedily converting its “desolated plains into fertile fields.”

But against Edom an irreversible judgment was pronounced; “For my sword is inebriated in Heaven, behold it shall come down upon Idumea, and upon the people of my slaughter unto judgment.”* “From generation to generation it shall lie waste, none shall pass through it for ever and ever. The bittern and ericius shall possess it: and the ibis and the raven shall dwell in it: and a line shall be stretched out upon it, to bring it to nothing, and a plummet, unto desolation. The nobles thereof shall not be there: they shall call rather upon the king, and all the princes thereof shall be nothing. And thorns and nettles shall grow up in its houses, and the thistle in the fortresses thereof: and it shall be the habitation of dragons, and the pasture of ostriches. And demons and monsters shall meet, and the hairy ones shall cry out to one another; there hath the lamia lain down, and found rest for herself. There hath the ericius had its hole, and brought up its young ones, and hath dug round about, and cherished them in the shadow thereof: thither are the kites gathered together one to another.”†

These are terrible denunciations. The language however of Jeremias is still more emphatic against Edom. “Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, is wisdom no more in Theman? Counsel is perished from her children: their wisdom is become unprofitable. Flee and turn your backs, go down into the deep hole, ye inhabitants of Dedan: for I have brought the destruction of Esau upon him, the time of his visitation. If grape gatherers had come to thee, would they not have left a bunch? if thieves in the night, they would have taken what was enough for them. But I have made Esau bare, I have revealed his secrets and he cannot be hid: his seed is laid waste, and his brethren, and his neighbours, and he shall not be.”‡ “For I have sworn by myself,” saith the Lord, “that Bosra shall become a desolation, and a reproach, and a desert, and a curse, and *all her cities shall be everlasting wastes.*”§ “For behold I have made thee a little one among the nations, despicable among men. Thy arrogance hath deceived thee, and the pride of thy heart: O thou that *dweltest in the clefts of the rock*, and endeavourest to lay hold on the height of the hill: but though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as an eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord. And Edom shall be desolate: every one that shall pass by it, shall be astonished, and shall hiss at all its plagues. As

* Isaiah, xxxiv. 5.

† Jeremias, xlix. 7-10.

‡ Isaiah, xxxiv. 10-15:

§ Ib. 13.

Sodom was overthrown, and Gomorrha and the neighbours thereof, saith the Lord: there shall not a man dwell there, and there shall no son of man inhabit it.*

Ezechiel describes the crimes which the Idumeans were to perpetrate, and for which these awful punishments were to be inflicted. "They had spoken against the mountains of Israel, saying, they are desolate, they are given us to consume. And you rose up against me with your mouth, and have derogated from me by your words: I have heard them. Thus saith the Lord God: when the whole earth shall rejoice, I will make thee a wilderness."† Abdias is equally explicit. "For the slaughter, and for the iniquity against thy brother Jacob, confusion shall cover thee, and thou shalt *perish for ever*. In the day when thou stoodest against him, when strangers carried away his army captive, and foreigners entered his gates, and cast lots upon Jerusalem: thou also wast one of them."‡ "And there shall be no remains of the house of Esau."§ The Idumeans, the descendants of Esau, it was foreseen by these inspired men, would join with the enemies of the Jews, the posterity of Jacob, and thus would commit fratricide. For this transgression—the same in its character as that on account of which God had set his mark on the brow of Cain—the first and the only sign of guilt He has ever yet fixed upon the human countenance,—the Edomites were to be exterminated from the face of the earth, and their cities were to be irrecoverably destroyed.

Isaias lived during a period which elapsed between the years 810 and 698 B. C. Jeremias delivered his prophecies about 200 years afterwards; Ezechiel and Abdias appear to have been for some time contemporaries of Jeremias. At the period when these predictions were delivered, we have every reason to believe that Idumea was in a condition of the greatest prosperity that had, down to that period, been attained by any nation upon earth.

"We learn from Genesis,|| (says the translator of the work now before us), that, 'before any king reigned over Israel,' no fewer than eight kings had succeeded each other in the government of the 'Land of Edom,' or Idumea; and that these kings were followed by eleven dukes, the descendants of Esau, 'the father of the Edomites.' The fertility of its territory was announced in the blessing given by Isaac to Esau: 'Behold thy dwelling shall be the fatness of the earth, and of the dew of heaven from above.'¶ Its highly cultivated state appears, moreover, from the description given of it by the messengers of Moses, when they requested permission for the Israelites to pass through Edom, in their way from Egypt to the pro-

* Jeremias, xlix. 15-18

† Ezechiel, xxxv. 12-14.

‡ Abdias, 10, 11.

§ Abdias, 10-18.

|| Gen. xxxvi. 31-43.

¶ xxxvii. 39.

mised land:—‘Let us pass, I pray thee, through thy country: we will not pass through the *fields*, or through the *vineyards*, neither will we drink of the water of the *wells*: we will go by the *king’s highway*: we will not turn to the right hand, nor to the left, until we have passed thy borders. And Edom said unto him, Thou shalt not pass by me, lest I come out against thee with the sword. And the children of Israel said unto him, We will go by the highway: and if I, and my cattle drink of thy water, then will I pay for it. I will only (without doing any thing else) go through on my feet. And he said, Thou shalt not go through. And Edom came out against him with *much people*, and with a *strong hand*. Thus Edom refused to give Israel passage through his border: wherefore Israel turned away from him.’^c

“The great wealth possessed by Job, an inhabitant of that country, at a period probably still more remote even than the visit of the Israelites, proves that Idumea had then been long settled. Indeed, the whole of the beautiful composition, in which his trials are recorded, displays a state of society in which a gradation of classes was acknowledged, the sciences were cultivated, the fine arts were not unknown, luxury prevailed to a very considerable extent, the operations of war had been reduced to order, commerce by sea and land had been carried on with foreign countries, and almost all the ordinary mechanical trades, with which we are now acquainted, afforded occupation to numerous families. Fourteen thousand sheep, six thousand camels, a thousand yoke of oxen,^a and a thousand asses, not only bespoke the princely rank of Job, but also indicated his extensive territorial possessions,—oxen being principally employed, in the East, in ploughing the soil and treading out the corn.

“We learn from the calamities which that virtuous man suffered in the early period of his life, that at one time Uz, or Idumea, his native place, was subject to the incursions of the Sabæans and Chaldeans; but, from a variety of circumstances, we may infer that, with such occasional exceptions, the country in general enjoyed tranquillity and a high state of prosperity. The year and the months were regularly defined. Kings and other great men had been accustomed to build for themselves splendid tombs.^d They possessed great wealth in gold and silver.^e Traditions even then prevailed concerning treasures *anciently* concealed in the earth.^f The vicissitudes of famine brought on by war, which prevented the people from attending to their usual agricultural pursuits, were not unfamiliar to the age.^g They were acquainted with the use of scales,^h and the weaver’s shuttle.ⁱ They made cheese from milk;^k their gardens were protected by ground traps and snares;^l they were accustomed to cut inscriptions on tablets, which were fixed with lead in the faces of rocks;^m they had steel bows for their archers;ⁿ their arrows were kept in quivers; and they bore in battle the spear and shield,^o as well as the sword.^p The combat was animated by the

^a Numbers, xii. 17—21.

^d Job, iii. 14.

^e iii. 15.

^f iii. 21.

^g v. 20.

^h vi. 2.

ⁱ vii. 6.

^k x. 10.

^l xviii. 9, 10.

^m xix. 24.

ⁿ xx. 24.

^o xxxix. 23.

^p xxxix. 22.

sounds of the trumpet. The war horse of Idumea, in those days, is finely described as having 'his neck clothed with thunder.'

"Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth out to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear, and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha! Ha!; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shoutings."

"Idumean history consisted principally of oral traditions; hence the phrase for reference to it was, 'Enquire of the former age, search of your fathers.' That they had already turned their attention to astronomy appears from their being acquainted with the names of several of the constellations, such as Arcturus, Orion, the Pleiades, and the crooked serpent. The regions of the sky below their latitude they mystically described as 'the chambers of the south.' In natural history they were acquainted with the habits of the lion, the eagle, the hawk, the peacock, the ostrich, the grasshopper, the spider, the elephant, (Behemoth), the whale (Leviathan), and other animals. They were conversant with the arts of mining, by which they extracted from the earth gold, silver, and iron. They also manufactured brass, and set a high value on the topaz of Ethiopia, coral, pearl, and rubies, crystal, the onyx, sapphires, and other precious stones, as well as the gold of Ophir, which is supposed to have been a port in the Red Sea, on the coast of Africa. They manufactured oil and wine. The soil was deemed of sufficient value to be divided by land-marks. They were acquainted with the extremes of wealth and poverty, and amused themselves with dancing to the sound of the timbrel, harp, and organ. They had regular tribunals for the trial and punishment of offences. They were acquainted with the use of money. They had even advanced so far in the ways of luxury as to have ointments, to wear gold earrings, and to possess looking-glasses formed of polished metals. They had a clear idea of a future world of happiness and of punishment; and amongst no people do we find such sublime descriptions of the works and majesty of the Omnipotent, as amongst the Idumeans."—pp. 6-11.

Indeed, Edom, which may be deemed to be but another name for the district comprehended within the proper boundaries of Arabia Petraea, may be considered as the cradle of the world.

• xxxix. 24.

• xxxix. 20—25.

• viii. 8.

• xxxvii. 31, 32.

• xxvi. 18.

• ix. 9.

• xxviii. 1, 2.

• iil. 12.

• xxviii. 19.

• xxviii. 6, 16, 17, 18.

• xxiv. 11.

• xxiv. 2.

• xxiv. 4.

• xxi. 11, 12.

• xii. 17-27; xxix. 7.

• xli. 11.

• xli. 31.

• xli. 31.

• xxxvii. 18,

• xi. 8.

At the period of the destruction of Jerusalem, the Edomites, or Idumeans, as they are indiscriminately called, were almost as numerous as the Jews, and infinitely more wealthy, as they had amassed immense riches by their commercial pursuits. Petra, their capital, was the great emporium for trade between the merchants of Tyre and Sidon and the whole of the East. As far back as the time of Solomon, who is supposed to have died in the year 975, B.C., the Idumean cities of Esion-Gaber, and Eloth, were highly frequented marts. The latter still retains its name on the neighbouring gulph of the Red Sea, and the former is presumed to be identical with El Akaba.

"Dr. Vincent, (says the translator) in his *Commerce of the Ancients*,* describes Petra as, 'the capital of Edom or Seir, the Idumea or Arabia Petraea of the Greeks, the Nabatea considered both by geographers, historians, and poets, as the source of all the precious commodities of the East.' 'The caravans, in all ages, from Minea in the interior of Arabia, and from Gerrha on the Gulf of Persia, from Hadramaut on the ocean, and even from Sabea in Yemen, appear to have pointed to Petra as a common centre; and from Petra the trade seems to have branched out into every direction, to Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, through Arsinoe, Gaza, Tyre, Jerusalem, Damascus, and a variety of intermediate routes that all terminated on the Mediterranean. There is every proof that is requisite, to shew that the Tyrians and Sidonians were the first merchants who introduced the produce of India to all the nations which encircled the Mediterranean: so is there the strongest evidence to prove that the Tyrians obtained all their commodities from Arabia. But, if Arabia was the centre of this commerce, Petra was the point to which all the Arabians tended from the three sides of their vast peninsula.† At a period subsequent to the commencement of the Christian era, there always reigned at Petra, according to Strabo, a king of the royal lineage, with whom a prince was associated in the government.‡ It was a place of great strength in the time of the Romans. Pompey marched against it, but desisted from the attack; and Trajan afterwards besieged it. It was a metropolitan see, to which several bishoprics were attached in the time of the Greek emperors, when Idumea was included in the third Palestine."—pp. 17, 18.

And yet so literally have the predictions which we have quoted been carried into effect, that until comparatively a few years ago, Petra had been almost forgotten by mankind; it had become "a little one among the nations, despicable among men."

"Vague traditions only had diffused the belief that a city still existed there which surpassed in extent and magnificence the queen of the East, the celebrated Palmyra. The tribes who dwelt at some distance around it, influenced by absurd prejudices which they had inherited from their forefathers, cautiously abstained from visiting it

* Vol. xi. p. 263.

† Ib. 260—262.

‡ Strabo, p. 779.

themselves, and absolutely forbade its approach to others. The prohibition announced by Edom to Israel, "*Thou shalt not go through,*" seemed destined never to be removed.

"Even in the time of Volney, Arabia Petræa had not been visited by any traveller. The Arabs of Bakir, and the inhabitants of Gaza, who frequently traversed the road of the pilgrims to Maan and Kerek, reported that within three days' journey to the south-east of the Dead Sea, there were upwards of thirty ruined towns absolutely deserted. Some of these towns they described as distinguished by large edifices, decorated with numerous columns. Upon rare occasions the Arabs, it was said, made use of those buildings as places of refuge for their cattle, but in general they avoided them, on account of the enormous scorpions with which they swarmed."—pp. 4, 5.

The first modern traveller who attempted to explore Petra was Seetzen, a German, who assumed the name of Moosa. In the year 1807, he made an excursion as far as Akaba, where he died, as it is supposed, from the effect of poison. Mr. Joliffe, Sir Frederick Henniker, and the Cavaliere Frediani, were equally ~~unsuccessful~~. In 1811, Burckhardt, as we have already stated, obtained a mere glimpse of the marvellous ruins of Petra, but nothing more. Messrs. Banks, Legh, Irby and Mangles, have the merit of being the first persons, travelling as Europeans, who have made researches at Petra to any extent. Their stay at that place, however, was so short, not more than two days, that they were obliged to leave some of the most important monuments altogether unexamined. At length, in the year 1828, M. Leon de Laborde, accompanied by his friend M. Linant, was so fortunate as to have been enabled to dedicate eight full days to the exploration of these ruins, without meeting with any interruption from the native tribes who dwell near them. Those gentlemen made drawings of almost every object worth attention; and from amongst their labours in this way, a selection was made of the most striking designs, which were admirably lithographed in Paris, and published, in a large folio volume, by Giard in the year 1830. The prints, to which others were added connected with their journey through various part of Arabia Petræa, form altogether a collection of nearly seventy plates. M. de Laborde accompanied the plates with descriptions more or less minute, to which he added a ~~a~~ Topographical Journal of his expedition from Suez to Akaba, and to the whole he prefixed a long Introduction, in which he has very fully investigated the primitive condition of Arabia Petræa. It has been the business of the translator to interweave the whole of these materials into one continuous narrative: A work which, in its original folio size and disjointed form, was altogether inaccessible to the generality of readers, and unsatisfactory even to the few who could obtain it,

he has thrown into a shape which brings it within the reach of every person belonging to the educated classes of society. He has added to it a Preface, in which the principal passages in the Prophecies relating to Edom are placed by the side of some of the descriptions of what MM. De Laborde and Linant actually saw in that country, and has thus shown the wonderful and almost literal coincidence between the prediction and its fulfilment—between the history of what now exists, with the vision of it which was revealed two thousand five hundred years ago. To the translator we are also indebted for two interesting chapters, at the commencement of the volume, in which the early state of Idumea is depicted from the book of Job and other authorities, and a summary is given of the researches made at Petra by Messrs. Irby and Mangles and their companions. The style of the whole work is so thoroughly English, that it never occurred to us for a moment while we were perusing it, that any portion of its pages was a version from the French.

The plates and wood-cuts which ornament this account of Idumea, are of course reduced in size as compared with those given by M. De Laborde; but they are much more neatly executed. They are nearly as numerous as in the original. Indeed nothing of importance to the illustration of the work is omitted. The typography is in Spottiswoode's best style. A more elegant looking book, or one more valuable in every point of view has not for many years issued from the press. It will doubtless be universally considered as an indispensable companion to the Bible.

Having made all necessary arrangements at Cairo for their journey, our travellers departed from that city on the morning of the 25th of February, 1828, mounted on dromedaries, and attended by several Tohrat and Arabian guides. They pursued their way to Suez, crossed the Red Sea, and entered the Desert. After surveying the curious ruins of Sarbout-el-Cadem, they began to penetrate those numerous ravines and vallies which so peculiarly characterize Arabia Petraea, and render it indeed a wilderness, or rather a labyrinth, through which it would be impossible for a stranger to make any progress without the assistance of persons well acquainted with the country. The following description of the valley of Zackal, is pretty generally applicable to these almost subterraneous passages.

"We emerged from Wady Cheick, and after having crossed the ridge of a mountain, which forms a grand point of intersection between two declivities, we descended into the valley of Zackal, which continues on to the gulf of Akaba. The route on which we now entered was the most singular that the imagination can picture. The valley, shut in within a width of about fifty paces by masses of granite,

of from a thousand to twelve hundred feet in height, which often rose like perpendicular walls even to their very tops, exhibited the appearance of a Cyclopean street, the ravines branching out from which, on each side, seemed to be adjoining streets, all belonging to some ancient and abandoned town. The extraordinary shapes and immensity of the masses accumulated on the right and left were calculated to terrify, and almost overwhelm the mind; an effect which was not a little augmented by the enormous fissures that occurred here and there, presenting huge fragments which had tumbled from the summit of the mountain. The silence prevailing all round us was that of the grave: the wind was unheard amidst these almost subterraneous passages, the sun touched with its golden hue only the most elevated points, and the tranquillity of the place would have been undisturbed, had not every step, and every sound of our voices, been re-echoed from the steeps on each side as we pursued our way.

"This curious passage, of which it is difficult to write an intelligible description, leads by a gentle, continued declivity to the coast of the Red Sea, amidst the palm trees of Dahab, which without any assistance from cultivation are constantly increasing in number, at a point where the sand and the rocks driven down through the valley by the winter torrents form a boundary to the sea. This place I take to be the Midian of Jethro. It is now inhabited only by four poor Arabs, and now and then visited by a few wretched caravans, which come to its well for water."—pp. 89-91.

The caravans were already in sight of the fortress of Akaba, where they were hospitably received. Their first business there was to enter into communication with Abou Raschid, a redoubtable sheick, who was renowned throughout all that part of Arabia Petrea. It was necessary to obtain his protection, which could alone give them any security for the accomplishment of the object they had in view. While their messengers were employed in taking letters to the sheick, and returning with his answer, Messrs. Laborde and Linant made excursions into the valleys of Sinai. On leaving the fortress the first time for this purpose, the governor and his colleagues in authority, who took a generous interest in the welfare of the travellers, gravely remonstrated with them on their imprudence, in thus exposing their lives to certain destruction.

"They argued, that to travel in the desert was quite a different thing from travelling in Egypt; that in Egypt we might lay our purse down in the morning in the middle of the high road, and that on returning in the evening we should be sure to find it in the same place untouched; but that in the desert, especially on the route which we proposed to take, they were convinced we should be pursued by vagabond Arabs, who would attack us in the night-time. They therefore strongly advised us to abandon our intention. We replied, that well armed as we were, and accustomed to keep watch in turn during the

night, we had nothing to fear, but at the same time we thanked them for their advice. They heaved a sigh, and wished us a safe journey, declaring aloud, that they, for their part, had done their duty, and acquitted themselves of all responsibility."—p. 100.

The travellers were absent from Akaba about a fortnight, during which period they visited the island of Graia, in the Red Sea, and the magnificent valley of El Henek. On their march they occasionally hunted the oueber, a small animal which, from the representation given of it, we should call a Guinea-pig, but to which M. de Laborde gives the poetical name of the gazelle. It certainly is not like the gazelle usually so called, of which several specimens have been imported into this country. A few days after their return to Akaba, their messengers came back with tidings that they could not meet with the sheick, Abou Raschid, who was absent from the encampment of his tribe, the Alaouins, he having left it upon an expedition to obtain satisfaction from the Benisackers for a robbery committed on a herd belonging to one of his kinsmen; but that they had successfully negotiated with Aboudjazi, the next man in importance among the Alaouins, who was known to possess great influence over the Fellahs of Wady Mousa, the vale of Moses, as the ruined city of Petra is usually designated by the Arabs. Shortly afterwards, Aboudjazi, a fine patriarchal-looking personage, attended by a brother and four nephews of Abou Raschid, with a whole "tail" of Alaouins, entered the fortress. A divan was held with due ceremony, and it was arranged, says M. de Laborde, that "we should go to Wady Mousa."

"We had nothing more to insist upon, except a clear understanding as to the time we were to remain at Petra. We were resolved on having this point fixed beforehand, and to make it one of the conditions upon which the liberality of our reward should depend when we returned. A sojourn for any time in the valley of Mousa was denied to all our predecessors; but it was the only means by which we could hope to render our journey useful. We did not intend merely to see Petra, but also, as our Arabs said, to carry it away in our portfolios. This matter was attended with as little difficulty as the others. 'Please God,' exclaimed Aboudjazi, 'you shall remain there twenty days—a month if you like!' No bargain was made as to the amount of pecuniary compensation we were to give: that was left over for future settlement, according to the discretion of each party. Our departure was fixed for the next day." p. 131.

As no resources whatever were to be found on the route which the travellers were to pursue, they were obliged to take with them a considerable store of beans, flour, rice, butter, and coffee. The course lay through Wady Araba, supposed, with every degree of probability, to have been, in the primitive ages, the channel through which the Jordan flowed to the Red Sea, before it became

absorbed in the Dead Sea. They encamped for the night near the great valley of Cherif Hadid.

"The night passed over quietly, and the cold of the morning had warned us to rise, when we found beneath the carpet which formed our bed, a large scorpion of a yellow colour, and three inches in length. When he was detected, he endeavoured to effect his escape, though not with a rapidity sufficient to ensure his safety; but our Arabs did not wish that he should be killed. I had already observed, on other occasions, a singular feeling of benevolence amongst these people; but I did not imagine that it extended to such obnoxious animals. It is remarkable, that a religion fraught with enthusiasm, founded by the force of arms, by conquest and the effusion of blood, and which maintains itself by its fanatical and warlike spirit, should have adopted and preserved principles of so much amenity. In a country where the life of man weighs so lightly in the scale of power, one is astonished to meet with so much tenderness towards the inferior animals, even those which religion proscribes, or which are troublesome, and sometimes dangerous from their habits of attacking every thing that comes in their way. The Arabian told us that scorpions and serpents abound in this part of the desert.

"When the Israelites were defeated by the Amalekites and the Canaanites, and refused admission into the country of the Edomites, they descended into Wady Araba, the way from the Red Sea, in order to turn Idumea. Already wearied by the continued privations which they experienced during an expedition that appeared at first so inviting, from the fertility of the countries they passed through, on arriving in this valley their sufferings were still farther augmented by the multitude of serpents which assailed them on all sides. The fact thus recorded in the Scriptures is fully confirmed by the report of the Arabs, as well as by the vast numbers of those reptiles which we found two leagues to the east of this place, on our return to Akaba.

"These reptiles are expressly mentioned in Deuteronomy:—'Who led thee through the great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought, where there was no water: who brought thee forth water out of the rock of flint?'"—pp. 137, 138.

With the exception of a few patches of verdure, which they met with in the valley of Garandel, the country through which the caravans wound their way was a "bleak wilderness." At length they arrived within view of the summit of Mount Hor, upon which, according to a very ancient tradition, is situated the tomb of Aaron. It overlooks Petra, of which the first view is thus described:

"We wound round a peak, surmounted by a single tree. The view from that point exhibited a vast frightful desert—a chaotic sea, the waves of which were petrified. Following the beaten road, we saw before us

Mount Hor,* crowned by the tomb of the prophet, if we are to credit the ancient traditions preserved by the people of that country. Several large and ruinous excavations, which are seen in the way, may arrest the attention of a traveller who is interested by such objects, and has no notion of those still concealed from his view by the curtain of rocks which extends before him. But at length the road leads him to the heights above one more ravine, whence he discovers within his horizon

* "About the beginning of May, in the fourteenth month from the time of their departure from Egypt, the children of Israel quitted the vicinity of Mount Horeb, and under the guidance of Hophab, the Midianite, brother-in-law of Moses, marched to Kadesh, a place on the frontiers of Canaan, of Edom, and of the desert of Paran of Zin. Not long after their arrival, 'at the time of the first ripe grapes,' or about the beginning of August, spies were sent into every part of the cultivated country, as far north as Hamah. The report which they brought back was no less favourable to the fertility of the land, than it was discouraging by its description of the warlike spirit and preparation of the inhabitants, and of the strength of the fortified places: and the Israelites having in consequence refused to follow their leaders into Canaan, were punished by that long wandering in the deserts lying between Egypt, Judea, and Mount Sinai, of which the sacred historian has *not* given us any details, but the tradition of which is still preserved in the name of El Tyh, the road to the whole country; both to the desert plains, and to the mountains lying between them and Mount Sinai.

"In the course of their residence in the neighbourhood of Kadesh, the Israelites obtained some advantages over the neighbouring Canaanites; but giving up at length all hope of penetrating by the frontier, which lies between Gaza and the Dead Sea, they turned to the eastward, with a view of making a circuit through the countries on the southern and eastern sides of the lake. Here, however, they found the difficulty still greater; Mount Seir of Edom, which under the modern names of Djebel, SHERA, and HESMA, forms a ridge of mountains, extending from the southern extremity of the Dead Sea to the gulf of Akaba, rises abruptly from the valleys El Ghor and El Araba, and is traversed from west to east by a few narrow Wadys only, among which the Gheoyr alone furnishes an entrance that would not be extremely difficult to a hostile force. This perhaps was the 'high way,' by which Moses, aware of the difficulty of forcing a passage, and endeavouring to obtain his object by negotiation, requested the Edomites to let him pass, on the condition of his leaving the fields and vineyards untouched, and of purchasing provisions and water from the inhabitants. But Edom 'refused to give Israel passage through his border,' and 'came out against him with much people, and with a strong hand.' The situation of the Israelites, therefore, was very critical. Unable to force their way in either direction, and having enemies on three sides, (the Edomites in front, and the Canaanites and Amalckites on their left flank and rear), no alternative remained for them but to follow the valley El Araba southwards, towards the head of the Red Sea. At Mount Hor, which rises abruptly from that valley, 'by the coast of the land of Edom,' Aaron died, and was buried in a conspicuous situation, which tradition has preserved as the site of his tomb to the present day. Israel then 'journeyed from Mount Hor, by the way of the Red Sea, to compass the land of Edom,' 'through the way of the plain from Elath, and from Esiongeber,' until 'they turned and passed by the wilderness of Moab, and arrived at the brook Zered.' It may be supposed that they crossed the ridge to the southward of Esiongeber, about the place which Burckhardt remarked, from the opposite coast, that the mountains were lower there to the northward; and it was in this part of their wandering that they suffered from the serpents, of which our traveller observed the traces of great numbers on the opposite shore of the Ælanitic gulf. The Israelites then issued into the great elevated plains which are traversed by the Egyptian and Syrian pilgrims on the way to Mekka, after they have passed the two Akabas. Having entered these plains, Moses received the divine command. 'You have compassed this mountain long enough, turn you northward.'"—*Burckhardt, Preface*, pp. xiv. xv. xvi.

the most singular spectacle, the most enchanting picture, which nature has wrought in her grandest mood of creation, which men influenced by the vainest dreams of ambition have yet bequeathed to the generations that were to follow them. At Palmyra, nature renders the works of man insignificant by her own immensity and her boundless horizon, within which some hundreds of columns seem entirely lost; here, on the contrary, she appears delighted to set in her own noble frame-work his productions, which aspire, and not unsuccessfully, to harmonize with her own majestic yet fantastic appearance. The spectator hesitates for a moment as to which of the two he is the more to admire—whether he is to accord the preference to nature, who invites his attention to her matchless girdle of rocks, wondrous as well for their colour as their forms, or to the men who feared not to intermingle the works of their genius with such splendid efforts of creative power.

“This would be a proper place for the introduction of details concerning the history of Petra, the vicissitudes which that entrepôt of a former world has undergone, and of its fall from a state of the utmost splendour to one of complete desolation; but the subject is too interesting to be disposed of in a few hasty notices, and the development which it would require would not be consistent with the limits of this work. I shall here merely remind the reader of the eventful prophecy of Jeremiah:—‘Thy terriblest hath deceived thee, and the pride of thine heart, O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock; that holdest the height of the hill: though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, said the Lord.’

“The excavations in the rocks and the character of the sepulchral monuments of Petra are calculated to excite a good deal of attention. Examples of similar constructions are to be found, however; in other countries. India and Egypt exhibit many temples and tombs of great extent wrought in a graceful and magnificent manner. Asia Minor, Syria, Cyrene, Greece, and the whole of the ancient world, furnish various combinations of works of this description; we may even find them amongst modern communities who have no idea of the fine arts. A hollow in a rock becomes their earliest abode: some external ornament marks their first step towards the attainment of style.

“But the monuments of Petra are now before us, and, perhaps, the best commentary upon them will be a succinct description of the principal objects which will be found represented in the plates.”—pp. 147-151.

The reader, before he can understand the descriptions of the monuments which characterize Petra, must imagine himself to be placed in the middle of a deep oblong valley, surrounded apparently on all sides by lofty rocks. A limpid stream flows through the bottom of the valley, which, in the rainy season, becomes a considerable river, and which, at no season of the year, ceases to afford a sufficient supply of water. It was this circumstance, probably, which first induced the Edomites to select this spot for the construction of a city. An additional motive no doubt was

found in the very peculiar advantages, which such a locality afforded, for defending it against any invaders from without. The ordinary passage into the valley is through a long narrow ravine, of which we shall find a notice in due course. The reader is farther to learn, that although a temple, and perhaps one or two other public edifices, as well as a few private houses, were erected in the valley in the usual way, by laying blocks of stone one above another, yet the great majority of the residences of the persons dwelling in Petra, were excavated in the sides of the surrounding mountains. In this manner also many temples, theatres, and other accommodations for the citizens of Petra, were formed; their receptacles for the dead, which were numberless, were hollowed out from the rocks in a similar fashion. Upon the temples, theatres, and tombs, infinite labour seems to have been expended. The tombs, especially, were wrought with a degree of care which betokens a taste for luxury and splendour unequalled in any other country.

“ We searched amongst this multitude of tombs, now open to every visitor, for one which might afford us a convenient place of residence. We had thus before us a complete picture of life: a journey—its halting place, the grave. While passing along these rocks, we perceived, at a short distance from the ruined temple, an excavation, the unfinished state of which attracted our attention. It afforded a clue to the plan which was pursued in the construction of the other monuments. The rock was at first cut down in a perpendicular direction, leaving buttresses on each side, which preserved their original form. The front, which was thus made smooth, was next marked out, according to the style of the architecture adopted for the purpose; and then the capitals of the columns were fashioned. Thus the monuments of Petra, so peculiar in appearance, and so different in many respects from other ruins of antiquity, are still more strongly characterised by the extraordinary mode in which they were constructed, the workmen beginning at the top and finishing at the bottom. It was, in fact, necessary to proceed in that way, by separating from the rock the upper part of the column in the first instance, allowing the weight of the material to rest on the ground until the monument was completed.

“ With respect to the tomb in question, it seems probable that the great expence of the work, exceeding perhaps the means of the family to which it belonged, caused them to give up the idea of completing it externally. A large door, however, was opened at the bottom, where an entire chamber was excavated; and the places for bodies which were formed in it, show that in its actual condition, whether good or bad, it was made use of for the reception of the dead. It was truly a strange spectacle,—a city filled with tombs, some scarcely begun, some finished, looking as new and as fresh as if they had just come from the hands of the sculptor; while others seemed to be the abode of lizards, fallen into ruin and covered with brambles. One would be inclined to think that

the former population had no employment which was not connected with death, and that they had been all surprised by death during the performance of some funeral solemnities."—pp. 156-158.

After taking a bird's-eye view of this marvellous place, M. de Laborde and his companion proceeded to examine it in detail.

"Proceeding towards the west, we followed the brook of Wady Mousa. At that season, the little river flowed tranquilly through its bed of sand and rocks; but we observed traces of its impetuosity during the rainy season, in the stones heaped on its banks, as well as in the remains of the strong walls which were formerly erected, in order to prevent it from inundating the valley. In fact, that part of the valley was the only one that presented a level space; and this the inhabitants sought to extend as much as possible, in order to construct upon it a continuation of their forum, or rather a grand avenue, bordered on each side by sumptuous monuments. Hence the river passes under a vaulted covering, and the square extends over both banks, the pavement being formed of large slabs. The collection of temples and tombs which were to be seen from that place all round the horizon, must have presented a most significant spectacle when Petra was in its glory.

"At the commencement of the level part of the valley we found the ruins of a triumphal arch: I took a sketch of the way by which we came from the Palace of Pharaoh, placing in the foreground the most elevated pilaster of the former erection. We saw through the arch the ancient paved way, and on the right the river of Wady Mousa, which loses itself among the rocks. The ornaments of the pilasters still remaining, resemble in some degree those of the triumphal arch which terminates the colonnade of Palmyra on the eastern side. The *debris* and fragments of bas-reliefs strewed around appear to be sufficient to permit a restoration of this monument, which might be easily accomplished. The arch, however, so restored, would not be a very pleasing object to contemplate, as it would have to be reconstructed in an obsolete style, overcharged with ornament.

"Viewed from this side, the arch presents itself under a more favourable aspect, at the same time that its position becomes more striking. Its extravagant details are no longer seen, and the ground of the picture is well filled up by the grand line of rocks pierced for enormous tombs. The walls constructed on each side of the river are conspicuous to the east, and its waters are perceived entering the scene amidst trees and rocks. We continued our course through the ruins of these monuments, which time and man, who is also an active destroyer of his own works, had scattered in confusion. Amongst them we easily distinguished a colossal temple, whose entire destruction appeared to be spontaneous, for its ruins were placed in an order analogous to the positions which they had occupied in the building. Here are columns whose different component parts, from the base to the capital, follow each other on the ground, and near the latter are the *entablatures*, as well as the *cornices*, which it had sustained. Here also are seen the foundations uncovered,

which seem waiting for the first layer of stones. It looks like a vast pile asleep, ready to get up.

"The brook of Wady Mousa, turning to the right, that is to say, to the south, enters a ravine, which gradually narrows as we advance through it. Excavations, not indeed of the most elegant description, but numerous beyond calculation, here present themselves on all sides. The excavation, however, that most excited our attention, was a vast theatre* in the bosom of the mountain, surmounted, and in some degree sheltered, by the rocks. To scoop out a theatre in the side of a mountain seems to be an enterprise of infinite labour; but to form it thus from a rocky substance, is an enterprise still more astonishing. The benches, though worn by use, and by the waters which run over them from the heights, are pretty well preserved, and permit an accurate plan to be taken of the interior. The situation of the stage may be easily ascertained; and we saw, also, several bases of columns, the original position of which it was not difficult to conjecture. But what surprised us most, was the selection of such a spot for a place of amusement, considering the prospect it afforded on all sides of ~~death~~ and its mansions, which touch the very sides of the theatre. What a strange habit of mind the people of Petra must have possessed, thus to familiarise themselves so constantly to the idea of death, as Mithridates accustomed himself to poison, in order to render himself insensible to its effects!"—pp. 159-163.

M. de Laborde then describes the ravine-entrance to Petra, to which we have already alluded.

"The only entrance to Petra is through a narrow ravine cut through the rocks, and bordered on each side by superb tombs.

"This ravine, so curious in its conformation, was produced, doubtless, in the first instance, by some interior movement, but completed and rendered regular by the influence of torrents, which have formed similar channels in all parts of Arabia Petrea. The natural conformation of the valley, and of this opening to it, sufficiently explains the cause of its having been selected as a suitable place for a city. In the remote ages, when men were engaged in perpetual wars, and plunder was the order of the day, it was no small advantage to a community, to find a position

* "The position of the theatre has been mentioned; it is the first object which presents itself to the traveller on entering Petra from the eastward. It is entirely hewn out of the live rock; the diameter of the podium is one hundred and twenty feet, the number of seats thirty-three, and of the cuniff three. There was no break, and consequently no vomitories. The scene, unfortunately, was built, and not excavated; the whole is full, and the bases of four columns only remain on its interior face. The theatre is surrounded by sepulchres; every avenue leading to it is full of them, and one may safely say, that a hundred of the largest dimensions are visible from it. Indeed, throughout almost every quarter of this metropolis, the depositories of the dead must have presented themselves constantly to the eyes of the inhabitants, and have almost outnumbered the habitations of the living; there is a long line of them not far from the theatre, at such an angle as not to be comprehended in the view from it, but which must have formed a principal object for the city itself."—*Irby and Mangles*, p. 428.

which presented a considerable surface, enriched by an abundant stream, and hemmed in by a girdle of rocks, to which there was no ingress, except through a ravine so narrow, that a few men, stationed on the top of the mountain, might prevent any enemy, however numerous, from effecting an entrance into the town. When the Nabatheans grew to be a powerful people, the importance of this position became more obvious, as they had to guard themselves not only against the jealousy of the neighbouring tribes, but also against the desire of conquest, which animated more distant nations.

"We perceived two tombs on the left, which are distinguishable from the others by a peculiar style, as well as by a Greek inscription, engraved in large characters on the architrave. An interpretation of this inscription would be the more valuable, inasmuch as all those which were originally traced on the funereal monuments of Petra, are effaced by time; but I have hitherto failed in my endeavours to decipher these characters, and several enlightened Hellenists, who were anxious to assist me, have not been more fortunate.

"Pursuing our way to the south, after quitting the city, we followed the winding of the ravine, and came within view of what may be called the wonders of antiquity. Critics are doubtless sometimes inclined to accuse a traveller of exaggeration or folly, who attempts, by elaborate descriptions, to enhance the merit of his exertions, or the value of his discoveries. But, in this case, the views, drawn with great care on the spot, will show the representation to be perfectly conformable to truth, which, if it had been described in writing, with the greatest precision, would seem to be an exaggeration. My friend drew this astonishing work—the Khasné, or, as the natives call it, the 'Treasury of Pharaoh,'—from the point whence it is first seen on turning from the road. In this way it presents rather a side view, permitting the bottom of the ravine to be included in the picture, and a flight of steps, which lead to some unimportant ruins. The other view, taken in front, and from the entrance of the ravine, represents it as it was intended by the founder to appear to strangers on their first approach to Petra.

"What a people must they not have been, who thus opened the mountain, to stamp upon it the seal of their energy and genius! What a climate too, which gilds with its light the graceful forms of a great variety of sculptures, without suffering its winters to crumble their sharp edges, or to reduce in the least their high reliefs! Silence reigns all around, save when the solitary owl now and then utters his plaintive cry. The Arab passes through the scene with perfect indifference, scarcely deigning to look at works executed with so much ability, or to meditate, except with contempt, upon the uselessness of so much labour expended on an object which he in vain seeks to comprehend."—pp. 164-186.

No verbal description can do justice to the Khasné. Even the designs of it, which will be found in the work before us, as in the original folio volume, though very carefully executed, fall

far short of the impression which it is said to produce upon the eye of a spectator.

“ It is impossible, however, by any sketches, to convey to the mind of a person who has not visited Petra, a just impression of the magical effect produced on the eye by the harmonious tints of the stone of which the Khasné is composed, standing out as it does in a limpid rosy hue, detached from the rough and sombre colour of the mountain. Who can represent those grand outlines, here and there abruptly broken by the jagged forms of the rocks, or renew those traces of ancient splendour that characterise this fine picture, placed in the great avenue to the city, in order that it might be seen by the whole community, in contrast with the solitude of the ravine, which seems well calculated to heighten its grandeur ?

“ The Arabs, as I have said, call this tomb the ‘ Treasury of Pharaoh.’ It was in consonance with the usual turn of their minds, after having examined in vain all the coffins of the funereal monuments, to search for the place where Pharaoh, the founder of such costly edifices, had buried his wealth. They found the depository, as they conceived, at last, in the urn which is seen surmounting the Khasné. Here, thought they, all the riches of that great sovereign must be preserved. Unhappily, being out of their reach, it has served only the more to kindle their desires. Hence, whenever they pass through the ravine, they stop for a moment, charge their guns, aim at the urn, and endeavour, by firing at it, to break off some fragments, with a view to demolish it altogether, and get at the treasure which it is supposed to contain. The urn, however, resists all their attacks ; and when they have discharged their pieces in vain, they go away murmuring against the giant king, who had the cunning to place his treasure at a distance of a hundred and twenty feet above their heads.

“ This monument is sculptured out of an enormous and compact block of freestone, slightly tinged with oxyde of iron. Its preservation is due to the protection which the adjacent rocks and upper vault afford it against the winds and rains. The statues, and the bases of the columns, alone exhibit signs of deterioration, caused by humidity, which corrodes the parts that are most in relief, or are nearest to the earth. It is to this influence we are to attribute the fall of one of the columns, which was attached to the pediment ; it would have drawn down with it the whole monument, if it had been built, and not hollowed out from the rock. Hence only a void has been occasioned, which does not impair the general effect. The prostrate fragments were rather useful to us in their fallen state, inasmuch as they enabled us, by the dimensions of the shaft and capital, to ascertain the probable height of the column, which we could not otherwise have fixed with any precision.

“ On beholding so splendid a front, we expected that the interior would correspond with it in every respect, but we were disappointed. Some steps lead to a chamber, the door of which is seen under the peristyle : although regularly chiselled and in good proportion, the walls are rough ; the doors have no frame-work ; the whole, in fact, seems to

have been abandoned as soon as it was executed. There are two lateral chambers; one of which, to the left, is irregularly formed; the other presents two hollows, which appear to have been intended for two coffins, perhaps those of the founders of the monument, which were placed provisionally in this little rock, until the more magnificent receptacle, which they had in their vanity intended for themselves, should be completed.

"The brook, which flowed with a gentle murmur at the foot of this wonderful effort of human labour, reminded us that we had still to explore the ruins which surround its source, and border its current on both sides. Our guides went before us, occasionally calling our attention to the large slabs, indicating here and there the ancient pavement, which conferred upon the ravine, though at present so savage in its appearance, and incumbered with ruins, the character of a fine avenue created by nature, and improved to magnificence by the skill and industry of man. After making many turns through this almost subterraneous street, the rocks, at the top nearly touching each other, and after having previously felt a degree of admiration which seemed incapable of being exceeded, we were enchanted by the view of an object, which I should in vain endeavour to describe. A grand triumphal arch, erected over the ravine, after the fashion of the ancients, who usually constructed similar arches at the entrance to their cities, boldly spans the two lofty walls of rock on each side. The savage wildness of the situation has no parallel. The impression which it produces at the moment of entering this almost covered way, is inexpressible.*

"The novel arrangement of this arch, induced me at first to suppose, that it served as a bridge from one side of the ravine to the other, or as a conduit for the waters to an aqueduct which was formed along the face of the rocks. I ascended to it, by a steep and rugged path, with great difficulty; but I found nothing to justify the idea that the arch had been intended for any other purpose than as an ornament to the capital."—pp. 169-173.

Upon one of the most gracefully executed of these monuments, M. de Laborde discovered a Latin inscription carved on a tablet, containing the name of Quintus Prætextus Florentinus, who died at Petra, while he was governor of that part of Arabia. It appears to be about the time of Adrian, or of Antoninus Pius. At every step the author and his companions took, in examining the remains of this once splendid capital, they had occasion to admire the arrangements which had been made for facilitating, by means of stairs cut in the rocks, the ascent and descent of the declivities. These footways appeared to have been wrought by the ancient inhabitants with indefatigable industry. Nothing appeared to them too laborious, that was calculated to improve the access to their funeral monuments. To the great tomb, which the Arabs

* A view of this arch on the ravine is given in the Landscape Illustrations to the Bible.

called El Deir, or the Convent, an approach was cut through piles of rocks, exhibiting a wide and superb stair-case, which extended over a space of more than fifteen hundred feet. We shall first give Messrs Irby and Mangle's account of the impression which the distant view of this monument produced upon their minds.

"There is no part of the landscape which the eye wanders over with more curiosity and delight than the crags of Mount Hor itself, which stand up on every side in the most rugged and fantastic forms; sometimes strangely piled one on the other, and sometimes as strangely yawning in clefts of a frightful depth. In the midst of this chaos there rises into sight one finished work, distinguished by profuseness of ornament, and richness of detail. It is the same which has been described as visible from other elevated points, but which we were never able to arrive at; it bears north-east half north from this spot, but the number and intricacy of the vallies and ravines, which we supposed might have led us to it, baffled all our attempts. ~~No guide was to be found.~~ With the assistance of the glass we made out the facade to be larger to all appearance than that of the temple at the eastern approach, and nowise inferior to it in richness and beauty. It is hewn out of the rock, and seemed to be composed of two tiers of columns, of which the upper range is Ionic; the centre of the monument is crowned with a vase of a gigantic proportion: the whole appeared to be in a high state of preservation; it may perhaps be an ornament to the northern approach to the city, similarly situated to that on the eastern side from Mount Hor."—*Irby and Mangles*, pp. 438, 439.

Their successors, however, were more fortunate, in being able to explore this extraordinary specimen of human labour, which, ample though it be in its dimensions, seems to have been hollowed out from a single compact block of stone.

"No traveller had yet approached this monument. Burckhardt appears to have known nothing of it. Mr Banks and his friends were unable to visit it, and were obliged to content themselves with having seen it at the distance of half a league through a telescope. We were, therefore, the first to explore this astonishing work of art.

"Sculptured in relief on the rock, it exhibits a compact mass, a monolithic monument, in fact, of enormous dimensions, by way of ornament in front of the mountain. Its preservation is perfect; it would be difficult to say as much for its style. The vastness of its dimensions, however, compensate in some degree for its defects; and even the fantastic character which it presents is curious with reference to the history of the arts, when compared with the different edifices which were constructed about the time of their revival. It forms a link between their decline in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and their restoration in the fifteenth. Upon examination, one would be inclined to conclude that the projectors of this work, inspired by a purer taste than belonged to their age, had recourse, not indeed to the fountain-head of the arts,

nor even to the beauties of some of the monuments which they might have found at home, and which might have served them as models, but only to that stage at which the architects went astray from the true and only path that conducted to perfection. Hence they made but a half step towards it, taking the scale of the art, not from its highest but its lowest degree; thus returning towards purity of style through the same gradations by which it had descended at the period of its decline.

“While I was copying this grand architectural production, M. Linant took its measurements; we then examined its environs. In front of it here is a lofty rock, to which an artificial ascent is formed; we found on the top, on a level platform, a line of columns, the bases of which are still in their places, and a subterraneous chamber, at the bottom of which there is a niche, sculptured with great care, though in an extremely defective style. From this platform we enjoyed a most extensive view; the eye commanding, on the one side, the monument of El Deir and the valley of Mousa, and on the other, the chaos of rocks which are piled at the foot of Mount Hor.”—pp. 181-183.

The travellers having left no monument of any importance unexamined, and having attracted the notice of the Fellahs, who began to hover about their path, threatening them with the plague by which the tribe was at that period affected, took their departure from Petra, which they effected without any molestation.

“The camels having been assembled around our funereal habitation, they were loaded; and the whole of this strange caravan of curious travellers, who had encamped for eight days in the mystic valley of tombs, departed furtively in the evening, apprehensive, as it were, of disturbing the silence which dwelt amongst them. The isolated column projected its shadow to a distance, and we had scarcely reached the top of the ravine when the sun was gilding, with its last rays, the higher rocks and their singular ornaments. By degrees the ruins were concealed in the increasing shade; then the more elevated mountains and their more prominent points, until the whole disappeared in the darkness of night, leaving behind them that painful impression of melancholy on our minds, which is always felt at the moment when a sublime spectacle vanishes from the view.”—p. 190.

We have here, therefore, a clear fulfilment of the curse pronounced upon Idumea and its cities by the prophets. “A line shall be stretched out upon it to bring it to nothing.” “The nobles,” for whom, doubtless, the most costly of the tombs were executed, “shall not be there;” “all the princes thereof shall be nothing.” They have even no memorial in history. Is not Petra, as it now stands, ample evidence of the fact that “Esau” has indeed been “laid bare?” that “his brethren and his neighbours and he,” who, it is written, “shall not be,” have absolutely disappeared from the face of the earth, without leaving behind them a single link to connect them with the living gene-

rations of mankind? Had Petra, like Babylon, been built of materials artificially composed or shaped by human hands, the destruction of it in the lapse of ages would be in the ordinary course of things. But here was a city cut out of the living rock—executed from mountains, in themselves imperishable—with a copious stream of excellent water—a great desideratum in that part of Asia—running through it, and affording, at this moment, the same facilities for residence which induced the descendants of Esau originally to settle there; and yet we see that it has become “a desolation,” “an everlasting waste.” “O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, and endeavourest to lay hold on the height of the hill: but though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as an eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord. And Edom shall be desolate: every one that shall pass by it shall be astonished.”

Keith’s remarks upon this interesting subject deserve the reader’s attention.

“When, in the streets of Jerusalem, the people shouted hosannahs to the Son of David, and while some of the Pharisees among the people said unto him, ‘Master, rebuke thy disciples,’ he answered and said unto them, ‘I tell you that if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.’ And in an infidel age, while many modern cities and nations disowned the authority of the God of Israel, and disbelieved his word, those of ancient times stood forth anew before the world, like witnesses arisen from the dead, to shew the authority, the power, and the truth of his word over them, and to raise a warning and instructive voice to the *cities of the nations*, lest they too should become the monuments of the wrath which they have defied. And when men would not hear of hosannahs to the Son of David, or of divine honours to the name of Christ, deserts immediately spake and rocks cried out, and, responding to the voice of the prophets, testified of them who testified of Jesus. The capital of Edom, as well as those of other ancient kingdoms, was heard of again; and its rocks now send forth a voice that may well reach unto the ends of the earth.”—*Keith’s Evidence of Prophecy*, pp. 210, 211.

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“The aliens of Judah ever look with wistful eyes to the land of their fathers; but no Edomite is now to be found to dispute the right of any animal to the possession of it, or to banish the owl from the temples and palaces of Edom. But the House of Esau did remain, and existed in great power, till after the commencement of the Christian era, a period far too remote from the date of the prediction for their subsequent history to have been foreseen by man. The Idumeans were soon after mingled with the Nabatheans. And in the third century their language was disused, and their very name, as designating any people, had utterly perished; and their country itself having become an outcast

from Syria, among whose kingdoms it had long been numbered, was united to Arabia Petræa. Though the descendants of the twin-born Esau and Jacob have met a diametrically opposite fate, the fact is no less marvellous and undisputed, than the prediction in each case is alike obvious and true. While the posterity of Jacob have been "dispersed in every country under heaven," and are "scattered among all nations," and have ever remained distinct from them all, and while it is also declared that "a full end will never be made of them;" the Edomites, though they existed as a nation for more than seventeen hundred years, have, as a period of nearly equal duration has proved, *been cut off for ever*; and while Jews are in every land, *there is not any remaining*, on any spot of earth, *of the house of Esau*.

"Idumea, in aid of a neighbouring state, did send forth, on a sudden, an army of twenty thousand armed men,—it contained at least eighteen towns for centuries after the Christian era—successive kings and princes reigned in Petra,—and magnificent palaces and temples, whose empty chambers and naked walls of wonderful architecture still strike the traveller with amazement, were constructed there, at a period unquestionably far remote from the time when it was given to the prophets of Israel to tell, that the house of Esau was to be cut off for ever, that there would be no kingdom there, and that wild animals would possess Edom for a heritage. And so despised is Edom, and the memory of its greatness lost, that there is no record of antiquity that can so clearly show us what once it was, in the days of its power, as we can now read, in the page of prophecy, its existing desolation. But in that place where kings kept their court, and where nobles assembled, where manifest proofs of ancient opulence are concentrated, where princely habitations, retaining their external grandeur, but bereft of all their splendour, still look as if "fresh from the chisel,"—even there no man dwells; it is given by lot to birds, and beasts, and reptiles; it is a "court for owls," and scarcely are they ever frayed from their "lonely habitation" by the tread of a solitary traveller from a far distant land, among deserted dwellings and desolated ruins.

"Hidden as the history and state of Edom has been for ages, every recent disclosure, being an echo of the prophecies, amply corroborates the truth, that the word of the Lord does not return unto him void, but ever fulfils the purpose for which he hath sent it. But the whole of its work is not yet wrought in Edom, which has farther testimony in store; and while the evidence is not yet complete, so neither is, the time of the final judgments on the land yet fully come. Judea, Ammon, and Moab, according to the word of prophecy, shall revive from their desolation, and the wild animals who have conjoined their depredations with those of barbarous men, in perpetuating the desolation of these countries, shall find a refuge and undisturbed possession in Edom; when, the year of recompenses for the controversy of Zion being past, it shall be divided unto them by line, when they shall possess it for ever, and from generation to generation shall dwell therein."—*Keith*, pp. 230, 233.

M. de Laborde, soon after quitting Petra, was separated from

his friend, M. Linant, who was obliged to proceed to Cairo. The former returned to Akaba, whence he proceeded to explore different parts of the peninsula and mountains of Sinai, his account of which is replete with interest for every reader who wishes to become acquainted with the topography of Scripture.

ART. IX.—*Considérations sur le Dogme générateur de la Piété Catholique*. Par l'Abbé Ph. Gerbet. 8vo. Paris, 1829.

THE author of the present work, the Abbé Gerbet, is one of the most distinguished members of the young clergy of France. On completing his studies, in 1820, his engaging manners, ardent piety, and superior talents, attracted the attention of the Abbé de la Mennais, and a warm friendship afterwards subsisted between them, till unfortunate events rendered it necessary that that friendship should be discontinued. The Abbé Gerbet was a zealous defender of the metaphysical doctrines of his friend; and, in the year 1824, undertook the editorship of a monthly periodical, entitled *Le Mémorial Catholique*, a journal distinguished not less for its literary talents than for its excellent principles, and which received contributions at different times from the pens of some of the most eminent writers in France. The articles of the Abbé Gerbet are distinguished for an elegant perspicuity of style, and an uncommon vigour of ratiocination. In 1829, he published the volume whose title is given above, a work that displays a fervency of piety, brilliancy of fancy, consecutiveness of reasoning, and depth of reflection, which immediately ranked the author among the first defenders of religion. Translated shortly after its appearance into the German language, this production was highly appreciated in Germany, where one of its most zealous philosophers, Francis Baader, pronounced it to be, "a work full of genius." And in our own country it has recently received a high commendation from the pen of an eminent scholar and divine.*

During the unfortunate course which his former master has lately run, although his feelings have been so severely tried, the Abbé Gerbet has rigidly adhered to that line of conduct which duty prescribed. He has not forgotten the adage, "*Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas*;" and on this unhappy occasion his conduct has been publicly commended by the excellent Pontiff

* See Dr. Wiseman's able and interesting Reply to Mr. Poynder, on his work intitled "Alliance between Popery and Heathenism," p. 14. Booker, London, 1836.

who now rules the Church. While, alas ! a dark, but let us hope a passing cloud of fanaticism, overcasts the setting hour of a once glorious luminary, the other star in its ascension beams full of hope, serenity, and joy.

The *Considérations sur le dogme générateur de la piété catholique* may serve either the purpose of a philosophic treatise, or a manual of devotion, according to the mood or the circumstances in which the work is perused.

The Eucharist is here shewn to be the heart of Christianity—the centre through which the life-blood of religion flows. Here it is proved how that great mystery of love, foreshown and announced in the sacrifices of the patriarchal religion, and more or less disfigured by the heathen, sustained the hopes of the ancient just ; how, under the New Dispensation, this sacrament is the prolific source of all good, promotes and keeps up piety, cherishes and dilates benevolence, deadens the fire of concupiscence, gives solemnity to public worship, imparts dignity to the priesthood, spiritualizes manners and society—in a word, renovates the springs of moral life. In treating this subject, the writer has often occasion to discuss some of the most important questions of theology, and to handle some of the loftiest themes of philosophy.

We shall now proceed to lay before our readers a rapid analysis of the contents of the present work, allowing, as often as our limits will permit, the author to speak in his own person.

Religion is founded on a supernatural order of things. What, in fact, is more supernatural than the Deity ? The terms *natural and supernatural* are purely relative. In the great scheme of creation, what is natural to one order of intelligences is supernatural to another. The supernatural may be defined the projection of the law of a higher sphere of intellectual beings to an inferior sphere. Hence as religion refers to the Infinite Being, it must contain more or less of the mysterious for every order of created intelligences.

The world has always believed in the union of God with man.

“ But this faith,” says our author, “ has always comprised a belief in a divine action, determined by higher laws than those of this world, but entering at the same time into the conditions of our present existence, because we must ourselves concur in this union. This union results from this two-fold relation, which we must never lose sight of.

“ The human race has always believed that the Deity was present to man, not only as the First Cause is present to all creatures, but according to a peculiar mode of relation, analogous to the free nature of man, corresponding to his variable wants, descending, if we may so speak,

into the limits of his being ; and in this sense, it has ever believed in a human presence of the Divinity. The God, whose name makes our hearts palpitate, is not an abstract and geometrical God, whose relations with creatures endowed with freedom would be regulated by the mathematical laws of the world. In that system, which reduces the divine influence to the mechanism of the universe, Nature rises like a wall of brass between man and his author. No communication subsists between them—no active relation—no society of love ; and Deism is at bottom only the absence of the divinity, as Atheism is its negation.”—pp. 3-5.

Prayer is common to all created intelligences ; it is the mode whereby they express their dependence on their Creator, and bless and adore Him for the manifestations of his infinite power, wisdom and love. But it is necessary that the prayer of man should take a form corresponding to his bodily, as well as spiritual nature. Hence the oblation was the exterior representation of prayer—its necessary and essential complement. The oblation consisted always of those substances most necessary to the preservation of man's existence ; and generally of the two which constituted his most ordinary nourishment—bread and wine. Its object was to denote the absolute sovereignty of God over all created things, and the state of utter dependence in which man was on his Creator for all the blessings and enjoyments of existence. “The oblation,” says our author, “was the sensible consummation of prayer—it may be called the prayer of the senses, as prayer is the oblation of the heart.” Had man retained his primal innocence—had he never incurred the guilt of original sin, still prayer and oblation would have formed an essential part of his worship. But his fall necessitated a mighty change in his worship. The fallen creature had now to appease the anger of an offended Deity, and his worship must be the expression not only of gratitude for favours received, but of atonement for guilt incurred. Hence the origin of sacrifices, the sensible representation of that great idea of atonement. All antiquity was convinced of the truth expressed by St. Paul, that “without effusion of blood there is no remission of sins.”

“But what relation,” inquires our author, “could exist between the immolation of an animal and the remission of sins? Men did not know. Did the vile blood of victims which fell under the sacred knife, possess the virtue of purifying the conscience? Never did such an extravagant opinion prevail in the world. But the whole world believed in what was represented by those sacrifices. All that man knew was, that they prefigured a divine mystery of justice and of grace ; and from the depth of that mystery, which the future was to unveil, forty centuries heard the voice of hope go out.

“The Deists, by clearly showing that it is impossible to establish

logically the efficacy of prayer and sacrifice, prove what tradition attests, that those articles of belief have not their foundation in human conceptions. The more clearly they show that the principle of those dogmas cannot be found either in the sphere of experience, or in that of reasoning, the more evident it becomes that those doctrines could not have been believed with this unshaken faith, as old and universal as mankind, if they had not been primitively revealed; so that the difficulties inexplicable according to the purely rational theory of these dogmas, are of an immense weight to prove their divine foundation. If worship, the expression of those general doctrines, be but a vain phantasmagoria, those doctrines themselves must needs be eternal chimeras; and amid this universal dream, I should like to know how those who reject a belief in sacrifice, would set about demonstrating to a consistent mind that it ought to believe in God."—pp. 23–25.

Our author after observing that "the study of the ancient world leads the inquirer from all points to this truth, namely, that there has existed on the earth but one religion, of which the different local worships were originally but emanations more or less pure," proceeds to show that the universal prevalence of certain religious rites, so extraordinary in their nature, that they could not have been the spontaneous production of human reason, forms, in addition to the striking uniformity of dogmas, a mighty evidence of the existence of a primeval revelation. Among these extraordinary rites, Communion, which was every where the consummation of oblation and of the sacrifice, holds a conspicuous place. We have seen that the world ever believed that the Deity was present to man by his grace—that the means of participating in the divine grace were prayer and the oblation, accompanied by sacrifice. But from the mixed nature of man, and according to the general economy of religion, this union with the Divinity must have a sensible or exterior representation. Hence prayer, oblation, and sacrifice, were incomplete without a participation of the things consecrated by the oblation, and also of the flesh of the victim immolated. This religious act was the Communion—an act which was at once a bodily and spiritual participation of divine grace. Our author proceeds to show how Communion formed an essential part of all the liturgies of antiquity; and the passage we are about to extract affords as favourable a specimen of his learning, as the one last cited furnishes of his dialectic skill.

"The theology of India," says he, "has connected the traditionary rite with its vast conceptions. All nourishment, to use the words of the Baron d'Eckstein, is there considered to be a sacrifice. The nourishment of the body is the emblem of that of the soul—of holy truth—of the celestial manna. Thus all repasts must be taken with devotion, in a state of calm recollectedness; the soul free from earthly cares, and

given up to the delights of an innocent joy. Accordingly, religion imposes laws on all festivities. The Hindoo communicates with the Divinity by the medium of the substances immolated to it. He feeds only on sacred flesh. All animal food is an abomination to him, unless it has been offered up to the Divinity. Such are in substance the fundamental principles of the doctrine of Sacrifices in India. To cite but one example, one of the most celebrated sacrifices, which consisted in the immolation of a lamb, was accompanied with a prayer, in which these words were recited with a loud voice:—‘*When will the Saviour be born?*’ This symbolical ceremony was terminated by the participation of the flesh of the victim, and this participation was of so sacred a character, that the law which obliged the Brahmins to a perpetual abstinence, was made to yield to that superior law which prescribed communion.* We find an analogous custom among the ancient Egyptians, who, in their principal sacrifices, ate the flesh of the very animals which they held in abomination. Herodotus, who remarks this apparent contradiction, says that he had learned the reason of it; but, in order not to profane the secrets intrusted to him, he preserves a religious silence on the subject.† In the ancient Mysteries of Mithra, which were latterly diffused through a large portion of the Roman empire, we learn, from St. Justin and Tertullian, that bread, and a vessel full of water, on which some mysterious formula was pronounced, were placed before the initiated; and this species of consecration was likewise followed by communion. We see, also, from the Zend books, that a ceremony of the same kind occupied, in the worship of the Parsi, a most important place. Under the name of *Miezd*, offerings of bread, flesh, and fruits, were denoted, of which the priest and the assistants partook at the end of the liturgy. Nothing can be conceived more solemn than the prayers and benedictions preceding and accompanying that sacred rite. The spirits set over the different parts of the universe, and over the conduct of men, as well as the souls of the just, from the father of the human race down to *Sosioch*, the name which the *Zend* books give to the expected Redeemer, were invoked for that offering. And as the revertibility of merits was the universal belief of mankind, the same books contain a special prayer, by which the priest, according to his particular intention, applied the fruit of that holy action to other men. Purity was the necessary disposition for taking part in the oblation. The liturgy exclaimed: ‘The pure ordain the offering: the pure servants have performed it: and the pure eat of it.’ Afterwards the officiant said to his minister: ‘Man of the law, eat this *Miezd*, and perform this action with purity.’

“The worship of the Greeks and Romans is too well known, for us to enter into any details here. We know that, besides the custom of eating the flesh of victims, the former employed, in their sacrifices, cakes made of flour and honey, and the latter, a paste made of flour and salt, called *immolatio*, while they joiced with it libations of wine, which

* Lettre de P. Boychet à M. Huët, tom. xi. des Lettres Edifiantes, p. 21.

† Herodotus, lib.

were poured on the heads of the victims, only, after the sacrificer and the assistants had received a portion.

“ In the solemn sacrifice which the Celts offered at the beginning of the year, the three most ancient Druids carried, one the bread, the other a vessel full of water, and a third an ivory hand representing justice. After some prayers, the high-priest burned a little bread, poured some drops of wine on the altar, offered up bread and wine in sacrifice, and distributed them to the assistants.”*—pp. 30-39.

Our author proves the prevalence of the same rite among the Chinese, the ancient Germans, the Scandinavians, and the Finnish nations; and among the inhabitants of the New World, he adduces some strong examples of the same religious practice among the Mexicans and the Peruvians. In fact, according to our author’s just observation, sacrifice, of which communion always formed a part, was even more general than oral prayer; for savage tribes have been found immolating victims to their gods, and yet apparently strangers to any form of verbal supplication.

A most brilliant and eloquent *excursus* on the science of the primitive ages, concludes the second chapter of the work before us. “ It would be absurd to suppose,” says Hume, “ that in the intellectual world, man had invented palaces before cottages;” and the very fact that in the times immediately subsequent to the Deluge, we find in the writings of the Chinese and Indian sages the remains of a vast spiritual philosophy, would of itself prove the existence of a primitive revelation. Had man at his origin been abandoned to himself—had he been deprived of all communication with his Creator and the superior intelligences—had he, as some philosophers have vainly imagined, been left to invent as well as he could, language, laws, society, religion,—his condition (supposing such a condition possible), would have been far more helpless, degraded, and irremediable, than that of the savage. Happier than the man in the *state of nature* dreamed of by these philosophers, the savage lives in society, however rude its form may be; and has preserved, however imperfectly, those elements of language and religion which he had received from tradition. Yet with all these advantages, never has he been able, by the spontaneous effort of his own reason, to advance a single step beyond the narrow circle of his social and intellectual condition; and it is one of the greatest miracles of Christianity that she has been able to raise him from his depth of degradation. Hence even the savage state could not have been the original state of man. The lofty science of the primitive ages, derived as it was from an intercourse with celestial spirits, is proved as well

* *Parallèle des Religions*, tom. i. part. 10, p. 80

by the general voice of tradition, as by the fragments and scattered notices of it, which the religion, the legislation, and the literature, of the earliest nations exhibit. "Antiquity," says an old Chinese sage, "was illumined by a clear light, of which scarcely a ray has come down to us. We think the ancients were in darkness, only because we see them through the thick clouds from which we have ourselves emerged. Man is a child born at midnight: when he sees the sun rise, he thinks that yesterday never existed."*

The idea of a future redemption was, as we have seen, the basis of all the ancient sacrifices. The great Redeemer, promised by God to our first parents, in order to crush the serpent's head, to satisfy divine justice, to deliver man from the thralldom of sin, to restore the reign of virtue, was ever, as Holy Writ saith, "the desired of nations." This divine promise, transmitted from age to age, announced by the patriarchs, more clearly unfolded by the Prophets, was the support and the consolation of the ancient just. In the heathen world, this mighty covenant, which God had made with his fallen creature, was, like all the great truths of the primitive revelation, never entirely effaced from the minds of men. The office of the future Redeemer was not only typified by the various sacrifices, but was represented under symbols, veiled in allegories, and proclaimed by poets, philosophers, and historians. In heathenism, however, this consoling doctrine, unconfirmed by prophecy and miracles, like a star in a cloudy sky, gave a dim and unsteady light. The divine and human nature, too, of the great victim that was to propitiate the justice of God, was more or less clearly known to the Gentiles as well as to the Jews.

The universality of the belief in a future Redeemer among the nations of Pagan antiquity, has been attested by three celebrated infidels. "From time immemorial," says Voltaire, "an opinion prevailed among the Indians and the Chinese that a sage would come from the west. Europe, on the contrary, said that the sage would come from the east. All nations have ever had need of a sage."† "The sacred and mythological traditions of anterior times," says Volney, "had diffused throughout all Asia the belief in a great mediator to come—a final judge—a future saviour—a king—a God—at once a conqueror and a lawgiver, who was to restore the golden age upon the earth, and deliver men from the empire of evil."‡ Goethe likewise acknowledges that the redemption, or the act which raises the creature

* Rousseau, *Mélanges Asiatiques*, tom. i. p. 99.

† *Additions à l'Histoire Générale*, p. 15.

‡ *Les Ruines des Empires*, p. 226.

from his fall, in emancipating him from the bonds of vice, was to be accomplished by *the Divinity clothed in a human form*. "This great truth," says he, "this truth so necessary to the human race, has been manifested among all nations, at all times, and under a thousand different forms. Traditions have consecrated it even in fables and in singular allegories."*

The Messiah so long expected by the nations at length descends on the earth: and the effects of His advent, in satisfying the yearnings of the human heart, are described by the Abbé Gerbet in the following splendid passage.

"Although the primitive religion formed a real society between God and man, the human race, nevertheless, aspired to a closer union. It had preserved the remembrance of an original society, more perfect in its nature, and the same tradition had perpetuated the hope, that more intimate communications would be re-established by the Redeemer universally expected. Thus, the belief in a God present only by his grace, was never able to satisfy that immense craving in the heart of man, for a closer union with the Deity. It was from the energy of this sentiment idolatry partly sprang; for every vicious practice is founded on a just feeling diverted from its true object, as every error, according to the remark of Bossuet, is founded on the abuse of some truth. Hence the consecration of statues for the corporal habitation of the Divinity; hence, also, that propensity to Theurgy, so vehement among all pagan nations; as well as that inclination to recognize, in extraordinary personages, some God veiled under human forms. This divine instinct pervaded—agitated—the whole universe; and all worship, even in the superstitions connected with it, was in some measure the prophetic aspiration of the human race, seeking every where for the personal presence of the divinity.

"Jesus Christ appears—and the world respires. Its expectation was fulfilled. This faith in the *real presence*, produced immediately, in the point of view which we here take, two remarkable results, the one in the bosom of Christianity, the other in the pagan world. Among Christians, the universal mania for divination,—for the evocation of spirits,—for magical operations,—was suddenly suppressed. It was not merely the exterior practices that yielded to the severe prohibitions of the Church—it was the propensity itself, hitherto so violent and so indomitable, that became appeased in the heart of man, and gave way to a deep calm—the natural indication of the satisfaction of an immense craving.

"Out of the Church, the same belief reacted on pagan philosophy. The latter, seeing that Christianity, in announcing the personal presence of the Divinity, had fulfilled the perpetual desire of mankind, conceived itself obliged, in order to preserve an ascendancy over minds, to promise them the same benefit. But as pagan philosophy, in elaborating abstractions, would have deduced from them but, at most, an abstract God,

* Mémoires de Goëthe, traduites de l'Allemand, tom. i. p. 262,

and had, in fact, deduced from them, hitherto, nothing real but doubt, it changed its character fundamentally. Rationalist as it was, it now became mystic and theurgical; and the famous school of Alexandria, which was at that period the centre of pagan philosophy, opposed to the mysteries of the Gospel a species of *theological alchemy*, which soon disappeared, like an unsubstantial dream, before the ascendant power of the ancient faith, of which Christianity was only the complete development."—pp. 53-54.

Christianity was the full development of the primitive revelation; for its dogmas it perfected, by clearly revealing the mysteries which had been at first but imperfectly disclosed; and its morality, by substituting for the servitude of fear the law of perfect love. Had not a corresponding development taken place in the Christian worship—had its most solemn act been a mere commemoration of that mighty event, of which the primitive sacrifices were the type, there would have been but a substitution of one figure for another—the shadow would have been without the reality; and a want of unity and harmony would have been perceptible in the divine work of man's restoration. Hence, as our author truly observes, "the dogma of the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist enters as naturally into an order of ideas, of which the Incarnation is the foundation, as the doctrine of grace enters into a more general order of ideas (though the same in reality), whereof the basis is the restoration of beings according to the primitive plan of creation." As grace is the means whereby the permanent power of God works in a peculiar way in each man, so the Eucharistic communion is the means whereby the *permanent incarnation is individualized in each Christian*. With this idea of the Abbé's, the illustrious Dr. Moehler, who is not only one of the greatest theologians, but one of the most philosophic spirits of Germany, has recently coincided. In his "Symbolik,"* we meet with the following remarkable passage.

* Die Symbolik, oder Darstellung der dogmatischen Gegensätze der Catholiken und Protestanten, nach ihren öffentlichen Bekenntnisschriften. Von Dr. J. A. Möhler. "Exposition of the doctrinal differences between Catholics and Protestants, as evidenced in their symbolical writings." Mayence, 1835. This work, published a few years ago, and which has already reached its fourth edition, has excited a most extraordinary sensation among both the Catholics and Protestants of Germany, and has been pronounced, by one of the greatest Protestant theologians of that country, Schleiermacher, "to be the severest blow ever given to Protestantism." None of our German scholars could employ his time in a manner more useful to religion, and more creditable to himself, than by translating this admirable work. We do not hesitate to affirm that it is even better adapted for the intellectual meridian of England than for that of Germany. The old Lutheranism and Calvinism, which occupy so important a place in Mochler's work, have really not much more than a mere antiquarian interest for by far the larger portion of the German Protestants; while some of his most curious chapters, such as those on the origin and tenets of the Quakers, the Methodists, and others, have a near, domestic, and living interest for Englishmen. We shall probably on some future occasion bring this very remarkable production more particularly before the notice of our readers.

“ Christ, when offering himself on the cross, is still foreign to us ; but in the Christian worship, He is our property, our victim ; on Calvary he is the universal victim—here (on our altar) He is also a special victim for ourselves, for each individual among us. There He was only the victim ; here He is the victim acknowledged and revered : there the objective atonement was consummated ; here the subjective atonement is partly cherished and promoted, partly expressed.”†

Our author after observing that the reason assigned by the Protestants for rejecting the dogma of the real presence in the Eucharist, namely, that the union of the eternal word with human nature in the Incarnation, rendered any more intimate union unnecessary, is precisely similar to the objection which some ancient philosophers, and afterwards the Pelagians in the Christian Church, urged against the doctrine of grace, which they considered a needless manifestation of divine favour after all the gifts, spiritual and temporal, which the Almighty in the creation had lavished on man ;—thus pursues the Reformation with the scourge of an inexorable logic.

“ The analogies which we have just pointed out, explain wherefore Protestantism, starting from the denial of the Catholic doctrine on the eucharist, has been led, step by step, to deny the dogma of grace, the basis of all religion ; and this march of Protestantism confirms in its turn the truth of those analogies. For the history of doctrines is not a vain phenomenon. Their external concatenation reveals the internal connection of ideas, and renders in some measure logic itself palpable. The three leaders of the Reformation, who leagued against Catholic *mysticism*, attacked, each in his own way, the belief in the sacrament of love. Luther mutilated and disfigured it ; Calvin annihilated it, while he veiled under ambiguous terms, the true nature of his doctrine. Less crafty, but more bold, Zuinglius unmasked his views. The first effect of their common doctrine was, that the Reformation had a worship, *without a sacrifice*, and was in this respect placed at utter variance with the religious system of all ages and nations. Soon, by a natural progress, Socinianism, pursuing the work of destruction, attacked in the incarnation itself, the dogma of the real presence, and the capital idea of sacrifice in the belief in the redemption. Although the elder Protestantism struggled for some time against the ascendancy of Socinian doctrines ; yet the latter have generally obtained the mastery over minds, and are to be found every where in Protestantism, except in the old liturgies. Amid these doctrines in ruins, the belief in prayer and in grace, the last link uniting man to God, still remained. Now the Rationalist theologians of Germany, and among others, Eberhard, Spalding, and Wegscheider, manifest a strong inclination to represent this belief as a ridiculous superstition, incompatible with the laws of

† *Ibid*, p. 310.

Nature. Thus, in proportion as the Reformation advances in her course, all living worship recedes—the moral desert widens around her; and in that wilderness, where all the fountains of love are dried up, prayer itself—prayer which takes root wherever a remnant of faith subsists, prayer withers and dies under the influence of Rationalism.

“One of the most celebrated doctors of the elder Protestantism, Matthieu Larrogue (in his History of the Eucharist, p. 41), asked what relation could exist between faith in prayer and faith in the real presence. He flattered himself that he was ignorant of this relation, and in truth what have those men comprehended? The historical development of their own doctrines has come to confound the pride of such affected ignorance. It has proved how the germ of Catholic *mysticism* was contained in the belief in prayer. Whoever, in fact, believes that a mere motion of the human will produces a change in the spiritual or material order of the universe, and that God obeys the voice of man, performs the most profoundly mystical act of faith, since this act refers to an order of things entirely beyond the reach of reasoning and of sensation. Hence a man is inconsistent, if while he retains this belief, he refuses to believe in any doctrine whatsoever, under the pretext that it is removed beyond the evidence of his senses, or the conceptions of his reason. This is one of the reasons wherefore Protestantism, at a period which cannot be very distant, will utterly disappear as a religion. With an irresistible force, its destiny urges it to resolve itself into pure Rationalism; for in fact, if the reason of each man be the supreme arbiter in faith, it ought, on that account, to admit only what it can conceive. Rationalism, in its turn, will abolish the belief in prayer, because the latter is essentially indemonstrable. Now, when prayer is abolished, can we conceive any ‘system of religion whatsoever?’”—pp. 63-68.

The world, as we have seen, had always believed that God was present to man in a peculiar way, relative to the nature of the latter—human in a word. This belief, of all ages, we must either reject, or suppose that that union of God with man, which was ever the basis of religion, was not to receive any perfection; in other words, that the ancient was not to give place to a more excellent worship; a supposition which would be still at variance with the primitive traditions, which comprised a belief in that future development of worship.

The Abbé shews admirably the points of resemblance, and the points of difference, in the ancient sacrifices, and in the great sacrifice of the new law.

“The primitive worship of the human race,” says he, “had prayer for its basis. It continues to be the basis of the Christian worship: but when the priest, mortal and sinner as he is, presents to God the voice of his brethren assembled round the altar, it is no longer the man only who prays—it is the invisible and eternal Pontiff, ‘always living to make intercession for us, holy, innocent, undefiled, separated from sin-

ners, and made higher than the heavens,* who uniting our supplications to his own, in the same way he has united himself to our nature, exalts [divinise] the lamentations of our misery. The oblation constituted likewise a part of the ancient and universal worship: it still subsists under the same form, and we continue to offer with bread and wine, the first elements of nurture, and the symbols of life. But in the Christian worship, more spiritualized as it is, there remains of those material elements but a mystic veil appropriated to our present condition, under which the divine Word communicates himself to us—the eternal bread that nourishes our souls, hungering after the living truth—the celestial beverage that begins to quench within us the infinite thirst of love. The immolation of the figurative victims was the most solemn act of the primitive worship: the immolation still subsists; but the reign of figures having passed away on Calvary, Christ himself is the victim. *The Theandric flesh and blood are present to us under separated signs, in memory of his death, and at the same time under the form of bread and wine, emblems of life, because life is restored to us by his death. The elements of oblation, and the elements of the bloody sacrifice, whereof the first were the memorial of the creation, and the second the image of the redemption, and which were constantly separated in the primitive worship, are confounded and identified in the Christian worship, because the redemption is the creation repaired.* Finally, all the parts of the ancient worship had reference to a communion with the grace of God, figured by the participation of the aliments consecrated by the oblation, and also of the flesh of the victim. The consummation of the Christian worship is an act of the same kind, but in a higher order, constituted by the very fact of the incarnation, which has exalted the whole system of religion. The Christian communion is not a mere participation in grace, but in the very substance of the God-man, who becomes incarnate in each one of us, to purify and nourish our souls. It is the union with God raised, if we may so speak, to its highest degree of intensity, and carried as far as it is possible to attain within the limits of our present existence. Beyond it, would be heaven. If, in fact, while the divine substance mingles with our substance, God were to transform in the same proportion our intelligence into His intelligence, and our will into His love, we should see Him *face to face*—we should love Him with a love equal to that of clear intuition:—Heaven is nought else. Let us wait awhile:—the day of transfiguration approaches. Earthly life is only the infancy of man.” —pp. 76-79.

Religion is called upon to satisfy two great wants of human nature—the want of the practical life, and the want of the mystical life. The Divine Author of our being, in uniting our immortal souls with matter, and placing us in this world of sense, has annexed the rewards of a future life to the due fulfilment of the most ordinary, and apparently the most trivial, duties. But this immortal being aspires, even here, after a higher and a purer state of things. He feels within him an insatiable longing

* St. Paul, Heb. c. vii. v. 26.

for the possession of the true, the good, and the beautiful, in their pure, unmixed, ideal perfection. This is a sentiment, of which all religious men, whatever may be their rank or instruction, are more or less susceptible. If we totally disunite these two orders of sentiments, one whereof is relative to the present, and the other to a future life, we shall have either the brutal activity of the Sybarite, or the extravagant quietism of the Indian Fakir.

The Abbé Gerbet shews that the Catholic religion, especially by means of the Eucharistic communion, provides for these two wants of human nature. The exact fulfilment of the duties of every-day life, is an essential condition for the due performance of the most mystical act of religion. "On the other hand, Protestantism," as he well observes, "is opposed to the alliance of the interior life, and of the social life; for as Individualism severs the bond of minds, isolated doctrines engender a solitary mysticism."

The Author proceeds to shew how the sacerdotal character in the Catholic Church, is an emanation of the Holy Eucharist.

"The fundamental idea of the priesthood, was attached, originally, to the idea of mediation. As sacrifices, united to prayers, were the figure of the atonement solicited by the cry of the human race, those who were charged with offering them, became the special representatives of the invisible Mediator, the supreme and universal Pontiff of Creation. Hence that character of Minister of Peace, mediation being itself only the peace between Heaven and earth; hence those numerous privations which the creed of all nations exacted of the priest, because he was to resemble, more than other men, the great victim; hence, again, that continence perpetual or temporary, which antiquity recommended to him, and which, in many places, was even obligatory. In all parts of the world, even at periods of the greatest corruption of morals, the conscience of men has recognized in perfect continence the *mens divinator* of sanctity. In the same way as poetry is a diviner eloquence, so virginity, which exalts man above the senses, is, as it were, the sacred poetry of virtue. The social necessity, which interdicts celibacy to the greater part of men, does not proscribe it in the small number, any more than the equally general necessity of physical labour, is not inconsistent with that other law of humanity, which gives to a chosen few the right of chanting their lofty meditations. The human race must have its *élite*."—pp. 120-121.

In the Christian religion, the mediatorial character of the priest is more august and sublime, because his functions have reference, not to figurative victims, but to the person of Christ himself, at once priest and victim. Hence the law of sacerdotal celibacy, of which Gentile antiquity had so fine a perception, became, in our holy religion, a matter of far more imperious urgency.

In the institution of this important discipline, the Church has not only been influenced by the maxim so obvious to human reason, and so clearly laid down by St. Paul, that "He that is unmarried, careth only how he may please God;" but has also been conducted by the far more profound idea of the necessity of virginal purity, for the oblation of the spotless victim. This disciplinary regulation, like every other, has necessarily been more or less subject to the modifications which time, place, and circumstances might require. "If," as our Author very well observes, "the oriental Churches were less severe on this head, than those which *more directly* felt the action of the Papacy, this relaxation even consecrated the rule; for in not imposing celibacy on priests, who, according to the discipline of those Churches, *very rarely celebrated the holy mysteries*, they strictly enforced it on bishops." (p. 126.) Hence those Christian sects, which have abolished the sacrifice, have consistently enough abrogated the law of clerical celibacy. The fine connexion between the ideas of sacrifice and sacerdotal continence, doubtless escaped the gross perception of the Reformers of the sixteenth century; but in evil as in good, men are often governed by an instinct superior to their understandings.

The Author, after observing that the sacrificial character of the priest demands of him a species of self-immolation; that his life should exhibit a pattern of charitable self-devotion, as well as of immaculate chastity; that thus he should reproduce in his person, as far as the weakness of human nature will permit, all the traits of the adorable victim,—bursts forth in the following beautiful passage.

"But wherever sacrifice ceases, then the man remains, and the priest disappears. Look at the Jews. Among no people of antiquity had the priesthood struck such deep roots—nowhere was it surrounded with more respect. What are at present the Rabbis, who have superseded the priests among that nation disinherited of all sacrifice? The anathema which weighs on that degraded ministry, is denounced to it even by Israelite lips. 'Their power,' they exclaim, 'can do nothing for the salvation of our souls.*' The same observation applies to Protestantism. The antique idea of the priesthood is one of the human ideas, which it has lost with the sacrifice. The day when the fire of the eternal holocaust was extinguished, the divine seal was effaced from the brow of the Protestant ministers. The public opinion of Protestants refuses them that pious respect which all nations have attached to the sacerdotal character. Nor does it exact of them those superior virtues which Catholicism imposes on the priest; and it does not exact them

* Leur pouvoir ne peut rien pour le salut de nos âmes."—Des Consistoires Israélites de France, par M. Singer, p. 32, Paris, 1820.

from a sentiment of justice, for it would be unfair to look for a consequence, where the principle has been destroyed."—pp. 128, 129.

The idea which Protestants form of the clerical character, our Author illustrates by an anecdote from Bishop Burnet's History of his own Times, which is pungent enough. With the principle laid down in the above-cited passage, an illustrious Catholic writer of Germany perfectly concurs. "The priesthood," says Frederick Schlegel, "stands or falls with faith in the sacred mysteries. The rejection of these mysteries by one-half of the Protestant body in Switzerland, France, England, and the Netherlands, Luther not only discountenanced, but strenuously reprobated; yet it was only by a subtle distinction he attempted to separate those mysteries from the functions of the priesthood; and it was not difficult to foresee, that together with faith in the sacred mysteries, respect for the clergy must sooner or later be destroyed, as indeed experience has sufficiently demonstrated."†

From the priesthood the Author passes to public worship, and shows how the Eucharist forms its animating focus. The great hold which the Catholic worship, according to the acknowledgment of its very adversaries, possesses on the hearts, the imaginations, and the senses of its followers, he justly ascribes to the secret influence of that great mystery of love, which gives an awe, a dignity, and an unction, to the minutest parts of the Catholic ceremonial. Where this mystery has been rejected, as in the Protestant Churches, there a void is left in the public worship, which nothing can replace. Hence that neglect of divine service, in which, on the most frivolous pretexts, even pious Protestants will frequently indulge. There is, as the Author acutely observes, a manifest tendency in Protestantism to concentrate itself in a purely domestic worship, which is but a point of transition to individual worship,—the only one consistent with the fundamental principle of the Reformation. Here the Abbé Gerbet makes some remarks, as new as they are profound, on the happy influence of the Catholic worship, in preventing the rise, or arresting the progress, of insanity—an influence which is undoubtedly one among many causes of the unfrequency of that malady among truly Catholic nations.

As the Catholic worship acts with such force on congregated masses of men, so confession, which has its root in the great mystery to which it serves as a preparation, communicates to the individual that spirit of life which pervades the whole Church.

The influence which the Eucharist exerts on charity, is the.

† Frederick von Schlegel's Philosophy of History, translated from the German by J. B. Robertson, Esq. with Memoir of the Author, vol. ii. p. 218; Saunders and Otley, London, 1835.

subject of many admirable pages in the present work. In the primitive religion, charity consisted in alms-deeds; and its type was found in the beneficence of the all-good Creator, who had loaded man with such innumerable gifts. In the Christian religion, the type of charity is found in the infinite love of the Redeemer, who laid down his life for the salvation of lost man. Hence the charity of the Christian is displayed, not only in outward acts of benevolence, but in the surrender of his repose, his dearest propensities, nay, sometimes his life itself, for the spiritual or temporal good of his neighbour. The different forms which charity assumes in the Catholic and Protestant Churches, are the subject of a curious and instructive parallel. Our limits will not permit us to enter more at large into this subject; yet we cannot forbear citing the remarkable testimony, which the force of truth extorted even from the pen of Voltaire.—“Perhaps, says he, there is nothing more sublime on the earth, than the sacrifice which a delicate sex makes of beauty and youth, often of illustrious rank, to relieve in hospitals that congregation of all human infirmities, the spectacle whereof is so humiliating to human pride, and so revolting to our delicacy. The nations separated from the Roman Church, have imitated but imperfectly a charity so generous.”†

Willingly would we follow our author, did space permit, in his reflections on the influence which the Eucharist exerts on the interior life; on the warm, joyous piety, which this great sacrament infuses into the faithful soul; and on the comparative degree of unction, which the liturgies of the various Protestant Churches possess, in proportion as they recede more or less from this vivifying source of devotion. We can only make room for the following passage, wherein the influence of the Eucharist on *social* life is traced—a passage, where it is difficult which most to admire, either the fervency of piety, or the gracefulness of fancy, or the reach of thought which the writer displays.

“Frequent communion,” says he, “calls the soul back incessantly to itself. This species of influence, perceptible at all periods of the Church, is more strikingly observable in the middle age. Amid the rude manners of barbarous nations, the interior of monasteries presents us, as it were, with a vision of the life of angels. The religious orders, which have fertilized the soil of Europe, have done much more,—they have reclaimed the sterile wastes of the human soul. Their rule obliged the Cenobists often to approach the Table of the Lord; and the Divine word, which alone resounded in the depth of their calm retreats, and was prolonged again in the silence of their meditations, reminded them each day of the perfection, which such a familiarity with the Holy of Holies necessarily demanded. This thought perpetually present to their

minds, urged them unceasingly to acquire the science of their own hearts. With infinite care, they cultivated the garden of their souls, in order to bring to the most august, as well as the most consoling of mysteries, the purest flower of human affections. The ascetic books of that period display an exquisite delicacy of feeling. From the bosom of the cloister, these feelings gradually spread into the world; and when applied to objects of another order, inspired Chivalry with that mysticism of love and of honour, which has exerted a very marked influence on the manners and the literature so highly spiritualized of all Christian nations. The asceticism of the middle age has left an inimitable monument, to which Catholics, Protestants, and Infidels, concur in paying the finest species of admiration—the admiration of the heart. What an astonishing phenomenon is that little book of mystical devotion, which the genius of Leibnitz meditated, and which inspired the cold Fontenelle almost with enthusiasm.† No one has ever read a page of the “*Following of Christ*,” especially in trouble, without having said to himself in concluding it, ‘this reading has done me good.’ After the Bible, this work is the *sovereign friend* of the soul, in the same sense as Dante calls Homer the sovereign poet—‘il poeta sovrano.’ But whence did the holy solitary who wrote it, draw those inexhaustible streams of love? for if he hath written so well, it is only because he hath loved much. He himself tells his own secret at every page of his chapters on the *Holy Sacrament*: the fourth book is a key to the other three.”—pp. 233-235.

The author concludes with showing the close connection subsisting between the errors destructive of faith in divine love: and the following passage, which is as remarkable for the loftiness of the thought, as for the closeness of the reasoning, shall terminate our account of this work.

“Thus, the question of the Protestants on the Eucharist, that of the Deists on the Incarnation, that of the Pantheists on the Creation, are but transformations of one and the same question—that of the relations of the infinite and the finite, whereof Pantheism presents the general formula. This is the reason why the latter system draws to itself all the others, which end, sooner or later, by taking refuge in it. For it is in the nature of the human mind not to fix itself in particular questions, and to traverse them all, till it arrives at the question in which all the others are resolved. History, in fact, proves the preponderance of Pantheism, compared with other systems of error. It is at once the starting-point and goal of every philosophy that has separated from faith. In the ancient east, we see it standing by the very cradle of philosophy; and again, it appears at the tomb of the Greek philosophy, when the latter, worn out with doubt, buries itself in the school of Alexandria, under the ruins of Oriental Pantheism. In our days the same tendency is manifest. The philosophy of the eighteenth century,

† The Abbé Gerbet here alludes to that fine saying of Fontenelle, “The *Following of Christ* was the most beautiful book which ever came from the pen of man; for the Bible was the work of God.”

stamped with the Greek spirit, evidently recedes both in Germany and France, before a more gigantic philosophy, which, under modern forms, renews the Indian Pantheism. The mind of man, even in removing from God, cannot do away with that great idea. Even in destroying it, he still seeks it—still pursues the shadow of that mighty truth. After having refused to believe in the union of God with man in his love, his existence; when he sees himself separated from the Deity, that solitude desolates and affrights him, because the craving of the infinite torments him; and at the very moment when he hath just said in his heart, 'There is no God,' his troubled reason cries out, *that every thing is God.*

"Some persons will be perhaps astonished to see that Protestant logic leads directly to that great error. In truth, a wide interval separates the argumentations of John Calvin and Theodore Beza from the conceptions of Spinoza; but if we follow the necessary connection of ideas, we must allow that the former have only narrowed, according to the dimensions of their own intelligence, a vast principle of error, whereof the Dutch Jew has presented the development in its colossal proportions."—pp. 244-247.

After the copious extracts we have given, it is unnecessary to say any thing farther in praise of a work, which we may fearlessly recommend to our readers, as one eminently calculated to afford them matter of edification, pleasure and instruction. The style in which it is written, is remarkable for perspicuity and vigour; but the very logical turn of the author's mind gives to his periods at times an antithetical precision, and a certain hardness and stiffness of manner, which, we doubt not, practice will remove.

Before we conclude our article on this very able production of the youngest of the great Christian writers, who may be said to have commenced a new era of religion in France, we cannot forbear offering some observations on the great progress which that country has lately made in the career of religious improvement. When we take a retrospective view of the last fifty-six years—a period the most momentous, perhaps, in the whole history of mankind—from the crowning of Voltaire in the French theatre, which was the sacrilegious prologue to that impious drama, where the philosophy of the eighteenth century, represented in the person of a harlot, was enthroned on a blood-stained altar, surrounded by frantic worshippers,—down to the moment when the Gallican Church, like some Heaven-sustained martyr, rose fresh and vigorous from the bonds of Republican oppression and Imperial tyranny—we shall find that a prodigious change has occurred in the moral opinion of that country.

Since the Revolution, the lower regions of social existence have, indeed, been more infected by impiety, but the atmosphere of the high has become more and more pure. Irreligion has extended

its sway immeasurably over the lower and middle classes of the country: but over the noble and literate classes, especially within the last twenty years, it has been every day losing its empire. In the infidel party itself, a remarkable change has taken place. Its members are mostly rather indifferent than hostile to Christianity; many have been brought up in an utter ignorance of its doctrines and precepts; and few, in their historical or philosophic researches, manifest for our religion that spirit of rancorous hatred and blind fanaticism, which so deplorably characterized the sophists of the eighteenth century.

In this party, all the men possessed of any superiority of talent, have renounced the old Materialism, and betaken themselves to Spiritualism. They are, indeed, unfortunate chrysales, who though they have thrown off the coarse skin of materialism, have not yet taken wings to fly unto their God. Like most of the modern German Protestants, these new French philosophers allow that Catholicism has, in former ages, rendered inestimable services to society; but they assert that its time is gone by, and it must now give place to a more *liberal* system of religion. Hence both these descriptions of writers concur in the meritorious task of ripping up that tissue of historical prejudices, misrepresentation, and calumny, which the earlier Protestants and their followers, the infidels of the eighteenth century, had so elaborately woven against the Catholic Church. In this party, however, there reigns a great diversity of opinion; from M. Dubois, the recent editor of "Le Globe," in whom a very fanatical hostility to Christianity is apparent, down to M. Victor Cousin, who oscillates between Catholicism and a sort of Pantheistic fatalism, and will be finally drawn to the one or to the other, according as his good or evil genius shall prevail.

The only portion of the French infidel party, that adheres with any tenacity to the materialism of the last century, is to be found among some of the naturalists, and among a certain set of political economists; but this section of the party can boast of very few men of superior talent. Among these are exceptions, however, we may notice the physician, M. Broussais, and the political economist, M. Comte. The very progress of the natural sciences, and especially, of physiology, tends, however, daily to diminish the numbers and influence of this party, and will soon reduce it to its native insignificance.

Thus, then, had no men of genius arisen in France to defend the cause of religion,—had the Church, unsupported by the learning or eloquence of her own sons, merely witnessed the decline of her enemies in numbers, influence, and talent, and the spirit of equity and conciliation, which they sometimes exhibited;

still would she have gained an immense accession of strength. ~~But~~ thank Heaven! religion can boast of far other than such mere negative advantages. After the bloody shower which accompanied the Revolutionary storm, a rich crop of Christian literature sprang up. Here a man of brilliant fancy and generous character, like Chateaubriand, courageously plants the uprooted tree of religion in the then desolate garden of French literature. There, at a later period, an exquisite and profound poet, like La Martine, ravishes the age with the long-lost harmonies of religious song. An Abbé Frayssinous, by his eloquent sermons, draws crowded auditories to the long-deserted temples of God: while the Bishop of Troyes thunders against the errors of the age with the most intrepid zeal and glowing eloquence. At the commencement of our century, Bonald, by proving the divine origin of language, lays the noble foundation-stone for a new fabric of Christian philosophy, and in his "Legislation Primitive," and subsequently, in his "Recherches Philosophiques," displays consummate powers of reasoning, depth of reflection, and dignity of style. A still greater man, Count Maistre, in his "Considérations sur la Revolution Française," copes with the genius of our great Burke in his later work, "Du Pape," in which he displays not only the greatest theological talent and learning, but the loftiest historical views; and in his metaphysical dialogues, the same writer opens new and beautiful vistas to Christian philosophy. These two great men are followed by the Abbé de la Mennais, who, in his "Essai sur l'Indifférence en matière de Religion," destroys at one blow the foundations of heresy and impiety, rivals his most illustrious European contemporaries in the profundity of his philosophic views, and surpasses them all in the vigour of his ratiocination, and the fervid power of his eloquence. The two greatest living mathematicians in France, MM. Binet and Cauchy—her most eloquent orator, M. Berryer,—her greatest philologists and archæologists, like Sylvestre de Saey, Abel Remusat, Saint-Martin,† and Quatremère de Quincy, rank among the most fervent Catholics. In short, the most elegant writers, the ablest journalists, the most talented statesmen of France, are among the sons of the Church.

This remarkable resuscitation of Catholic genius in France, though less extensive, is not less gratifying than that which at the same period has occurred in Germany. The causes of this happy change are to be ascribed to the new awakening of religious zeal;—to the reaction consequent on a mighty revolution,

† The Great Chinese philologist, M. Abel Remusat, and the distinguished Armenian scholar, M. Saint-Martin, have recently discharged the debt of nature. We have learned, on good authority, that they were both men of the most edifying piety.

which has shaken the human mind to its centre, and called forth its every latent energy;—to the liberal patronage of the Bourbons, which was not confined, like that of their imperial predecessor, to the mathematical and natural sciences, but embraced every department of knowledge, and under whose fostering care Greek and Oriental literature made extraordinary progress in France;—finally, to the free political institutions which those princes granted or confirmed to their subjects—institutions which, defective as they may have been, contained much that was invaluable. But there are still many and various causes which oppose in France the progress of a sound Christian literature and philosophy, and consequently retard the triumph of religion in that country. These are the utter indifference for all religion, which still pervades a large mass of the French nation—the instability of all the governments which have so rapidly succeeded each other since 1789—the great poverty of the clergy—their hurried and defective education—the paucity of their numbers, and the extreme pressure of parochial duties—the want of those ecclesiastical endowments, and of those seats of learning, which in former times secured to the literary members of the clerical order a dignified independence and learned leisure—the destruction of the religious orders, which has occasioned an irreparable loss to learning, as well as to religion—the want of a wealthy nobility, to whom in France the higher arts and literature must ever mainly look for encouragement—the slavish system of administrative centralization, more highly elaborated in France than elsewhere, and which is most injurious to the development of an active, energetic common-sense in the people, and in general to the growth of every species of talent—the vehement contention of political parties, the excessive attention bestowed on political topics, and the ascendancy obtained by an arrogant, and often frivolous and ignorant journalism—finally, the vicious organization, and, generally speaking, vicious composition, of an university, which grasps within its fearful embrace every educational establishment in France, and by which a large portion of the French youth are annually demoralized, the provinces left to pine in the greatest intellectual indigence, and every literary advantage reserved for an over-pampered and depraved metropolis. Such are the chief causes which, some directly, and all indirectly, retard the great work of the intellectual and moral regeneration of France.

It will be seen that some of the above-mentioned causes have long opposed the vigorous growth and spread of Catholic literature in Great Britain. Yet better times are evidently fast approaching. The great energy in political life, which in the course of the last twenty years Ireland has displayed, is in all

lity the prelude to a like display of intellectual énergy; and a brilliant Catholic literature will be at once the result and the reward of those generous sacrifices and noble struggles which she has made for the attainment of her civil and religious freedom. Let internal tranquillity be only fully re-established in Ireland—let a legal provision be made for her numerous poor—let a sound system of municipal corporations open a legitimate outlet to the energy and activity of her middle class—let returning peace draw the sons of commerce to her desolate ports, and her long-absent proprietary to their patrimonial estates,—let these things be done, and we do not hesitate to predict that Ireland will resume the high station which she once held in the republic of letters, and become what she was in the early middle age—the favoured isle of saints and scholars. Sons of Erin! no longer despond: the night is nearly past, and the light of a blessed intellectual regeneration begins to peer above the mountain-tops.

ART. IX.—1. *First and Second Reports from the Select Committee on Public Works in Ireland, with Minutes of Evidence. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, August 27, 1835. Parliamentary Paper, No. 573.*

2. *A Brief Sketch of a proposed New Line of Communication between Dublin and London, capable of being traversed, by means of Railways and Steam Packets, in Twelve Hours.* 12mo. Dublin, 1836.

3. *The Establishment of a General Packet Station on the South-West Coast of Ireland, connected by Railways with Dublin and London, considered with reference to facilitating the Intercourse between Europe and America, and in promoting the Improvement of Ireland.* 12mo. London, 1836.

THE political Union of Great Britain and Ireland has been, on more than one occasion of popular excitement, stigmatized as merely existing in Parliament. But since the perfect establishment of peace throughout Europe, it has appeared to have become manifest to the denizens of both nations, that the moral, social, and commercial union is even of more importance to them, and that this could alone be consummated by perfecting the means of rapid interchanges of communication, and by a succession of improvements, rendering the epistolary and personal intercourse between the most distant parts of each Island, regular, safe, and agreeable—removing doubt from the mind of the anxious trader, apprehension from the heart of timid travellers,

and tempting into locomotion, by easy, economical, and luxurious accommodation on sea and land, the indolent proprietor, the rambling idler, the tourist, and the man of pleasure.

In proportion to these facilities for mutual intercourse, for interchange of ideas, and promulgation of the wants and wishes of the more distant portions of Ireland, has been approximated the hour when the real union may be considered as sealed between the two great countries, whose interests ought to be identical.

It is therefore with the keenest feeling of delight, we hail the univerral approbation expressed by the public in favour of the Railway System,—a System that, carried to the perfection of which it is susceptible, will draw into the closest connection, not only England and Ireland, but ultimately all the nations of Europe, uniting them in the bond of universal peace.

Before proceeding to comment on the publications and documents which form the text for this Article, it may not be uninteresting to give a very brief analysis of some of the leading principles on which science has proceeded in the construction of Railways, and in the application of the mighty power of steam to produce on them the velocity now obtained.

A modern Railway may be defined to be a perfect Road—hard, dry, and level, presenting the least possible resistance from irregularities of surface or inclination. Vehicles properly contrived, and furnished with wheels and axles, peculiarly constructed to move along the iron tracts with the least friction; and the untiring mechanical engine, compressed into the smallest useful compass, mounted on a carriage, supplied from a portable boiler, with steam at a high pressure, and yoked in front of the frame to be moved, give forth an irresistible power, transporting passengers and merchandize with a speed and economy wholly unattainable by means of animal resources.

The force necessary to move any given load on a horizontal line, is expressed by writers on mechanics in terms of the load itself. On a Railway extremely well laid, and in good order, with the bearing perimeter of the wheels turned perfectly true; with the best fitted axles, properly lubricated, and the iron rails clean and dry, or quite wet; the friction is reduced to its lowest terms. By friction is to be understood the sum of the obstruction to the movement of the carriage or train of carriages, arising from the *resistance* to the rolling periphery of the wheels as they move along the rails, and the *friction* at the axles from the insistent load. The amount of *resistance* is small, and, supposing the rails to be clean and in order, need not, by the general enquirer, be distinguished from the sum total of the friction.

Experiment has satisfactorily proved, that the friction is the same at all velocities. To overcome this friction, or, in other words, to overcome the *vis inertiae* of the load, a certain power is requisite, varying somewhat, as will be presently shewn; but which power, on a Railway, is now usually taken to be about $\frac{1}{30}$ th part of the load, whatever that may be. Now a ton consisting of 2240 lbs. the $\frac{1}{30}$ th part thereof is 9 lbs. nearly; and it is the ordinary expression in Railway parlance, to call the friction 9 lbs. to the ton. Some engineers prefer taking 10 lbs. to the ton, or $\frac{1}{24}$ th part of the load, as the measure of the friction, in all states of the weather, of the Railway and of the carriages. Others consider that 8 lbs. or $\frac{1}{28}$ th, or even $7\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. or $\frac{1}{30}$ th part of the load, to be a sufficient allowance. The above form the extremes for practical purposes; but experiments have been made on carriages, with axles so constructed, and the Railway in such good order, that the friction; in one case, appeared to be as small as $2\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. to the ton, or $\frac{1}{900}$ th part of the load; and in some other instances, only 4 or 5 lbs. or $\frac{1}{450}$ th of the load. These are, however, only interesting as illustrative of what is possible, under very peculiar circumstances; but like many experiments on models, would lead to false conclusions, and be deceptive, if stated to be true in general practice.

Under all the states of road and weather, then, the exertion of a force (animal or mechanical) of 9 or 10 lbs. will move a ton upon a level Railway. Now an ordinary horse, travelling at the rate of about $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles an hour, and working 10 hours daily, exerts a force of about 128 lbs. This, indeed, is a point rather unsettled among engineers, and a horse-power is usually taken higher; but it is a safe average for all horses. The momentary effort of a powerful London dray horse is perhaps four or five times what is above assumed, while a weak, ill-fed animal, used through a long journey, would be scarcely equal to half the above effect. An ordinary horse can take, however, about 14 tons along a level Railway, at the rate of $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles an hour, working all day; but the power of an animal to draw, is diminished as he is driven more rapidly. A horse capable of travelling 12 miles per hour, would only draw 3 tons on a level Railway at that velocity, and could not continue to do so any length of time.

The application of animal power is therefore very limited, and it is to steam recourse has been had, to obtain high velocities. Though it is true that the friction, and of course the power, requisite to move the dead-weight, is the same at all velocities, yet the velocity itself is only obtained in the ratio with which the power to overcome the friction of the load is supplied. In a locomotive steam engine, of the best modern construction, the

velocity may be defined, in a general way, to be regulated by the boiler-power—that is, the capability of the boiler to supply steam, of effectively high pressure, with sufficient rapidity, so as to enable the pistons to make a greater number of strokes per minute, thereby turning the wheels round a greater number of times, and of course urging the machine to a higher speed. So the load which the same engine can draw, supposing it to have sufficient adhesion on the rails, may be expressed to be regulated by the diameter of the cylinders, the pressure of the steam, and the length of the stroke of the piston, from which elements are obtained a certain expression of value in lbs. called the cylinder-power, which, divided by 8, 9, or 10 lbs. as the friction may be assumed, gives the number of tons which the engine is capable of drawing. This is by no means a scientific, and perhaps not a strictly correct description; but it will convey an approximate idea of the power and effect of the locomotive engine, which is all that is necessary on the present occasion.

The most remarkable circumstance in the application of steam power on railways, is the mode in which the steam, having done its duty in the cylinders of the engine, is discharged up the chimney, and entering therein under a pressure still considerably higher than the atmospheric pressure, produces a momentary vacuum; this is followed by a rush of air from the flues or tubes of the boiler, thus creating a great draught from the furnace, and, by drawing the heated air in the increased velocity through the tubes, generates steam in the boiler with proportionate rapidity. This steam supplies the force to overcome the friction of the load with corresponding velocity, and is again quickly discharged from the cylinders into the chimney to produce the preceding effect in the increased speed. The absolute power of a locomotive engine is therefore measured by the velocity with which the engine moves; and a machine which at 15 miles an hour may be called a twenty-horse engine, at 30 miles an hour becomes a forty-horse engine. Many singular and important consequences hence present themselves to the engineer; it would lead us too far astray from our general subject to attempt to analyze them; but the practical result is, to add to the other reasons for keeping railway lines as nearly horizontal as attainable, since the velocity, and consequently the power of the engine, is greatly diminished when ascending acclivities, from several causes, particularly from the effects of gravity, upon which we shall proceed to remark.

The power necessary to overcome the friction that is to move a load, is stated in terms of the load; and so is the power requisite to overcome the effects of gravity, when the line deviates from the horizontal. The rise of any such plane is usually expressed

by the proportion between the base and perpendicular of the right-angled triangle, of which the inclined plane forms the hypotenuse, being an inch, a foot, a yard, &c. vertical, to so many inches, feet, yards, &c. horizontal. Thus, a plane which rises one foot, or any other lineal measure, in 250 feet, or any other number of lineal measures, is said to rise 1 in 250; and the expression of the power requisite to overcome the effects of gravity is $\frac{1}{250}$, being that fraction or proportion of the load; and if the load be one ton, then the power to overcome the gravity due to a rise of 1 in 250, is nearly 9lbs. The power requisite on a rise of 1 in 224, is 10lbs. per ton; and the power on a rise of 1 in 280, is 8lbs.; and on a rise of 1 in 300, about 7½lbs.; and so, by dividing the number of pounds in a ton (2240) by the number which expresses the proportion of the base to the perpendicular, of any triangle such as above, being the denominator of the fraction, a table may be formed exhibiting the power per ton requisite to overcome the power of gravity on all inclinations, to be added to the friction on ascending planes; and (to a certain extent only however) to be deducted from the friction on descending planes.

In describing the gradients of a railway, it is usual to state the rise per mile in feet, as well as the proportion of the rise or perpendicular lift to the length or base. In order to illustrate more clearly the great increase of power required when inclinations occur, we have thrown into a tabular form the force or power required to overcome the friction, which is a constant quantity at all velocities and at all slopes, and the force to overcome the gravity, which varies as the line of the angle of inclination.

Force or Power per Ton.	LEVEL.	5½ Feet per Mile	7 Feet per Mile	12 Feet per Mile	16 Feet per Mile	21 Feet per Mile	50 Feet per Mile	66 Feet per Mile	106 Feet per Mile
		1000	734	400	335	235	705	50	30
Friction.....	lbs. 9	lbs. 9	lbs. 9	lbs. 9	lbs. 9	lbs. 9	lbs. 9	lbs. 9	lbs. 9
Gravity.....	0	2.2	3	5.1	6.8	9	21	28	45
Total..	9	11.2	12	14.1	15.8	18	30	37	54

If the friction be taken at 7½ or 8lbs. per ton, or at 10lbs. per ton, the substitution of these numbers would respectively decrease or increase the above totals.*

* The general result of M'Niell's experiments for measuring the force of traction, or the labour of horses in drawing carriages on different sorts of roads, is as follows:—

On a gravel road	147lbs.	} The road being horizontal.
On a broken stone surface on an old flint road	65	
On a broken stone surface upon a rough pavement foundation.....	46	
On a broken stone surface upon a bottoming of concrete formed of Parker's cement and gravel	46	
On an excellent smooth, well-laid pavement	33	

The importance of keeping railways as nearly level as possible is self-evident from this table. With the medium friction, so small a rise as 1 in 1000 requires 25 per cent additional power: with a rise of 21 feet per mile, the power must be doubled; and on an elevation of 1 in 80, which would be scarcely heeded by the traveller on a road, the power must be fully quadrupled. It may be mentioned here, incidentally, that this inclination of 1 in 80 is considered the practical limit for locomotive engines to work upon; and when imperative circumstances compel the adoption of such a slope, it should be for a very short distance.

The average friction on most of our present turnpike-roads being assumed at 56lbs. to the ton, the power is not doubled until the rise becomes 1 in 40; while on a railway whose friction is 9lbs. to the ton, the power is doubled when the rise is one in 250. It is therefore a mere corollary to observe, that the more perfect the railway, the more injurious are inclined planes.

In descending inclined planes the effect of gravity is in favor of the load, and is to be deducted instead of being added to the friction; but the useful effect of gravity, in this respect, on a descent, does not extend beyond the amount of the friction; and the advantage cannot be said to apply to planes exceeding those on which the gravity just balances the friction, and whereon, if no farther power were applied, the load would remain at rest. The angle of inclination on which the friction is exactly equivalent to the gravity, has been hence sometimes called the angle of repose.

When the gravity due to the inclination of the plane exceeds the friction, the load will be impelled downwards with a velocity proportionate to the angle of descent.

Within the last twelvemonth a novel doctrine has been broached, founded on some of the preceding premises, on which it is necessary to say a very few words. It has been stated, that on two railroads, each one hundred miles in length, the one being perfectly horizontal throughout the whole distance, and the other rising for half the distance, at the rate of 1 in 250, and falling at the same rate for the other half, however such inclinations may be distributed over the line, these two railroads may be worked by the same mechanical power.

Nothing can be more absurd or deceptive than to entertain such a fallacy;—like some other mere abstract mechanical propo-

And upon a road recently covered with a thick layer of broken stones the traction was found as much as 240lbs. The absolute amount of friction only, of ordinary carriages, is probably not more than 25lbs.; & all above that is resistance, more or less, according to the state of the road and weather, and the size and form of the felloes of the wheels.

sitions, it is totally false in practice. More especially is it to be deprecated as applicable to railways worked by locomotive steam-engines, which machines are not constructed (at least at present) to convert their high speed into additional power, with a slower motion, while ascending inclined planes; for, as has been already observed, their power depends upon the maintenance of their velocity, and it is upon inclined planes the engines lose their speed, and consequently their power, at the very time it is most wanted, and particularly, as in the case in question, on planes of 1 in 250, when their power is required to be doubled. What might be true theoretically, in this case can never be obtained practically. The theory supposes, that at any moment the additional power requisite, being the double of that required on a level line, can be supplied and given out on the ascent; and that on the descent the whole of the power is saved and economized. A number of practical difficulties at once arise—such as the slipping of the wheels in unfavourable weather, the diminution of the positive amount of adhesion at all times, the additional wear and tear of the engines, strained to the utmost exertion of their power, and the extra injury done to the railroad on the Inclines, which is even greater on the descent than on the ascent. A moment's reflection will shew that on the descent the steam, although not given out at the moment, must necessarily be kept up in the boiler, to be ready for the next piece of level road, or for a start after a stoppage, &c., and that in the meantime it is blowing off at the safety valve. In order to keep up the *velocity*, which is the great element in railway travelling, the load throughout the line, undulating 1 in 250, must be only one half of what could be carried on the level,—or a second engine must be ready to help on the ascents, while the first engine must necessarily continue with the train while descending, and nothing is saved in practice but a small quantity of fuel. And if the rise of 1 in 250 were continued in one slope of 50 miles, the equally continuous descent on the other side, though presenting an apparent economy of power, would require a third engine to help the return cargo upwards, or the second engine must travel downwards after the train, to be ready to assist the returning load. So that in *practice* a double set of engines must be employed, although in *theory* the actual mechanical power is the same upon a level line and on a line rising and falling at the rate of 1 in 250.

The preceding theory having gained ground from the respectable authorities who have promulgated it in more than one High Court of Judicature, and in publications of a scientific character, it has become a duty to point out its fallacies, and to bring the public to distinguish between the abstract amount of mere

mechanical force, and the positive necessity of keeping up the means of supplying additional power when wanted, without the possibility of any real economy, when the actual giving out of power is not required.

Another material element in the consideration of locomotive power, is the load which an engine can draw after it, not as calculated from the cylinder power of the machine, but from its own weight insistent upon the rails. This has been called the adhesive power of the engine. The amount of this adhesion was long unknown to engineers; and the early history of locomotive engines shews that various contrivances were made, and patents taken out, to effect a greater amount of adhesion than was supposed to exist. It is now well ascertained, that the amount of adhesion, that is, the capability of an engine to drag a load after it on a railway, is determined greatly by the state of the weather. The adhesion of one iron bar sliding on another, is usually estimated at one-seventh of the weight of the bar moved. In a locomotive engine, the adhesion is ordinarily allowed to be one-fifteenth of its weight; though, under favourable circumstances, it is often as much as one-twelfth, or even one-tenth, while it is sometimes so small as a twentieth, or even a fortieth. The adhesion is also diminished in proportion to the rise of the plane.

As experience has been gained in the practical working of railways, it has been found advisable on many accounts, among which to acquire adhesion is not the least, that the locomotive engines should be made much heavier than originally constructed. Three, four, five, and six tons, constituted the original limits, which have been successively extended. An ordinary locomotive engine for level lines, is now never made of less weight than ten tons. As the railways deviate from the horizontal, a heavier engine to transport a proper load at a high speed, becomes necessary; and engines of twelve tons weight may henceforth be considered as likely to become in general use. We shall, therefore, explain the amount of adhesion of such an engine.

The adhesion, that is, the grip, bite, or hold, which the wheels of a locomotive engine have upon the rail, has already been stated to be on an average the one-fifteenth part of the weight of the engine. But the whole weight of the engine is only applicable to overcome the loads when the wheels are coupled together; and this is not usually the case, except for assistant engines on inclined planes, and for engines moving at a comparatively slow rate. In those locomotives adapted for high velocities, the fore and hind wheels are not coupled, and it is only the weight insistent on the driving wheels, that is, the wheels directly acted upon from the cylinders by the connecting rods, which affords

the adhesion. In a twelve ton engine, the weight on the driving wheels is about two-thirds of the whole weight, say eight tons; and it is one-fifteenth part of this weight, or, in round numbers, about 1200 lbs., which, under the average circumstances of weather, and the state of the rails, is the adhesive power of such an engine,—this being divided by the friction, viz. 9 lb. to the ton, gives about 133 tons as the load which can be drawn on a horizontal railway, without the wheels slipping. The ratio of diminution of adhesion is as the sine of the angle of inclination. On frosty mornings, when the atmosphere is humid, and the rails covered with rime, there is scarcely any adhesion, particularly on inclines, and the engines are unable to get on, the wheels turn round without advancing, and the steam copiously supplied at the moment of the first check, is soon blown off, and, however great the cylinder power, the train is totally stopped. If the wheels of a twelve ton engine are coupled, the whole weight will be available in the computation of the adhesive power, and the load would be 200 tons.

It will be supposed, that a certain proportion becomes requisite in the construction of a locomotive engine, between the power of adhesion and the cylinder power, which it is only necessary to allude to here, as we have already unconsciously entered into a longer preparatory description than first intended, having, indeed, scarcely left ourselves the opportunity of adding a few paragraphs on railway curves.

The leading distinction in the construction of the wheels of carriages adapted for moving on railways, and the wheels of road vehicles, is, that the former are fastened to the axletree, which revolves with them, turning in friction boxes of a peculiar kind; whereas, in ordinary carriages, the axle remains fast, and the wheels revolve thereon: Experience has taught this to be absolutely necessary for railway wheels, especially at high velocities. In order to retain the wheels upon the raised rail, or iron track, whereon they roll, the tire is furnished with a projection called the flange, now universally placed on the inner side of the wheel, and about three-quarters of an inch deep.

In laying out lines of railway, curves should be avoided as much as possible; but when this cannot be effected altogether, recourse must be had to means of obviating the effect of the centrifugal force, and of the additional friction of the flange of the wheel upon the rail, otherwise arising from the circumstance of the wheel being fast upon the axle. The former is counteracted by simply elevating the outer rail or convex side of the railway track according to a simple formula well known to engineers: the radius of the curves taken to the centre of gravity of the load,

and the maximum velocity of the train forming the principal elements therein, in connection with the breadth of the track: the latter is remedied by allowing some little additional play in the guage of the wheels, beyond what would be necessary if there were no curves. What is called the *cone* of the wheel is not applied on account of the curves, but to throw the flange of the wheel from coming into contact with the button or edge of the rail generally, throughout any portion of the road. The perimeter, or bearing surface or tread of the wheel, being in fact the frustum of a cone, and the difference of the diameter on the side of the wheel where the flange is placed, and on the other side, that is, between its whole breadth of about four inches, is about one-eighth of an inch. And it is best, if practicable, to lay the rails so that their surfaces be not perfectly horizontal, but parallel to the inclination or cone on the wheels, the tread being thereby uniform upon the broad top of the rail, and not partial, as is too often the case, breaking down the projecting button or upper web of the rail.

The exactness with which railway curves are laid out, and the perfect manner in which they become tangential to each other and to the straight parts of the road, form one of the principal cares of the engineer: simple practical rules exist for this purpose, but they are not often attended to.

The increased loads and velocities on railways, requiring engines of greater power and weight, it has become necessary to increase the strength of the iron bars very materially. The rails on the Stockton and Darlington line were at first only 28 lbs. to the yard; on the Liverpool and Manchester railway they were 35 lbs. to the yard. On the Dublin and Kingstown road they were 45 lbs. to the yard; and most of the recent railways are constructed with rails of 60 lbs. to the yard, and even 75 lbs. has been tried; but in these two last cases, the bearings or distances between the points of support have been increased from 3 feet to 4 and 5 feet respectively.

It would lead into too long and too detailed a paper, to attempt here to enter into any discussion as to the mode of laying down a railway, after the necessary excavations and embankments are made, and the bridges and other constructions built to restore the existing communications by land and water, so as to isolate the railway as effectually as if it were a river or canal: but we may mention, in general terms, that the more perfect and effectual the system of drainage, the more efficiently will the road be kept in order, and too much attention cannot be bestowed on this point. It may also be mentioned as the opinion of several engineers of much practical experience, that all the

previous attempts to make a non-elastic railway have been productive of unprofitable results. A railway laid on massive blocks of stone, and secured as completely as art can effect, certainly presents the least resistance to the mere motion of the load; but the successive passage of heavy trains of carriages, at great velocities, and impelled by powerful locomotive engines, soon dislocates the best laid railway; and as it is a continual contest between the impinging force and the resisting road, a positive amount of wear and tear arises to the engines and carriages, of a much greater extent than may be supposed. The resistance of the non-elastic blocks causes a disorganization of the moving machinery, and thence arises the double destruction of the railway and of the trains moving upon it.

It appears also, that the motion of a train of carriages, when passing over the portions of a railway laid on wood, is much easier to the passengers, and causes less jar on the road, and to the machinery and vehicles; and although a certain positive additional amount of steam power may be required when the railway is somewhat elastic, this is much more than compensated by the saving in the wear and tear.

In pursuance of this idea, experiments have been made, by which it appears that beams or baulks of timber laid longitudinally, and connected occasionally by transverse pieces, to keep the road in gauge, are most likely to be much used for railways, the iron rails being fastened thereon. At the present high price of iron, and in places even where stone is not dear, this mode will be found very economical. The bars may be rolled in a particular form, so as to avoid the necessity of using chairs or pedestals to support the rail, which would be laid lengthwise on the wood beams, and having thus a continued support, the bar itself may be made lighter. Rails of 36 to 40 lbs. per yard, would be sufficiently heavy, thus affixed. Such railways would require a much smaller expense to keep them in repair, and the softness of the movement thereon, as experience has shewn, would greatly diminish the destruction of carriages, now occasioned by the contiguous jars on a non-elastic road.

We stop here any further analysis relating to the construction of railways and locomotive engines; yet the subject is unexhausted, and our materials still ample; but we are anxious to proceed to develop the higher principles of the system, more particularly as applicable to Ireland; and we leave to a future occasion the prosecution of our remarks on the more recent improvements in the several branches of the details.

It has been justly observed, that the leading feature of the railway system, is to connect the extremities of empires with their

capitals—to link nations together as families; and in no instance can the advantages of the system in this respect be better illustrated, than in the perfecting of that social union between Great Britain and Ireland, the final consolidation of which, as we have already observed, can be best effected by a continuous and rapid change of ideas. Not the least valuable of the opinions which Ireland has latterly learned from England, has been the value of time; an opinion long cherished in the latter country, but more especially developed since the peace.

The following sentences in the pamphlet upon a General Packet Station on the south-west coast of Ireland, bear strongly on this point, and are worthy of especial notice. The author begins thus:—

“In that career of improvement which has distinguished the last five-and-twenty years, beyond, perhaps, any previous period in the history of the world, and in which the sum of the vast ameliorations effected in all that relates to the condition of mankind, is not less striking than the rapidity with which their details have followed upon each other, one important lesson seems to have been, in an especial degree, impressed upon those engaged in the pursuits of industry, and upon the commercial and manufacturing classes in particular; they have been effectually taught to appreciate the value of *time*, and to apply to its use a degree of rigid and judicious economy of which the past affords no example.

“That distances are virtually shortened, in the precise ratio in which the time occupied in traversing them is abridged, is now every where admitted, and the efforts made to give practical effect to this important proposition, are universally known. In Great Britain, the sums expended on the improvement of the roads, expressly to afford the utmost possible facility in accelerating intercourse, are of vast amount, sufficiently indicating the public opinion upon this interesting question; and to show how entirely the communication with Ireland is regarded as a national object, it is only necessary to refer to the large sums which have been expended upon the Holyhead road, with the full approbation both of the legislature and the public. In France and Belgium, as well as in various other parts of the Continent, but especially in the United States of America, the most strenuous efforts have been made to give effect to the same principle; and it is especially to be remarked that all this is done, not alone with the tacit assent of the various communities interested, but that it is urged forward with an anxiety as eager as it is unanimous; the intelligent portion of society every where hailing the expenditure of the large sums which are necessarily invested in the accomplishment of such objects, as calculated, beyond all other means, to promote the great purposes of national and social improvement.”—pp. 1, 2.

. It may seem perfectly superfluous to accumulate arguments in favour of this proposition, or of railways in particular, since the Public seem to rush with the utmost avidity into every pro-

posal for the establishment of these new modes of communication.

But a useful direction is no less wanting for the present impulse, and it is of vital importance to Ireland that her newly-awakened energies should not be wasted upon schemes unprofitable in themselves, and by their want of success postponing the establishment of what is really most beneficial.

Half a century since, the feeling in the national mind was scarcely less ardent in favour of canals than it now is towards the railways. Independent of the numerous ill-digested canal projects, the failure of which in England has been forgotten amid a thousand brilliant examples of success, the parallel and rival lines of the Grand and the Royal Canals in Ireland, stand prominently still before us as beacons against hasty measures, and inconsiderate expenditure of capital. One canal judiciously laid out, and on a moderate scale, would have returned profit to the proprietors, and induced an extension to other parts of the country. A severe economy of management, free from any shadow of imputation of what, in Ireland, is emphatically called a job, would have husbanded funds once ample, the thoughtless dispersion of which has profited few, ruined many, and disgusted all. Public works must not only be designed with judgment; they must be executed with economy, and the officials connected with them in every department should be chosen for ability, and not by favour.

It is too often the case in England, when any work has been proposed, and it is remarkably the case at present in respect of railways, that several rival schemes instantly arise. Each promoter boldly asserts his design to be the best, and a ruinous contest in Parliament ends in some secret compromise, in which the public is often the loser; and whenever this is the case, the party who claims success ultimately loses also, and a second, or a third project is brought forward to remedy the errors of the original one.

The accumulated and overflowing wealth of England makes the creation of parallel lines of railway more a matter of regret upon principle, than from an apprehension that the progress of improvement will be checked, or any injury accrue, except to the individuals who have embarked their money in the unsuccessful speculation. In Ireland, a country wherein confidence in public works created by private capital, is only just feebly awakened after the long paralysis occasioned by former losses, it is of paramount importance that all the advantages of the railway system should be obtained by a union of the long-husbanded resources of prudent economists, into one or more series of well-considered main trunk lines, supporting not rivalling each other.

How greatly must these advantages tend towards that perfect union which it is the burthen of our text to advocate. Mr. Vignoles, in his paper delivered to the Committee of the House of Commons, which sat last spring upon the mode of conducting public works in Ireland, says,

“Railways induce the civilization and employment of the labouring part of the community, the distribution throughout the whole country of useful expenditure, which the localization of manufactures and capital has before secured in monopoly to particular districts; the equalization of property, and more especially rapidity and economy of communication, whereby affording the means of obtaining an intimate knowledge of the wants and wishes of the remoter provinces.”—*Parliamentary Paper*, No. 573, Session, 1835, p. 131.

And in p. 132, Mr. Vignoles insists on the formation of main trunk lines of railway, as “the means of saving the unnecessary outlay of capital in making independent lines to each town.”

“The leading feature of the railway system is to connect the extremes of kingdoms with their capitals, and to leave the large towns in the districts pervaded by the great trunk, to construct their respective branches to the nearest or most eligible points. The local dealers and proprietors of lands, houses, and establishments, will rapidly fill their respective subscription lists to accomplish the few miles of railway from each town; numerous communities will feel the necessity of forming, and will readily (and generally economically) make connecting branches to the main trunk, for they will soon discover, to use the words of a popular paper, ‘that those places that have no railways, or connexion with railways, will be no places, and their inhabitants no bodies.’ It is utterly inconsistent to expect that the Grand Arterial Railway should meander like the old roads and canals from town to town, or that every city should have its distinct railway to the capital.

“All such constructions would prove nearly equally failures, whereas the institution of a principal and leading line will derive its prosperity and success by numerous ramifications from its trunk, and the establishment of other lines as offsets will take place from the lateral branches which will themselves extend, while *towns and villages sufficiently near will make good roads*, and thus a succession of employment to the working classes be created.

“And though the branch railways might repay the expenditure, in but little, or even not at all, still the inhabitants and proprietors of each town, and its surrounding neighbourhood, (and these will be the natural subscribers to each branch line,) will be benefited individually and collectively; and if they do not greatly increase, will at least retain their trade or connection, which would otherwise pass to towns and districts more sensible to the advantages of the railway system, or more prudent and more active in forming that connection with a communication, which is destined, by its peculiar facility, economy, and dispatch, to create great changes in the channel of trade, and of social, and probably of political intercourse.”

At the commencement of the present session of Parliament, the Government of the country, startled by the numerous railway projects about to be brought before Parliament, involving the expenditure of nearly thirty millions sterling, procured the appointment of a Select Committee of the House of Commons, to consider how the interests of the public might be guarded against the effect of rash speculations, and especially from conflicting or rival lines, or from the injudicious selections of particular roads. The very first enquiry made by this Committee was from a principal military engineer, as to the possibility of any report being made to Government on the general directions and mode of laying out the various projected lines, with a view of enabling them to form some opinion, or to come to some recommendation on the subject. It was soon evident that the enquiry came far too late. The Liverpool and Manchester Railway had been laid out ten years before. After repeated and harassing conflicts before Committees of both Houses of Parliament, the leading lines from the Metropolis to Birmingham and Liverpool on the north, and to Bristol on the west, had been authorized by the legislature; and the attention and interest of the English capitalists, at length fully drawn to the importance and profit of railway investments, had already produced and lodged, according to Parliamentary forms, extensive and elaborate surveys proceeding from London in all directions, or forming branches and extensions from the lines previously incorporated, or passing in diagonal courses between the principal manufacturing towns of the kingdom, completely occupying every line whose importance might justify the Government interference in promoting the selection of the most eligible route. In short, before Government became aware of the importance of guiding the public, the monied interests of the country had already procured the funds, made the surveys, and laid the basis of lines of railways, which, whether the best or otherwise, are only likely to be altered by the successful interference of some rival project standing equally advanced in the preparatory forms, and more acceptable as a speculation. What the Government would have done for Great Britain, they may yet most advantageously effect for Ireland. That country, with the exception of the short unconnected, though eminently successful line from Dublin to the port of Kingstown, is for all railway purposes a *tabula rasa*. The Government have a well organized Board of Public Works, at whose head stands one of the most distinguished engineers of the age. Let it be the business, then, of that Board, under the orders of that Government which professes to wish above all things to introduce measures remedial for Ireland, to lay out

three or four main branch lines from her metropolis to the remotest extremities. In what more judicious manner, in what way so well calculated to create confidence in the minds of the capitalists, so much wanted in a country hitherto so torn by political and polemical dissensions, so distracted by agrarian outrages,—in what mode so likely to conciliate all local and conflicting interests, could a few thousand pounds of public money be expended, than in tracing the principal features of a few of the main trunk lines of railway through Ireland? One half the sum which will assuredly be thrown away, and probably ineffectually, during the present session of Parliament, between the parties, now fiercely contesting the route to Brighton—scarcely fifty miles,—would amply cover the expense of tracing all that Ireland is likely to require for half a century in the way of principal lines of railway.

Surely it is at once the duty, and ought to be the pride, of a Government hailed by the majority of Irishmen as peculiarly alive to the wants and interests of their country, to prevent that rivalry of speculations, which in England may exist without damping the ardour of enterprise, from extending to Ireland, where it will occasion distrust and alarm, impeding the very operations which, under the judicious directions of the Board of Works, might be conducted in the most beneficial manner.

It appears to us, that applying to Ireland what the Parliamentary Committee wished to do for the empire generally, the Ministry would, by recommending through its own engineers the great main trunk lines of railway, effectually prevent the birth of those projects which too often only assume their direction in reference to some town arrogating to itself an undue importance, or to the interest of some individuals whose properties may be approximated or avoided, and who do not consider the real advantages or facilities of the country in respect of general rather than of local purposes.

It is to the Government, who alone are sufficiently interested in all parts however remote, that we can look to, for proceeding to lay out a grand system of railway communication, for which the natural features of Ireland are most peculiarly favourable.

Ireland, indeed, may be said to be a favourable country for railroads, consisting chiefly of extensive table lands, divided by certain marked lines of mountain in the interior, and bounded on the coast by ranges of hills, parallel or nearly so, thereto. The best levels, the lines affording the best general course and the fewest obstacles, should be chosen, and where the greatest accommodation to towns can be given, thither should the trunk

lines be directed, because the largest amount of profitable return may thence be expected.

It has been observed by an intelligent and well informed engineer, that although the expenses of a railway in Ireland may not be so great as in England, neither are such ample returns to be expected; and if, in the prosperous and wealthy counties of Great Britain, it may be a reasonable matter of doubt how far railways will be paying concerns, it will be a matter of certainty that they must in Ireland be losing affairs, unless constructed on principles at once the most economical, scientific, and advantageous.

Taking Dublin as a centre, and a point both politically and naturally as the focus of communication from the east, the trunk lines should radiate so as to embrace the greatest range with the least means, and as if the whole country belonged to one proprietor.

The results of a judicious system of railways laid down through Ireland, extending in various directions from Dublin, would be the means of putting a stop to various crude schemes, prevent injurious speculations, and give confidence to capitalists; they would enlighten both branches of the legislature, and probably materially influence them in the opinion they would form in committee, as they would naturally be guided by the principles laid down, and would not be likely to sanction any lines not based thereon, especially if intended for general purposes;—the very object which it appears to have been the wish of the Government and the recent Committee on Railway Bills to attain.

The English economists are generally very cautious of spending a few thousands on Ireland, although they do not scruple to grant hundreds of thousands towards objects of national vanity:—the Thames Tunnel, for instance, to which has been made a provisional loan, or rather grant,—for no person can reasonably suppose it will be repaid,—of two or three hundred thousand pounds, and an absolute advance of thirty thousand pounds, to pursue an experiment which is, to say the least, precarious. Why, this last sum would be far more than sufficient to effect all the objects of a preparatory survey of five or six main trunk lines of railway, and which expense might perhaps be so arranged as to be hereafter repaid by the parties who chose to adopt the principal features of the railways thus chalked out for them *a priori*.

Among the various lines which naturally present themselves as principal arteries concentrated at Dublin, none appear to us so important as the one which would naturally be directed to some general packet station on the south-west coast of Ireland. We have indeed heard of one to the North, by the coast through

Drogheda, and thence by Newry towards Armagh and Belfast, and that most liberal subscriptions have been made towards the preliminary surveys. We most sincerely hope that the promoters of this measure will place their funds at the disposal of the Board of Public Works, and claim that co-operation of public aid with private capital which has been so strongly recommended by the most intelligent and most competent of the witnesses examined by the Committee on Public Works. The subscribers will thereby be certain of having the best line selected, and will probably put an effectual stop to all minor opposition.

In respect of the general packet station in connection with a railway from Dublin to that port, south of the Shannon, which may be considered most eligible, we believe that large private subscriptions have already been made with a view to claim the active co-operation of government, and to place the survey immediately in charge of the Board of Public Works.

Independent, however, of these private subscriptions, the government-grants towards the surveys of main lines ought, and we fondly hope will, be liberally afforded, especially to those which have not yet caught the public attention, but which should be equally, though perhaps not so immediately, inquired into. Among the objects which these main lines extended to the various points on the coasts of Ireland, would promote the encouragement of the fisheries is probably not the least important, whether as regards defence or supplies of food. Holland dates her wealth from this branch of industry, and Scotland has recently derived great prosperity from increased enterprise in the fisheries. Fish has hitherto been considered more as an article of luxury than of necessity, while the working classes can scarcely yet be convinced that most kinds of fish are at once nutritious and economical. The general habit of consuming fish can alone be induced, by bringing it to the doors of the people at large plentiful, fresh and cheap. Railroads only will effect this distribution through the interior. Herring, in its half-cured state, is scarcely known in Ireland: nor corned cod, which, when well soaked and boiled with potatoes, affords cheap and excellent food, and does not create the thirst generally felt after eating salt fish. Salt cod-fish is sometimes sold as high in the interior of England as butcher's meat, and white herrings at a price each, equivalent to that paid for two or three dozen on the coast. The fisheries of Ireland will therefore undoubtedly improve by the extension of railroads, diminishing the price and increasing the consumption of fish, both fresh and cured.

We will not allude to railroads in a military point of view. It is our confident belief that the time is past for occupying Ireland as a military post; and it will be only in the event of a general war,

with railways extending to our outposts, that we wish to think they will be interesting to the commander-in-chief, or important to the soldier.

We return to the project of the general packet station on the south-west coast of Ireland, connected with Dublin by one of the main trunk lines of railway, which we hope to see immediately laid out. It is however not merely as between Dublin and the south-west packet station, but between London and the Atlantic Ocean, that the connection is to be considered. To quote again from Mr. Vignoles' document before alluded to—

“It is by means of so ready a connexion with London, such a harbour will become the great out-port of the United Kingdom, and (passing rapidly over the chain of intermediate reasoning) of France and all Northern Europe. In short, Ireland would become the great highway of nations from the old to the new world—the thoroughfare between the two hemispheres. The occupation of the public mind and the labourer of Ireland in such an enterprize, and the constantly increasing fruits of its progress, would do more to pacify the fearful dissensions of the people, and ameliorate their lamentable condition, than any legislation of even the best disposed parliament.”—*Parliamentary Paper*, No. 573, p. 134.

Any railway to a south-west Irish port, must pass near Killarney or Glengariff. Mr. Vignoles observes in the same paper,—

“When the English tourists, who now perambulate the mountains of Wales, and pass a few happy days or weeks of each summer in contemplation of the beauties of the Lakes of Cumberland or Scotland, can transport themselves in thirty-six hours, at the expence of £5, to tread the borders of the Lakes of Killarney, can it be doubted that a vast influx of visitors, of all classes of society, would ensue, enriching with their superfluous wealth, and civilizing by their presence, the inhabitants of the wide ranges of moor and mountain district, which lately, and still, to a great degree, are the remote abode of poverty, sickness, and crime.”

In the pamphlet on the General Packet Stations, the author observes:—

“Up to the era to which reference has been already made, and the effective commencement of which may be dated from the re-establishment of peace in Europe, (our commercial relations, during the war of the French Revolution, having been either in a great degree diverted from their natural channels, or kept within such as were altogether artificial) the great stream of European commerce flowed eastward, and Ireland may be said to have been completely in the back ground, not only unheeded, but almost unknown. This is fortunately no longer the case. Her natural position is doubtless the same, but the main tide of European commerce, instead of flowing, as before, to the East, has taken an entirely opposite course, and its direction is now right westward: this, too, under circumstances which lead to the inevitable and

important conclusions, that, while the commercial progress of the great eastern countries, from the nature of their respective institutions and government, can be but slow—however sure; the western continent, by a development of resources so vast, and by an increase of population so rapid, that the history of the world offers no parallel to either, must become more and more the great market for the products of British industry, and render the commercial relations of the United Kingdom with its various States, paramount in importance to all others. Hence arises the important change which has taken place in the relative position of Ireland. Instead of being, as formerly, in the uttermost rear of European intercourse, we are now about to occupy its very foremost post, offering to the rest of the United Kingdom, and of Europe, the advantage of those facilities in their intercourse with the western hemisphere, which result from our fortunate geographical position. Hence, too, the altered view in which our future prospects must necessarily be considered by British statesmen; and hence, above all, the caution which we are bound to use in promoting important public works, and the necessity of first carefully enquiring how far they are capable of being rendered subservient to those important improvements in the general condition of the empire, for the accomplishment of which, the coming opportunity is clearly indicated by the whole progress of passing events.

“The interval which has elapsed since the introduction of the last great improvement in our internal intercourse, namely, the application of steam carriages on railways, is comparatively short, but the advantages which it affords are so obvious, and have been so clearly demonstrated by the experience of even this brief interval, that it would be superfluous to enlarge upon them. It may not, however, be out of place to observe, that the employment of the railway steam carriage has hitherto been limited to comparatively short distances; and as, in these, the saving of time cannot be very considerable, the effective practical advantage of the system can only be thoroughly known and appreciated, when it comes to be applied to lines of greater length, and to the connexion of localities more widely separated: when, in fact, distances of 200 and 300 miles, the traversing of which has hitherto involved much personal fatigue, and the sacrifice of rest, frequently for successive nights, may be accomplished in a single day; under circumstances not alone divested of fatigue and inconvenience, but partaking altogether of the opposite character of recreation: when *twelve or fourteen hours* may suffice to convey the traveller from London to Dublin, and eight or ten hours more, place him on the deck of a steam-packet ready to start from the most western point of land in Europe.”—pp. 2-5.

In connection with the establishment of a General Packet Station in the south-west of Ireland, naturally comes the consideration of a more rapid connection with London. It is within our own knowledge that a large body of active surveyors, under the direction of two of the most experienced railway engineers in England, have, for the last two months, being closely occupied in

so much importance to both countries, that any expenditure which may be necessary for affording it to the fullest extent, should rather be considered as an outlay of public money for national purposes, than for the management of a particular department, or the accommodation of a particular district; nor can the committee entirely lose sight of the fact, that although the Post-Office has for so many years been, consequently to be traversed of Revenue, yet it affords engines as we know are preparing for the great line, within eight or nine hours. The object of the survey is to form an application for Government aid in furtherance of those statutes consequent on the Act of Union, which state, that Ireland should have every facility of intercourse with the seat of government, and "no reasonable expense should be spared in making it as perfect as possible."

"This view is supported by various public documents, particularly the recital to the 84th section of the 4th Geo. IV. cap. 74, an Act for improving the Holyhead line of communication, viz.—'And whereas, in consequence of the union between Great Britain and Ireland, a great number of persons usually resident in Ireland are obliged to attend the Houses of Parliament, either as Peers or as Members of the Commons House of Parliament, or as witnesses ordered to attend, or as persons whose interests are deeply concerned in the measures coming before Parliament, or as parties in appeals to its legal jurisdiction. And whereas, in consequence of the said union, several public offices which existed in Dublin for the management of the revenue of Ireland and of the army of Ireland, have been abolished, and it is in contemplation to abolish many others, and to transfer the administration of the revenue of other departments to London. And it is therefore of great public importance, that the communication between the two capitals should be as easy and expeditious as possible,' &c.; and also from the following extract from the Report of the Select Committee on the post-office communication with Ireland to the House of Commons in 1832, viz.—"By every improvement of a line of communication the expense of maintaining it efficiently will diminish, and the use of it, and thereby the revenue will increase, besides every new communication which shall be opened with England will open a new district for the employment of capital, and the exercise of industry, a new market for the English manufacturer, a new supply of food for the artizan, and a new source of revenue for the state. Every improvement of lines of communication already existing, will tend to induce the capitalists to settle in the more remote parts of Ireland, and thus spread industry and happiness, in those hitherto neglected districts; civilization and employment for the people will extend; and disturbance, and the cost of putting down disturbance, will be got rid of. The Government should recollect, that it is peculiarly an English object that the most remote parts of Ireland should be connected, as intimately, and as closely as possible, with herself, that this object will be mainly effected by opening to every part of

important conclusions, that, while the commercial progress of the great eastern countries, from the nature of their respective institutions and government, can be but slow—however sure; the western continent, by a development of resources so vast, and by an increase of population so rapid, that the history of the world offers no parallel to either, must become more and more the great market for the products of British security, and render the commercial relations of the United Kingdom from Dublin to ~~the~~ ^{the} paramount in importance the preceding extract from the Report of the Committee which has sat 1832:—

“Never were propounded views more important to the interests of the two countries, and to the *unity* of the empire; not merely the legal, the parchment Union of Great Britain and Ireland, but the real—the essential—the “indissoluble Union,” moral, physical, and political. The “essential interests” of Ireland require, that English prejudice, so hurtful to her, should be dispelled, and mutual confidence substituted in its stead; and for rival and injurious jealousies, a feeling of reciprocity. The closer the two countries are brought together, the greater the certainty that this will be accomplished. Facilitate the intercourse between them; bring the inhabitants of each together; make them as one people; establish the interchange of merchants, tradesmen, capitalists, and visitors, what it *ought* to be, and what it *can* be made, as *easy* and as *practicable* as between the North and South of England; by “*direct and easy lines of communication with England*,” *unprovinces*, connect, and *incorporate* not only Ireland as an integral part of the empire, but also her remote parts, as intimately as possible with England; do this by making the two capitals, London and Dublin, literally one metropolis, and the great artery through which all the national economy shall flow; and without in reality changing the distance of places, we shall in effect bring all not only within the influence of each other, but within the direct influence of the executive: giving to each the advantages of both, compressing the whole of the two countries as it were within the circle of a few miles, yet retaining for every part its magnitude, and increasing the value and productiveness of its peculiar resources; and thus we shall accomplish by sympathy and by a reciprocity of views and of “essential interests,” that which legal enactments and every other means have, up to the present moment, failed to effect. We shall introduce into Ireland not only the muscle, but what is of greater importance, the *mind*, the *enterprise*, and the *security* of England; imparting to her new life, new feelings, new objects, and new interests: *ingenuity* and capital will have an unobstructed, *undisturbed* and *peaceable* scope to improve where nature has been so superabundantly bountiful; agriculture will advance; manufactures flourish; science employ her genius and talent; industry, happiness, and civilization extend: and, in the comprehensive language of the committee, “disturbance, and the rest of putting down disturbance, will be got rid of.”

To obtain that result, and as speedily as is practicable, no pecuniary cost—sacrifice it cannot be called—is too great. This was the opinion of the select committee; for in another part of their Report, in treating of the Post-Office revenue, they state, ‘The present time appears peculiarly favourable to improvement.’ Again, ‘Facility of communication is of

so much importance to both countries, that any expenditure which may be necessary for affording it to the fullest extent, should rather be considered as an outlay of public money for national purposes, than for the management of a particular department, or the accommodation of a particular district; nor can the committee entirely lose sight of the circumstance, that although the Post-Office has for so many years been considered merely as a Board of Revenue, yet it affords one of the few instances in which the government has placed itself in the situation of a private trader, who executes a given work for a certain payment; the payment made to the state as to the individual is connected with the obligation of executing the work paid for in the best manner: on this principle no portion of the Post-Office receipts in Ireland should have been considered public revenue until every direct communication between the most important towns of Ireland, and between England and Ireland, had been placed in the most perfect condition which the circumstances of the country would admit."—pp. 3, 4.

And again, in a subsequent paragraph, the same eloquent writer, observing upon the beneficial effects to be expected from the railway system, says:—

"What a vast region will this connection open to Ireland from the rich, fruitful, wealthy, enterprising and speculative northern provinces of England! Taken in connection with the railways now formed and forming, how close are they brought to the consumption and industry of Ireland! The time between Manchester and Dublin will be ten hours!—between Sheffield and Leeds and Dublin, twelve hours!—and between Newcastle on-Tyne and Dublin, fifteen or sixteen hours! These are the capabilities of the lines, and they need be very little exceeded if judicious arrangements are effected."

And again:—

"The more the case is considered, do advantages, benefits, conveniences, and mutual accommodations, multiply. It opens to Ireland as it were a new world; and discloses her resources to the enterprise and public spirit of England: in fact it calls into existence an *Union*, which nothing can repeal, but a convulsion of nature or a moral revolution."

And in a preceding paragraph—

"Railways and steam are indeed effecting a new economization of life of business, and of government, which neither ignorance can stop, nor interest interrupt; and they will be the great regenerating power of Ireland, and that by the agency of this projected line of communication between the two countries."

These calculations may be further extended to the great arterial railway from Dublin, to a general packet station, at a south-west port, and

"Will further demonstrate not only the utility of this line, in connecting the most distant parts of Ireland with the seat of government,

but in facilitating the *commercial* and *military* intercourse with our American colonies."

The author of the pamphlet on the General Packet Station, adds "the United States, the Canadas, the West Indies, &c. South America;" and we will take the liberty of subjoining which south and west coasts of France, the Peninsula, the Mediterranean, the Cape of Good Hope, and the East Indies. He goes on to observe, in speaking of the expected benefit to the Post office:—

"If then the loss of revenue consequent upon the correspondence and the intercourse with our American colonies, being diverted into other channels, is to be estimated as so very considerable, how much more important does the question become, when the correspondence and the intercourse with the United States are taken into account.*

"Even here, however, we stop far short of the true state of the question. The establishment of the railway communication from Dublin to the contemplated south-western harbour, would be the signal for transferring to that route, not only the correspondence and passengers between the entire of North America and the United Kingdom, but equally the whole of that intercourse with the north and west of Europe. Such a harbour must necessarily be the station for the steam packets from Lisben and the Mediterranean, and the periods to be fixed for the sailing of the packets to the United States or to Halifax, would, unquestionably, be so arranged, as that passengers arriving by the former should be subject to the least possible delay in pursuing their outward voyage by the latter. From France, Belgium, Holland, Hamburgh, the Prussian and the German States, the intercourse would be naturally through England; and when even those lines of railway which are *now in actual progress* shall have been completed, the time occupied in reaching a south-western harbour, from the most distant of these points, would be comparatively small. It is no exaggeration to assume, that letters and passengers from Hamburgh, might be reasonably expected to arrive in New York within less time than is now not unfrequently occupied by the Falmouth sailing packets in getting clear of the Channel.

"Under all these circumstances—when the heavy loss to which the post-office revenue is admittedly subject by the present mode of conveying the correspondence and passengers to and from the whole of North America, is fairly considered;—when the manifest increase in

* "The number of passengers, out and homeward, by the Liverpool and New York packets, was estimated ten years ago, according to a return then officially obtained, at about 12,000 yearly: the letters at about 50,000 monthly. Without taking into account the immense increase in both items, which has since undoubtedly taken place, assuming that a sum of 5*l.* would be obtained from each passenger beyond the usual expense incurred, and that a sum, beyond the cost of conveyance, at the rate of 1*l.* 5*s.* for each letter, could be realized upon the correspondence, the amount would together exceed 100,000*l.* per annum.

Since these lines were written, New York papers of the 12th February have been received, from which it appears, that, on that day, 9,539 letters were received there by packet-ships from Liverpool and Havre.—*Sun*, 11th March.

this correspondence and intercourse, which must inevitably follow the facilities now proposed;—the immense acceleration and consequent saving of time, and the regularity, amounting almost to certainty, with which it will be accomplished, are also taken into the account;—and it is assumed, as it undeniably may be, that in addition to our own ~~men's~~ American correspondence, we shall obtain that from the principal part of Europe;—in a word, when *the most important commercial correspondence and intercourse of the world*, shall have been effectively brought into the channel of the British post-office, it may be reasonably affirmed, that not only will a very considerable present loss of public revenue have been corrected, but that the foundation will have been laid for an increase of that revenue, so extensive as to justify the Government of the country in recommending to Parliament the appropriation of any sum, which could be reasonably required for carrying into effect an object of such immense national importance.*

“Nor is the question of financial advantage to be considered solely with reference to the points already adverted to; there are others, which, although of minor importance, both in a national and financial point of view, are, nevertheless, well worthy of attention. The advantages for instance, in the case of the sailing packets to and from the West Indies and South America, cannot but be very considerable. If it shall not be deemed necessary to render the communications with this part of the world more frequent, the number of vessels employed in the service might obviously be diminished: the dangers and difficulties arising out of the inevitable delays in the channel navigation, would be altogether avoided, and the wear and tear of the vessels, as well as the general expenses of the establishment, would doubtless be largely reduced. The same observations would apply to the steam packets to and from Lisbon and the Mediterranean, if they shall still be retained on the government establishment, or if they shall be discontinued, as on government account, and that contracts should be entered into for the conveyance of mails and passengers, such contracts would necessarily be obtained on more favourable terms than they could possibly be had at present, in consequence not only of the diminished distance, but of the greater safety and certainty which would attend the respective voyages.

“Another important source of economy would arise out of the facilities to be obtained in the periodical removal of the troops, and in the conveyance of military and naval stores to and from our North American possessions and the West Indies.

“There is another portion of the subject which must strongly attract the attention of the Government, in a political point of view, and in reference to which it is perhaps not too much to say that the importance of the present undertaking can scarcely be overrated; namely, the immense advantage, in the event of the country being unfortunately engaged in foreign warfare, of possessing a harbour at the extreme western point, not only of the United Kingdom but of Europe; com-

* “See Captain Beaufort's evidence ‘Western Harbours.’”

bined with such facilities of internal communication, by means of an uninterrupted series of railways and steam navigation, as would place it within twenty-four hours distance of the seat of government, and by means of which, not only immense quantities of artillery and of naval and military stores, but any proportion whatever of the disposable force of the country, could be accumulated upon this single point (which is more favourable of all others for embarkation either to the south or westward) not in a few weeks or days, but, comparatively speaking, almost in a few hours; a point, too, from which transports, in any number, and ships of war, of any class, could put to sea, at any moment, unimpeded in most cases either by the direction of the wind or the state of the tide.

“When it is recollected to what delays the military and naval expeditions, sent out by the country on different occasions, have been subject: the enormous expense arising out of such delays, and not unfrequently the consequent entire miscarriage of the enterprize for which they were intended, it seems impossible to appreciate too highly the advantages which would result to the empire from the proposed undertaking, either in a military or naval point of view.”—pp. 9-14.

We do not pretend to state our own opinion as to what port should be devoted as the General Packet Station.—Mr. Vignoles quotes Captain Beaufort, and other high authorities, in favour of Valentia—he says that,—

“It is a port which nautical men, statesmen, and many acute enquirers have, at various times, and under different circumstances, and without communication or connexion with, and even without knowledge of, each other, recommended as the most eligible harbour for the foreign arrivals and departures of the United Kingdom. The attention of the Government has often been called to its eligible situation, and the highest naval authorities have given evidence to Parliament of the peculiar combination of advantages which it possesses as a packet station. Captain Beaufort, R.N., Hydrographer to the Admiralty, states that the first object of all vessels bound either to America, the south of Europe, or India, is to get far enough out of the Channel to be able to adopt either tack, without fear of the land; the next object is to fetch to the westward of Cape Finesterre. By sailing from the port of Valentia, the most westwally point of Europe, both these objects are secured. Captain Beaufort further states that, whenever it is possible, a packet harbour should have two ways of exit, like Spithead, for instance. Valentia harbour possesses this advantage, having two easily practicable inlets to an excellent receptacle for shipping; capacious, safe, and laud-
—p. 23.

The author of the pamphlet on the Packet Station, adds:—

Although the advantages of rendering Valentia harbour the terminus of the proposed line appear so striking, and the opinions as to its eligibility so unanimous, it is by no means assumed that it should be at once or hastily decided on. It is well known that the numerous inden-

tations of the south-west coast of Ireland afford various other safe and capacious harbours, and it would be exceedingly absurd to imagine or desire that a definitive choice should be made of any one of them without the most ample inquiry, and the most careful deliberation. Bearment in Bantry Bay, has been named as being in some respects even to Valenta. It is understood, however, that it cannot be in itself the actual *terminus* of the line of railway, which must conclude at or near the town of Bantry, and from which an auxiliary steam packet conveyance would be requisite for the remaining distance, about twenty miles; an objection which would at first sight seem to have considerable weight, but which might be far more than counterbalanced by co-existing advantages. A survey of the harbours of the entire south-west coast, is known to have been already made on the suggestion of the Commissioners of Post Office Enquiry, by a scientific naval officer of high character, with a view to the express object of establishing a naval packet station in that quarter, the result of which, whenever it shall be made public, will no doubt excite much interest, and be eminently useful in assisting the Government to arrive at a sound practical conclusion. The warnings against a hasty or injudicious one, are sufficiently numerous and striking. Nothing can be more thoroughly to the point than the ill-advised construction of the packet harbour at Howth, on which half-a-million of the public money is stated to have been expended, and which, although the site was decided upon with the sanction of eminent engineers then employed by the Government, is at this moment nearly useless, save as an asylum harbour for the fishing craft of that part of the coast."—pp. 23, 24.

And we particularly call attention to the following extract:—

"It has been a general argument in reference to the choice of a packet station on the west coast of Ireland, that a suitable harbour, at the shortest possible distance from Dublin, ought to be decidedly preferred, on the ground that the length of the railway communication with it would necessarily be the shortest and least extensive.

"No error could possibly be more fatal or unfortunate than a selection upon these grounds. Such a harbour must, in the first instance, be the most *easterly* on the coast; whereas, on every rational principle, and as regards *all transatlantic* navigation, the choice ought to be of the most *westerly*; while in reference to our intercourse with the United States, the West Indies, South America, and with the entire of the South of Europe, it ought to be the most *southerly*. The extreme south-western point of the island is consequently that to which, on every conceivable principle, we are bound to direct the proposed line of railway, and in the closest approximation to which, a selection of the best and most suitable harbour ought unquestionably to be made. Of the propriety of such a selection, on grounds exclusively nautical, and especially with reference to the Channel navigation, there is ample testimony; not the least important of which is the evidence of Captain Beaufort, already referred to.

"The difficulties experienced by homeward-bound ships in beat-

ing up the Channel, during a prevalence of easterly winds, and the necessity which has over and over again existed for the Government to send out vessels with supplies of provisions, for the use of ships so delayed, are facts well known. It is surely needless to dwell upon the manifest advantages of a harbour at the south-west extremity of Ireland, of easy access, under such a contingency, or the facilities which it would afford generally to homeward-bound vessels, by offering them a port at which they could touch at all times, land their passengers, dispatches, and letters, and afterwards proceed on their respective voyages; and for the accomplishment of these objects, it is to be especially recollected, none other than a south-western harbour could possibly be available.

“Again, the proposition for selecting a harbour merely because the line of railway by which it would be connected with Dublin, would be the *shortest* practicable, is altogether untenable. As to economy of *time*, it is manifest that the further we can proceed by railway, on any proposed line (provided the length of the sea-voyage shall be proportionably reduced), the more effectually is this important saving accomplished; the railway transit being so much superior in expedition and certainty. The greater length of the south-west line can consequently form in this respect no objection, but should rather be a ground of preference.

“On the score of general economy, the selection of such a line would be equally mischievous. According to the principle already laid down, (and to which it would seem impossible that any fair exception could be taken,) it is not the line which can be constructed at the *least expense* which is entitled to a preference; but that which, at the least relative cost, affords the largest share of public accommodation; which will consequently receive the most extensive support, and become the medium of the most widely diffused intercourse—the line, in one word, which shall be the most *profitable*.

“That such a line, commencing at Dublin, and running in a due westerly direction, or nearly so—for instance to Galway—can, as to its usefulness, be put for a moment into competition with one taking a south-west course, it would be an absurdity to assume. In the first case, there is scarcely a town of any considerable importance through which it would pass, or with which it could be connected by any short collateral branch: it could, in fact, have no profitable inland intercourse; while the direction of the south-western line would be at once midway between the Channel on the one hand, and the course of the Shannon navigation on the other:—at a distance nearly intermediate between Limerick and Waterford, both of which towns would inevitably become connected with it by branch-lines; which would at the same time necessarily connect them with each other, and would open to each direct facilities of intercourse with every other important place or district throughout the entire main line, or which might be connected with it. The advantages to be conferred upon Cork and Kilkenny would be precisely of a similar character; while to numerous other rising towns, which it would approach more closely, and to the important and populous districts

which it would directly pervade, it would afford the most valuable and important facilities, interfering at the same time in no degree with the traffic upon the existing canals."—pp. 24-27.

With these extracts we shall close our remarks, strongly recommending our readers to peruse the pamphlets we have quoted, ~~and to turn over at their leisure~~ the important volume of evidence laid before the Committee on Public Works.

The question of execution is no longer doubtful as respects the great works now advocated: it remains only to determine as to the parties who shall carry them into effect, and the time when they shall be accomplished. If our present rulers be wise, they will not suffer the honour to be snatched from them. Happily—most happily for our country, this is no party question, not one in which the demons of politics can intermeddle. Protestant and Catholic are equally interested in it. Independent of ministerial changes, it will force itself on the Government, borne forward by the progress of circumstances. The time should be the present: it is clear that some vast remedial measures must follow the Report of the Commissioners of Enquiry on the State of the Irish Poor; and it is equally certain that the first sharpness of the local burthens, which must be necessarily thrown on the landed interest by any system of poor laws however modified, must be remedied as much as possible by the employment of the labouring and necessitous population, on public works. The path therefore is clear, the time propitious, the nation willing, and the capitalist not disinclined to co-operate with the Government in public works of a beneficial tendency.

So favourable a combination of circumstances could scarcely be expected to occur—a combination which will test the sincerity of those who have long professed their anxiety and determination to frame those plans of civilization and employment which are to raise the Irish peasant in the scale of society; to teach him the value of time, the advantages of habits of order and temperance, and to prove to him the determination of the Government to maintain his rights as a citizen, whatever his religion or politics; to induce him to become a useful member of society, and as ardent a supporter as he might have been tempted to be a repealer of that Union between the two countries, which, signed at the close of the last century, only waits the effective completion of these works, to be effectually sealed for ever.

- ART. XI.—1. *Inaugural Discourse read before the University of Oxford in the Divinity School, on Thursday, March 17, 1836.* By R. D. Hampden, D.D. Regius Professor of Divinity. London, 1836.
2. *A Letter to His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, explanatory of the Proceedings at Oxford.* London, 1836.
3. *Elucidations of Dr. Hampden's Theological Statements.* London, 1836.
4. *Dr. Hampden's Theological Statements and the Thirty-nine Articles compared.* London, 1836.

WE feel obliged to confess, that, in looking over the controversial tracts which the appointment of Dr. Hampden to the theological chair of Oxford has called into being, our minds have been crossed by feelings, which we scarcely know how to reconcile together, or even to analyse, with satisfaction to ourselves. On the one hand we see learned and zealous, and we have reason to believe, in some instances, amiable men, contending, in the spirit which belongs to a better Church and a better cause, in favour of a rigid adherence to principles and doctrines which *we* must approve; yet, thereby departing from the consistency of their professed faith, and betraying how powerless they are in wielding the weapons which it has long since blunted, and then thrown aside. On the other side, we see the professor *elect* accused, not unjustly, of rash and dangerous opinions in his earlier works, but yet most unjustly cited to answer for them, upon principles which his accusers themselves had no right to adopt. For he is charged not so much with heterodoxy in faith, as with violating articles, that can pretend to no power of binding the internal belief.

But the anomalies of the system, which this controversy has exposed, are still further exhibited by the new position, wherein the professor *installed* has placed himself. His inaugural discourse appears; in it all is conformable to what his opponents could require; the doctrine of the Trinity is no longer the result of "a combination of the judgments of speculative reason, with the prescriptions of authority," or "an exact scientific view of the principle of causation,"* the sacramental influence is no longer the consequence of a "general belief in magic in the early ages of the church,"† transubstantiation is no more a doctrine which, as a simple opinion, might have had no harm in it,‡ but all is just what the most zealous supporter of the church articles could desire; the Trinity, as in them taught, cannot be denied "without expunging the Scriptures themselves,"§ the sacrament

* Theological Statements, pp. 17, 19.

† *Ib.* p. 61.

‡ *Ib.* p. 58.

§ Inaugural Lect. p. 9.

of regeneration is efficacious as a means of grace, through Christ's blessing, "so as to be indispensable to all within the reach of it;"* and, as a peace-offering perhaps to more relentless spirits, transubstantiation is "rejected as a fond notion."† Not only in these points, but in many others, the impartial reader of the works before us will see manifest variations of opinion, not to say glaring contradictions.

But is the blame of this to be cast upon Dr. Hampden? Assuredly not. Had he been a teacher in our Church, had he made his confession of faith amongst us, we might have been startled at such a change; because we could have discovered no principle in the mind of a Catholic theologian, whereby it could be justified. But where the religion itself admits the possibility of variation in the whole collective Church, and supposes, that to-day it may be plunged into idolatry or gross superstition, and to-morrow rise regenerated and purified from the laver of a reformation, it is surely unreasonable to expect, that its individual teachers shall have preserved consistency through the growing experience of life. We do not mean to insinuate that the professor's chair can have, or has had, a magical influence upon the opinions of its occupant, or that it is an infallible nostrum for the cure of heterodoxy. For the professor's adversaries absolve him from all *formal* guilt in this respect, as the schoolmen call it. Dr. Pusey says, that what they have written, "it should be plainly understood, has not been done with any idea of passing judgment upon the personal faith of Dr. Hampden." "On the contrary," he adds, "we believe that the earlier faith planted in the soul yet survives, and we trust and pray that it may survive, unharmed if possible, by the later philosophical system, which has been admitted into the intellect."‡ The report of the Committee appointed, March 5, by the Corpus meeting, makes the same declaration, and is careful in stating that "they are far from imputing to Dr. Hampden personally those unchristian doctrines, with which his system (characterised in the preceding paragraph as the *theory of rationalism*) is closely connected, or the consequences inevitably flowing from it."§

Here, then, is an admission, of inward orthodoxy in the accused professor, while his outward teaching is in direct opposition to the principles of faith which he has professed, and to the articles of the religion which he has solemnly subscribed. Yet even here there is no inconsistency, upon the principles maintained by distinguished divines of the English Church: though the order

* p. 14. † Ibid. ‡ "Theological Statements," p. iii.
§ "Letter to His Grace the Archb. of Canterbury," p. 32.

of proceeding is obviously reversed. For Dr. Hampden is acknowledged inwardly to believe according to the doctrines prescribed, and only charged with outwardly professing what is at variance with them; whereas, the more ordinary theory is, that the subscribers of the articles may in their heart reject them, while outwardly they shape their teaching in conformity to them. Which species of discrepancy between the heart and the hand is the more reprehensible, we leave candid readers to determine. Bishop Bramhall says of the thirty-nine articles, that they are "only pious opinions fitted for the preservation of unity; neither do we oblige any man to believe them, but only not to contradict them."* Dr. Hey, when actually Norrisian professor of theology in the sister university, asserted in his Lectures, that "the sense of the articles is to be determined by circumstances." Dr. Balguy is still more explicit; for he says, "the articles are not exactly what we might wish them to be. Some of them are expressed in doubtful terms; others are inaccurate, perhaps unphilosophical; others, again, may chance to mislead an ignorant reader into some erroneous opinions; but is there any one among them that leads to immorality?" Such is his opinion of the articles; now, hear what he says of subscription and mental adherence to them. "I am far from wishing to discourage the clergy of the established church from thinking for themselves, or from speaking what they think, nor even from writing. I say nothing against the right of private judgment or speech, I only contend that men ought not to attack the church from those very pulpits, in which they were placed for her defence."

Now, Dr. Balguy, as Dr. Milner remarks,† was the most strenuous opposer of those clergymen, who, in 1772, petitioned the legislature to be relieved from the burthen of subscription; and his sermons, from which this passage is drawn, were dedicated to the King. The theory therefore of these, and many other divines of the establishment, whom we could quote, is that the articles are not obligatory on the conscience, but only "articles of peace," which need not be believed, but must not be publicly, or rather *officially*, impugned. And if in Dr. Balguy's text we simply substitute *chair* for *pulpit*, Dr. Hampden's justification is complete; nay, he may go on still philosophising on the articles, and analysing them in speech and writing, till he has sublimated them into a vapoury breath, so long as from the chair which he now holds, he shall not gainsay their solidity!

* This is the language so severely blamed in Dr. H. "Pious opinions," (such as "the doctrinal statements of our articles") are not parts of revelation."—"Elucidations," p. 43.

† "End of religious controversy," Let. xi.

Surely this is strange doctrine; but it is not ours; it is the strait to which the right of freedom in religious opinion, on the one side, and the exacted submission to subscription on the other, have, by alternate and repeated blows, driven the theological science of the Establishment. It is the doctrine not merely of this, but of foreign communions too; the clergy of Geneva continued to subscribe to the Divinity of our Lord, long after belief in that doctrine had been openly disavowed among them: Michaelis maintains that the adhesion, by subscription, to formularies of faith, only extends to outward profession, and not to interior conviction;* and Semler bitterly complained that men should be compelled to subscribe such documents, when, according to the very principles of the Reformation, it was tyrannical to exact a profession of belief even in the inspiration of Scripture.† But if such has been the belief of so many dignitaries and lights of the Protestant Church, Dr. Hampden has surely no reason to be challenged and summoned before any tribunal, for acting in conformity to it. On the contrary, we fancy he has not come up to the measure of dispensation to which those opinions and declarations seem to entitle the conscience; for, once more, we observe, that he is acquitted of believing anything at variance with the established creed.

How, then, are we to solve this mystery, and account for the jealousy now felt regarding the *former* opinions of Dr. Hampden? Did not a prelate of the English Church, of whom, as laden with years and infirmity, we wish not harshly to speak, translate and make known in this country one of the most dangerous, because one of the most covert and moderate rationalists of Germany? and did not his notes, partly by not reaching through the entire work, partly by the dilutedness of their antidote, by their illustrating rather than removing the danger, greatly add to the mischief? And yet if Dr. Herbert Marsh was the importer and propagator of rationalism, was not the Margaret Professor, and the Bishop of Peterborough a zealous churchman, and the unrelenting foe to popery? Ought not this example to have given hopes of others, that when placed in high places of responsibility, the spirit of their order would come forth, and flourish perhaps the fresher, for their early and partial blight? But it is not difficult to discover the secret springs which have been here at work; and inasmuch as therein are found the latent germs of principles which

* In an Essay on the Possibility of Effecting a Union of Religions, in his "Commentationes, R. S. Götting prælectæ." Not having the Work at hand, we cannot refer more accurately.

† In his Preface to his Abridgment of Schultens's Commentary on Proverbs.

we would gladly see avowed in the face of heaven, we must feel an interest in watching the course of the accusation.

That the individuals, who call Dr. Hampden to account, are leading men among the high church party, is sufficiently understood. The history of this section of the Anglican Church it is not our province to trace; but we believe that we may compare it to the theory, which Dr. Gilly, and other fanciful writers, have imagined for that Church itself.* For, these gentlemen, unable to get rid of the universal domination of popery during so many centuries, have devised a species of mythological protestantism; which, like the Homeric deities, was invisible save occasionally as a thin vapoury phantasm appearing amidst the turmoil of controversial warfare, but yet really existed in its Idas and Olympuses amidst the mountains of Savoy, until it came forth, in bodily substance, as a celestial Avatar, from the head of Luther. And so, do we really believe, that the party in the Church, to which Dr. Hampden's impugners belong, hold their only true and semi-visible Church to have existed pure, until this day, amidst the wilder theories of protestantism; always bearing with it some precious remnants and relics of good old catholicity, upholding the authoritative teaching of Christ's Church, and the true efficacy of his sacraments, and reverencing and perhaps regretting many of those institutions, which the hurricane of the reformation recklessly swept away.

The genealogy of this church-party is easily traced, with occasional breaks, from one advocate to another of principles too obviously Catholic; sometimes the depreciators of ecclesiastical rule are for a brief space the lords of the ascendant, at others the star of the church culminates in the political and literary sphere; but still it has ever continued to live, and the opinions, which this controversy have brought out, have circulated, with alterations of languor and of activity, through the body of the Establishment. In the "Report" above alluded to, the head and front of Dr. Hampden's offending is, his having no "regard to those rules and principles of interpretation, which have guided the judgments of Christ's Holy Catholic Church in all ages of its history, and under every variety of its warfare."*

Again, the committee write as follows:—

* They (the Committee) suggest and submit it (a declaration) to you, as a measure, which, while it removes from us a charge of supineness or indifference, may warn the younger part of our students against immediate danger, and will solemnly declare to the world *our resolution*

* See the Rev. James Wheeler's short, but triumphant, reply to Dr. Gilly's work entitled, "Our Protestant Forefathers." Durham, 1835.

to hold fast those great laws of Scripture-Interpretation and Scripture-Proof, which we inherit from our ancestors in the faith."—p. 33.

Is this Oxford or Salamanca that speaks? Is it Corpus Christi College or the Sorbonne? First, a dogmatical condemnation of opinions; secondly, a censure on the same; thirdly, the *judgments* of the Church; fourthly, this is no other than the *Holy Catholic Church*; fifthly, this Church guided *through all ages* by the same *sound* principles, for this is implied in the jealousy wherewith they are to be guarded; sixthly, these same *sound* principles in all ages observed *in every warfare*, therefore against Berengarius, Wicklif, the Waldenses—why not Luther? seventhly, these principles to be derived from ancestors in the faith; eighthly, no law of scripture-proof to be admitted save what is thus inherited;—surely these are not the distinctive principles, and acts, and terms of a Protestant clergy, and a Protestant university! We doubt not that those who signed the Report would reply in the affirmative, and seriously and earnestly maintain that such has always been the conduct and the belief of their Church. Alas! we wish it had been so. For had these principles been always practically upheld in England, never would the sad separation have occurred, which has rent this country from its mother Church. Others, however, will not so easily see the conformity between these principles and those whereon the Reformation was originally based, but will refuse to believe that the thick wall of separation which it was intended at the era of that event to place between popery and the new religions, was in reality so thin a film, as it must here appear. The author of the Letter to His Grace of Canterbury, reads catholicity in every line of the Report. For thus he writes:—

"I venture to affirm, without risk of contradiction, or at least of confutation, that the doctrine involved in both the above cited passages is much more manifestly at variance with the characteristic principle of Protestantism, and with the practice of the English Established Church, than any doctrine extracted from Dr. Hampden's writings."—p. 37.

Again—

"The Roman Catholic doctrine would, if such admission were made, have a manifest advantage over every Protestant Church, inasmuch as the rules and principles of her interpretation, and her interpretation itself, if not more ancient or more uniform, have unquestionably been more prevalent during many ages of the Church, and have been more distinctly inherited from ancestors in the same faith, than any articles, expositions, or confessions of faith, adopted by the Church of England, or recommended by any Protestant community on earth. I know not to what conclusions a theory like Dr. Hampden's, founded on the belief

of the Scriptures, and entire freedom in interpreting them, might lead a rash or intrepid disputant, but I am morally certain that the slavish doctrines propounded in the Corpus Report would compel every consistent reasoner, who adopted it, to acknowledge an *infallible* Church. When we once start on the line of *infallibility*, it is obvious at what goal we must arrive.—*Tendimus in Latium*. We may bawl out No Popery! on the road, but we must put up at the Old Lady of Babylon's at last"—p. 40.

This is consistent reasoning; and we can forgive some words in it which we like not, in consideration of its general sense. It is only another illustration of what Catholics have repeatedly observed, that if two contending parties arise in the Protestant Church, the one is driven to tax the other with Socinianism, and that other retorts with the accusation of popery. It only confirms what every Catholic must feel, that the rejection of a principle of authority necessarily leads, theoretically at least, to the rejection of all mystery, and so to Socinianism, while its adoption obliges its supporter to reason on principles purely Catholic. This tendency of the party at Oxford to run into Catholic principles for shelter, has necessarily attracted the attention of many. It has been ingeniously developed by the author of a clever pamphlet intitled a "Pastoral Epistle from His Holiness the Pope to some Members of the University of Oxford." Imitating in some respect, Sir R. Steele's witty device of a letter to the Pope, complaining that the Protestant Church laid claim to as much authority and infallibility as himself, the writer introduces the Sovereign Pontiff in person, accepting and commending the opinions set forth in the "Tracts for the Times," by members of that University. In reading this ingenious production, we could not help sometimes imagining that a better feeling than mere love of sarcasm came over the writer's mind, and that his imagination gradually warmed with his subject into an enthusiastic regret, that he could not say in truth what seemed so beautiful even in sportive phrase. One instance of text and commentary will suffice to explain our meaning. The Tracts write as follows:—

"The Catholic ritual was a precious possession; and if we who have escaped from popery have lost not only the possession, but the sense of its value, it is a serious question, whether we are not like men who recover from some grievous illness with the loss of injury of their sight or hearing;—whether we are not like the Jews returned from captivity, who could never find the rod of Aaron, or the ark of the covenant, which indeed had ever been hid from the world, but then was removed from the temple itself."—Tract, No. xxxiv.

Upon this passage, the Pope is thus imagined to comment:—

"Oh, when you have returned to the temple, with what joy will you

behold the rod of Aaron and the ark of the covenant still preserved in its mystic depositaries. With what delight will you behold the splendour of our ritual! What new sensations of piety will throb within your bosoms, as you prostrate yourselves with reverence before our holy altar. The ark of the covenant will be presented to your view; the real cross will offer itself to your vision; the relics of holy martyrs will animate your devotions; nor will you be pained by the absence of the prayer (which you say has been excluded from the English ritual) "for the rest and peace of all those who have departed this life in God's faith and fear." You have justly remarked, that "prayers for the dead" formed a portion of those liturgies which have emanated from St. Peter, St. James, St. Mark, and St. John;† and when you join us in these devotions, you will feel a new proof within you, that the Church, which has retained this office, is alone worthy of your regard."—p. 25.

Sincerely do we believe that the writer of these words, in true dramatic feeling, invested, or rather identified himself, with the character which he personated, and could not but feel the æsthetic beauty, at least, of the ordinances which he recommends. Gladly do we adopt his language, and with all the earnestness of sincere zeal, and all the cordiality of brotherly charity, express our assurance that what he writes is but the truth, and that the emotions which he describes are the real and consistent consequences of a practical adoption of what that party theoretically approve.

We are not chimerical in our views, or over sanguine in our expectations; but we are confident that if the divines, who have censured Dr. Hampden, would calmly look upon their principles, without the dread of popery in their hearts to stifle better feeling, if they would fearlessly pursue their own doctrines to their farthest consistent conclusions, they would surely find that they have unguardedly, perhaps unknowingly, rejected the principles of the Reformation, and returned to thoughts and feelings which belong to other times, or at least to another Church. Unfortunately, experience, trite and vulgar as it may be, has sanctioned the aphorism that the repulsive action between two religions, the *odium theologicum*, (the substantive we reject most heartily on the Catholic side) is, in the inverse ratio of the square of their distance: and therefore we fear, that any one of those who have been zealously trying Catholic weapons against the alleged semi-Socinianism of the Regius Professor, would turn round and be as ready to close with us in wager of battle, did we but tap him on the shoulder, and politely hint that he had taken, by mistake, our sword and buckler. But we are willing to hope that times are mended; and that a better spirit, a generous love of truth, has descended among our generation, and that we may safely

† Tract, No. lxiii.

argue our cause, without danger of exciting any unworthy feelings. Let us then gird up our loins, and contend together in a friendly spirit.

Nothing can be more clear, as we before explained, than that, in the Established Church, there has been a series of learned divines whose opinions approximated greatly to those of Catholics; who thought that the Reformation, however necessary, overdid its work. They have regretted the licentiousness of religious opinion which it introduced, by removing the wholesome and necessary restraint of a dogmatic authority in the Church. But is it fair to identify the opinions of these men, however learned, with the establishment to which they belonged? Were they, in the first place, ever considered otherwise than as a party, or, if you prefer it, a *part* of the Anglican Church? Were there not always many who opposed them in their views? Can it even be said that the great body of the flock followed them in their doctrines, and claimed not, rather in their despite, the privilege of individual judgment? And has not the growing increase of sectarianism proved that the body of their Church insists on this right, and exercises it to the utmost? And, in the second place, is not the very complaint, so constantly uttered by this party, of too much having been done at the Reformation, the regret that outward pomp of worship, and many religious institutions, were then abolished, a sufficient proof that they represent not those who caused and accomplished that unhappy revolution?

No one, we believe, save themselves, will maintain that they represent the English Church, such as the Reformation intended it to appear, in harsh and unyielding contrast to the Catholic doctrine on the subject. But let us proceed in our examination. It is supposed, then, that the Church of England, as conceived by these divines, holds and maintains an authority in matters of faith. Several important questions immediately arise.

First, we would ask, where does this definitive power reside? The Catholic not only believes that his church possesses such an authority, but at once, unhesitatingly declares where it is deposited. He holds that the pastors of the Church, in council assembled, are assisted by the Holy Spirit to a certainty of decision. The case is contemplated and provided for: he can tell you who may call such an assembly—who must preside at it—by whom its decrees must be ratified—how they are to be promulgated—what extent of obligation they may impose. All is as clear, as definite, as regular, as the provisions of the statute-book for the legislative functions of our national council. The dogma is complete, it is carried fearlessly, like every other Catholic principle, to its farthest consequences. But if the Protestant English Church

has authority, in whose hands is it placed? Suppose that a serious controversy arose within it;—suppose that these its zealous members wished to pronounce judgment upon Dr. Hampden's opinions, whose duty would it become? Would the convocation meet for the purpose; or would each university have dogmatical authority? Would the Archbishop of Canterbury be justified by precedent, or by usage, or by inherent right, to call a council of the English Church, and at its head pronounce an authoritative decision? Surely, if their doctrine were that of their Church, there would have been proper provision made in its articles for it; and a Protestant child would be able to tell you, as a Catholic one can, where the authority of his Church reposes. Instead of this, we have a vague clause in the 20th Article, that it has authority in matters of faith. But this very clause is most probably spurious and interpolated;* and its power is completely annulled by its contradictory restrictions.†

In the next place, we would ask, how is this power to be exercised? If it exists, or is believed to exist, God knows there have been plenty of occasions in our days to call it into activity. We cannot, indeed, consider more urgent cases for its application than many which have arisen. Socinianism has stalked abroad in open day, and in the high places of the Church; fanaticism and self-sufficiency have rent vast masses from its communion into sectarianism; latitudinarianism has crept like a subtle poison through its ranks; and yet we never see, or have seen, this Church arouse itself to exercise its privilege of dispelling error, and sealing with its sanction the orthodox faith. Nay, it has been even cogently urged, how came it that Dr. Hampden, after delivering his "theory of rationalism" in the Bampton Lectures, was successively made Principal of St. Mary's Hall, Doctor of Divinity, and Professor of Moral Theology?‡ If the Church takes cognizance of opinions, or claims the right of condemning erroneous doctrines, either it is sadly inefficient for its purpose, or it must wait very extreme cases for the exercise of its power. Then what is the form in which its decisions are issued? Are they merely declarations of its belief, or are they positive definitions in the name of God, and with the supposed guidance of his Spirit? Would they be binding on the consciences of men, or only motives to be weighed by them in coming, in their private judgment, to a right decision? These again are all matters which a Catholic well understands, simply because his Church claims and exercises a right of deciding in matters of faith; and they would be as ex-

* See the "Lectures on the Principal Doctrines and Practices of the Catholic Church, by N. Wiseman, D.D." now publishing, Lect. II. p. 29, note.

† *Ib.* p. 29, 30.

‡ Letter, p. 5.

PLICIT in the Church of England, did it pretend to a similar power.

After this, we would ask, how is this right, if exercised, to be enforced? For, as a wise old poet writes,

"The laws live, only where the law doth breed
Obedience to the works it binds us to."

Do those who have signed the Corpus declaration or report, imagine that the body of Churchmen are aware of a deposit of principles being in their hands, "inherited from ancestors in the faith," which alone are available to scripture-proof; and scripture-interpretation; so that all will bow implicitly, upon some one endowed with proper authority—who we know not—coming forward and stating, in a dogmatical tone, that such only is the true doctrine, *because* it is that of the Church? Would not such a decision be as the apple of discord among their ranks, and raise the war-cry of Popery against them?

How different the case is in the Catholic Church, the experience of our own times may abundantly declare. It is not long since a bold and mighty genius, after having fought and conquered the rampant infidelity of the last age, and indifference, its baneful progeny in this, had gathered around him a band of fresh and youthful minds, free from either taint, panting after what is pure and holy, and eager to be led, under his banner, to the sacred war. In an ill-fated hour, he swerved, like Tertullian, from the very principles by which he had so often confuted error, and suffered the suggestions of an enthusiastic imagination to prevail over the former convictions of his mind. The Head of the Church pronounced his award of disapprobation—he yielded not; but he has ever since stood like a scathed and shattered oak, which the lightning hath touched, the energies of his mind exhausted, the intellectual sap dried up; and of all those whom he trained and cherished, not one has followed him in his disobedience; they have all wept and mourned over his fall, but their principles have been stronger than their affections, and they have remained banded together, but under the best and only sure guide—the Church itself which they defend.*

Another, and a more remarkable instance has occurred. At Strasbourg, the love of philosophising in religion, precisely the fault found with Dr. Hampden, had led away into rash opinions one whose learning and virtues were an ornament to the clergy; and as one great star may draw after it a third part of the host of heaven, so had he brought into the same dangerous opi-

* It is this hopeful phalanx, in great part, which has undertaken the publication of the new Journal, entitled the *Université Catholique*, of which we hope soon to give our readers an interesting account.

nions others of a kindred spirit. His Bishop condemned and expostulated, and the authority vested in him soon triumphed. On the 18th of last November, the erring parties signed a declaration, wherein they virtually renounced their opinions, and this was next day published by the Bishop to his flock, for their edification. The most striking circumstance, however, is that the chief of this party was a convert, at a rather advanced period of life, from Protestantism; his mind had not been accustomed from infancy to habitual respect for such authority; but so essential must this feeling appear to any one that embraces Catholicity, and so fast does it seize upon his mind, that its power becomes superior to every other influence, and secures him against its action. And to the Catholic, the man who could thus sacrifice every selfish idea and feeling of pride to this beautiful and most sacred principle, is greater in mind and soul, than all the glories of a brilliant philosophy could ever make its founder.

Here then is manifestly a Church which claims to rule by authority and power. The entire system of its construction shows this vital principle; but try to trace the necessary organs for a corresponding action in the Anglican Church, which some affect to think lives by a similar power, and you will blunt your dissecting knife in vain. You will not discover any means, nor any force, requisite for such a principle. In fact, nothing, we believe, is generally considered more clear, than that this belief or theory is an opinion *in* and not *of* the English Church; nay, that it goes greatly to overthrow or weaken the fundamental principles of the Reformation.

It is, indeed, easy, and, we will add, distressing, to see how carefully the terms used by Catholics on these subjects are shunned; there seems to be a fear of too plainly betraying the esoteric doctrines of the sect; nay more, a dread of fairly looking them in the face, lest they should seem to resemble Popery. It is manifest, that if the principles of these learned Collegians were boldly pushed forward to their last and consistent consequences, the establishment of the Catholic doctrine must necessarily ensue. Divines of this class, whether living or dead, have been more than once subservient to the spread of Catholicity. The late Mr Vaughan of Leicester, was ever most assiduous in preaching to his Protestant flock, on the High-church doctrine of authority in matters of faith, on the sin of dissent, and the unsafety of those who submitted and adhered not to the Church; and the consequence was, that several of his congregation, convinced by his arguments, but following them up to their real conclusions, passed over to the Catholic faith, and became zealous

members of our holy religion. We had the pleasure of being acquainted with one who for years had exercised the ministry, in the Established religion, but became a convert to the truth, and, in his old age, took orders in the Church. We asked him, on one occasion, by what course he had been brought to embrace our religion, with so many sacrifices. He informed us, that he had always been a zealous High Churchman, and had studied and held the opinions of the old English Divines. He had thus firmly upheld the authority of the Church, he had believed in the real presence of Christ's body and blood in the blessed Eucharist; he had regretted the destruction of ceremony and religious symbols in worship, and had fully satisfied himself, on the authority of his leaders, that many Catholic practices, usually much decried, were blameless, and might be even salutary. His religious principles being thus formed upon the doctrines of that school, he could not avoid noticing that, practically, they were not held by the Church in which he had learnt them; he looked around him for some place where they might be found, and, to his astonishment, discovered, that among Catholics his theory of Christianity alone existed, in a perfect and harmonious scheme. He had little or nothing to change; he merely transferred his allegiance from a party to a Church, and became a Catholic, that he might remain a consistent Protestant!

Dr Hampden, in his inaugural discourse, seems to us no less confused and fearful of boldly facing his opinions, in his declaration regarding the relative value of Scripture, and of authority. He obviously wishes to give a certain weight to the latter; and, did our space permit us, we should be glad to analyse his consequences, mutually contrasted. It would be found, that the authority attributed to the Church is so vague and ill-defined, as to amount to a mere name; that it is, but an interpretative authority, which resides no one can tell where, and is to be exercised, nobody knows how.*

A similar contradiction is discoverable in his professions regarding the blessed Eucharist. On this subject he thus writes:—

“ Our Church, indeed, has rejected the fond notion of transubstantiation; but does not, therefore, the less hold a *real vital presence* of Christ in the sacrament. The church forbids our holding the doctrine of a *corporal* presence, and yet does not presume to overlook the strong words of Christ, declaring ‘ this is my body,’ ‘ this is my blood,’ ‘ and he that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me and I in him;’ and will not, therefore, incur the impiety of emptying this holy sacrament of its gifted treasure of grace. And thus, it is asserted in the

* See his Inaug. Lecture, p. 18.

catechism, that the body and blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper."—Page 14.

Our Blessed Saviour yet exists in the body; at the right hand of the Father he sits with our glorified flesh, from which he is no more to be severed. To say that he is *really* present, and yet not *bodily* present, is a new mystery, involving delicate points of sublime theology, nowhere revealed in Scripture. Dr. H. admits the force, not only of the instituting formula, but even of the long contested sixth chapter of St. John, which he here applies towards proving, that the sacrament is not a mere symbol, but contains the *real* presence of our Saviour. But surely so accurate a distinction between one sort of presence and another should have been drawn in the New Testament: And to conclude, inductively of the Eucharist, "*here is the body of Christ,*" when he said, "*This is my body,*"—and reject as *fond* the doctrine which takes the latter proposition quite literally, is a strange perversion of all logical propriety. For, are the words to be taken literally, so as to include a real presence? Then transubstantiation, which so takes them, is no fond notion. Are they to be interpreted figuratively? Then there is no farther ground for Dr. Hampden's *real, vital* presence. To say they shall be taken literally so far, and no farther, is drawing a line, of which we require a demonstration. Moreover, if according to the learned doctor, the *real* presence is evinced by a passage which tells us that Christ's *flesh* and *blood* are received, it is not easy to see how such an expression, at the same time, condemns a *corporal* presence. It would be difficult more positively to express this than by its constituents, *flesh* and *blood*. There is another error in this paragraph. We are told that the English "Church forbids our holding the doctrine of a corporal presence;" and yet the catechism is quoted to prove that the body and blood of Christ are really taken. Now, we believe that it is pretty well ascertained, that the catechism was so framed upon this head, as to allow, by the wideness of its meshes, Catholics to enter into the net: that the doctrine of the Eucharist was purposely kept so vague, as to be reconcilable with our belief; and that, therefore, the cited words were purposely intended to *include*, and not to be forbid, the Catholic dogma of a corporal presence. The entire catechism offends more by omission than by actual error, at least if we except one answer, which, after all, is equivocal. We allude to the number of sacraments, as there stated; "Two only, *as generally necessary for salvation*, that is to say, baptism and the supper of the Lord." This may be so interpreted as not to exclude the other five, but only to declare those which are necessary for all; and in this sense the answer is correct.

It is time, however, for us to conclude. Of Dr. Hampden we

say once more, that whatever discrepancy there may be between his former doctrines and the Church articles, or the opinions of his opponents, it should not be laid to his charge, where latitude of opinion has been always considered a privilege and a right. The Government has been severely blamed for appointing him to a chair, after the University had conferred three successive dignities on him; since his ill-starred Lectures. This censure we think likewise unjust. We think sincerely, that, had the government appointed any of those who signed the Report, or appealed to His Grace of Canterbury, they would have sanctioned a wider departure from the acknowledged principles of Anglicanism than they can possibly have sanctioned now. For the doctrines which that party maintain, however they approximate nearer to what we hold for truth, are as widely dissentient from the very basis of Protestantism, as those of the new Professor.

Do we mean then to join in the clamour which has been raised against them? Assuredly not. We gladly close our eyes to all consideration of personal motives or feelings which have been thought to prevail in this controversy, and we are willing to look upon it solely as a struggle of contending principles. For we believe that sincere regret has been felt by this party, at what they consider the exaltation of opinions hostile to their views of the Church and of its doctrines. But if they would look steadily at their own position, now rendered more manifest by the issue of the contest, they would feel that they are vainly trying to raise their Church to the standard of influence and power which their affections have devised. They would feel that they are only one small section of it, tending to dissent from its essential principles. We can sympathise with their feelings, we can well conceive the painful disappointment which an ardent spirit must feel, when having fixed its eagerest ambition upon the establishment of a favourite theory, it finds a clog upon its efforts in the very cause it has espoused. We can well imagine a youthful mind after having lived, in spirit, amidst the heroes of ancient christianity, after having studied in the conduct of an Athanasius, how the Church may clothe her arm with thunder, when heresy assails her, after having satisfied himself that the Bible never was the rule of faith, but the Church its teacher,* try to apply in practice these lessons and convictions, and sigh to discover that the machinery is broken in pieces, and the springs all relaxed, which then seemed to act with such mighty force. We can conceive the inward regrets of one who has picked out, with beautiful skill, and woven into a golden chain, the few grains of poetic feeling which the torrent of the

See "The Arians of the Fourth Century," pp. 49 et seq.

Reformation tore from the ancient Church, and has preserved in the dry and sandy desolation of its "Christian year;" upon seeing how much fit matter for a muse like his has been indiscriminately and unfeelingly swept away, how much nobler and more moving themes he would have possessed, had that touch been gentler which broke off the flowers, when it pretended but to prune the plant.

But only let these ideas be indulged to the utmost; let those who reason, and those who feel upon religion, only boldly pursue their respective trains of thought unto their ends. Let them construct, in mind, "the Church which would realize their conceptions, the religion which would embody their ideas of perfection; and there can be little doubt what the result would be. They would pass from the dreams of theory to a reality which would satisfy their warmest longings, and fill up the measure of their just desires.

ART. XII.—*Declaration of the Catholic Bishops, the Vicars Apostolic, and their Coadjutors in Great Britain.* 8vo. Lond. 1836.

THIS declaration of the principles of the Roman Catholic religion was originally drawn up in the year 1826, when it was promulgated, accompanied by an Address from the British Roman Catholics to their Protestant Fellow-countrymen. The "Address" was signed by ten Catholic peers, by nine Catholic baronets, and nearly one hundred Catholic gentlemen of great respectability. Both these documents were circulated by the Defence Committee of the British Catholic Association to a very great extent, and a copy of them, with the original signatures, was deposited in the British Museum, in order that they should remain as a solemn record of the real principles of the Roman Catholic faith, which have been so frequently misunderstood and misrepresented by the opponents of that faith in these kingdoms.

As it is not improbable that, in the course of our labours, we shall often have occasion to state the leading articles of our creed, we have deemed it useful, for the facility of reference, to record in this journal the Declaration of the venerable English and Scotch Catholic prelates. In our next number, we shall give the Pastoral Address and Declaration of the Archbishops and Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, which were issued at the same period. By these expositions of our faith, we shall desire to be judged. To these standards we shall uniformly appeal, whenever we find it necessary to say what it is we do, or do not, believe; and we request our fellow-subjects of

every persuasion to feel assured, that whenever they hear or read of any religious tenets which are not conformable to the doctrines laid down in these Declarations, such tenets are not Roman Catholic, and are neither professed nor practised by any of the members of the Roman Catholic Church in this, or indeed in any other country.

“PREAMBLE.—When we consider the misrepresentations of the Catholic religion, which are so industriously and widely propagated in this country, we are filled with astonishment. But our astonishment subsides, when we call to mind, that the character of Christ himself was misrepresented: he was charged with blasphemy, with breaking the Sabbath, and with forbidding tribute to be paid to Cæsar:—that the apostles and disciples of Christ were misrepresented,—they were charged with speaking blasphemous words against Moses and against God, with exciting sedition, and with many other grievous offences, entirely devoid of proof,† and that misrepresentation was the general lot of Christians in the first ages of the church. The primitive Christians were first calumniated and held up to public contempt, and then persecuted and deprived, not only of their civil rights and privileges, but of their property, and even of their very lives. They were charged with idolatry, with horrid cruelties, and other flagitious crimes, even in their religious worship. In a word, their whole religion was described as a system of folly and superstition, grounded on no one rational principle.

“St. Justin and Tertullian, in their Apologies for the Christian Religion, endeavoured to dispel these misrepresentations, by exhibiting the real doctrines and precepts, and explaining some of the sacred rites of the Christian religion. They showed that these injurious misrepresentations were, in many instances, the inventions of men, who, unable to withstand the evidences of the divine establishment of Christianity, endeavoured to excite prejudices against it in the minds of the people, by holding out its doctrines as absurd and impious, and its professors as the causes of every public calamity.

“St. Augustin complained of the calumnies which were circulated against the Catholic church by the Manicheans and Donatists in his age. He humbly confessed and lamented that he himself had employed the same weapons against the church, when he was attached to the former of these sects,‡ and acknowledged that he then blindly and rashly, and falsely, accused the Catholic church of doctrines and opinions which, he was at length convinced, she never taught, believed, or held.

“The Catholics of Great Britain have to lament and to complain that the doctrines, and religious rites which, as Catholics, they are taught by their church to believe and observe, have been long grossly misconceived and misrepresented in this country, to the great injury of their religious character and temporal interests.

“They are persuaded that many, who are opposed to them on ac-

* Matt. xxvi. 65; Mark iii. 22; John ix. 16; Luke xxiii. 2.

† Acts vi. 11; xviv. 5; xxv. 7.

‡ Gaudens erubui; non me tot annos adversus catholicam fidem sed contra carnalium cogitationum figmenta latrasse.

count of their religion, suppose, without inquiry, that the Catholic church really teaches all that she is reported by her adversaries to teach; and imagine that she is responsible for every absurd opinion entertained, and for every act of superstition performed, by every individual who bears the name of Catholic.

“We hope that all who are animated with a love of truth, and with sentiments of Christian charity, will be disposed willingly to listen to the sincere declarations of their Catholic fellow-countrymen, and will never impute to their religion, principles or practices which, as Catholics, they do not hold or observe, and which their church condemns as errors or abuses.

“In this hope and persuasion, the British Catholics have made repeated declarations of their religious doctrines, and have shewn, they trust to the satisfaction of all who have paid attention to them, that they hold no religious principles, and entertain no opinions flowing from those principles, that are not perfectly consistent with the sacred duties which, as Christians, they owe to Almighty God, with all the civil duties which, as subjects, they owe to their sovereign and the constituted civil government of their country; and with all the social duties which, as citizens, they owe to their fellow-subjects, whatever may be their religious creed.

“They had flattered themselves that the numerous and uniform exposition of their religious doctrine, given in public professions of the Catholic faith, in Catholic catechisms, in various authentic documents, and in declarations confirmed by their solemn oaths, would have abundantly sufficed to correct all misrepresentations of their real tenets.

“But they have to regret, that some grievous misconceptions, regarding certain points of Catholic doctrine, are, unhappily, still found to exist in the minds of many, whose good opinion they value, and whose good-will they wish to conciliate. To their grief they hear, that, notwithstanding all their declarations to the contrary, they are still exhibited to the public as men holding the most erroneous, unscriptural, and unreasonable doctrines—grounding their faith on human authority, and not on the word of God—as enemies to the circulation and to the reading of the Holy Scriptures—as guilty of idolatry in the sacrifice of the mass, in the adoration, as it is called, of the Virgin Mary, and in the worship of the saints, and of the images of Christ, and of the saints; and as guilty of superstition in invoking the saints, and in praying for the souls in purgatory; as usurping a divine power of forgiving sins, and imposing the yoke of confession on the people—as giving leave to commit sin by indulgences—as despising the obligation of an oath—as dividing their allegiance between their king and the pope—as claiming the property of the church establishment—as holding the uncharitable doctrine of exclusive salvation, and as maintaining that faith is not to be kept with heretics.

“We are at a loss to conceive, why the holding of certain religious doctrines, which have no connexion with civil or social duties, whether those doctrines are taken in the sense in which they are misconstrued by others, or in the sense in which they are uniformly understood by Catholics, should be made a subject of crimination against British Catho-

lics, by those who assume to themselves liberty of thinking what they please, in matters of religious belief. It is difficult to understand why doctrines purely religious, in no wise affecting the duties which Catholics owe to their sovereign or to civil society, should be brought forward at all, when the question relates only to the civil rights and privileges which they claim as British subjects. It is much to be wished that those who declaim against what they call the errors and superstitions of popery, would first learn from Catholics themselves, by inquiry, what their real doctrines are on the points above alluded to, and in what sense Catholics understand the terms by which their doctrines are expressed. They would perhaps find that they have been hitherto contending, not against the Catholic faith, but against the fictions of their own imaginations, or against their own misconstructions of the language of the Catholic church.

“ Though we might refer to former expositions of the faith of Catholics, which we deem amply sufficient to correct the misconceptions, and to refute the misrepresentations of our doctrines; yet, it having been stated to us, that by publishing at the present time a plain and correct declaration of our real tenets, on those points which are still so much misrepresented, or misconceived, a better understanding may be established among his Majesty’s subjects, and the advancement of religion and charity may be effected; hence, we, the undersigned Catholic Bishops, the Vicars Apostolic and their coadjutors in Great Britain, have thought it our duty to publish the following declaration, in the hope that it will be received by all who read it with the same love of truth, and the same good-will, with which it is given.

“ SECTION I. *On the General Character of the Doctrines of Faith professed by the Catholic Church.*—The doctrines of the Catholic church are often characterized as *erroneous, unscriptural, and unreasonable.*

“ All those doctrines, and only those doctrines, are articles of Catholic faith, which are revealed by Almighty God.

“ Whatsoever is revealed by God, who knows all things as they are in themselves, and who cannot deceive us by teaching falsehood for truth, is most true and certain; though it may entirely surpass the comprehension of created minds.

“ On the authority of divine revelation, the Catholic believes, as doctrines of faith, that in one God there are three distinct persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; that Jesus Christ, who died on the cross for the salvation of all mankind, is the second person of the Blessed Trinity, true God and true Man; that there is no remission of sin, nor salvation but through him; that the sacraments of baptism and penance are divinely appointed means for the remission of sin; that in the mass, a true, proper, and propitiatory sacrifice is offered to God for the living and the dead, that the souls detained in purgatory are helped by the suffrages of the faithful; that the saints reigning together with Christ, are to be honoured and invoked; that at the last day our bodies will be raised from death, and that Christ will come to judge all men according to their works; that eternal happiness will be the reward of the good, and eternal misery the punishment of the wicked.

“If these, and other doctrines of Catholic faith, are really revealed by Almighty God, they are not erroneous, but most true and certain—they are not unscriptural; but agreeable to the true sense of the written word of God—the belief of them is not unreasonable, because it is reasonable to believe what is true, and taught by the God of truth.

“The Catholic is fully persuaded that all the articles of his faith are really revealed by Almighty God.

“Is he not at liberty to think so, as well as others are to think the contrary; and in this empire especially, where liberty of thought is so loudly proclaimed and lauded? Is it reasonable or charitable to condemn him for thinking so, when he may have good and solid grounds for his conviction, and may feel that his eternal salvation depends on his firm belief of all the doctrines which Christ has taught?”

“SECTION II. *On the grounds of the certitude which a Catholic has, that all the Doctrines which he believes, as articles of Catholic Faith, are really revealed by Almighty God.*—Catholics are often charged with grounding their faith on mere human authority, and not on the word of God.

“Catholics deny this, because they are convinced that their faith is grounded on the word of God, proposed to them by the authority of that ministry, which Christ established, and appointed to teach his revealed doctrines to all nations.

“The Catholic believes all those doctrines, which God has revealed.

“The question, *what* are those doctrines which God has revealed? is a question of FACT. It appears reasonable that the existence of a *fact* should be ascertained by the evidence of *testimony*.

“The body of the doctrines, precepts, and institutions, which were delivered by Christ to his apostles, constitutes the new or the Christian law; as the body of the doctrines, precepts, and institutions, which were delivered by the Almighty to Moses, constituted the old law.

“The true and certain knowledge of what is commanded by any law, is generally communicated and obtained by the authoritative *promulgation* of the law.

“By the ordinance of God, the doctrines and precepts of the old law were made known to the Israelites and Jewish people, by Moses, and the priest in succession, till the end of the law.

“By the ordinance of God, the doctrines and precepts of the new law were to be made known to all nations, in all ages, by the apostles and their successors, to the consummation of the world.

“On the spiritual authority of the apostles and their successors, who were divinely commissioned to promulgate and teach the law of Christ to all nations; and on the uniform and universal testimony, belief, and practice of all Christian churches from the beginning, the certitude of the Catholic is grounded, that all the doctrines which he believes, as articles of Catholic faith, and all the sacred precepts and rites which he observes as the ordinances of Christ, were really revealed and instituted by Almighty God; and are the same as were originally delivered by Christ to his apostles, and by them promulgated over all nations.

The Catholic is fully satisfied that this method which he follows, for

ascertaining *what* are the revealed doctrines of divine faith, is the right rule, and that it leads him to the unity of truth.

“Is he not at liberty to follow a rule which gives such satisfaction and security to his mind?”

“Is it fair for others who, by following a different rule, are led into a countless variety of contradictory doctrines on matters of Christian belief, to disturb the tranquillity of the Catholic on this head, or to condemn him for his submission to the authority of a ministry, which he is convinced was established by Christ for the purpose of bringing all nations to the certain knowledge of the law, and to the unity of faith? Is not this rule perfectly natural and reasonable? Can any human legislator condemn the principle and rule of the Catholic in this regard?”

“SECTION III. *On the Holy Scriptures.*—In England the Catholic church is held out as an enemy to the reading and circulating of the *Holy Scriptures.*

“Whereas the Catholic church venerates the Holy Scriptures as the written part of the word of God; she has in all ages been the faithful guardian of this sacred deposit; she has ever laboured to preserve the integrity of these inspired writings, and the true sense in which they have been universally understood, at all times from the Apostolic age.

“The Catholic church has never forbidden or discouraged the reading or the circulation of authentic copies of the sacred Scriptures, in the original languages. She binds her clergy to the daily recital of a canonical office, which comprises a large portion of the sacred volume, and to read and expound to the faithful, in the vernacular tongue, on Sundays, the epistle or gospel of the day, or some other portion of the divine law.

“As to translations of the Holy Scriptures into modern languages, the Catholic church requires that none should be put into the hands of the faithful but such as are acknowledged by ecclesiastical authority to be accurate, and conformable to the sense of the originals. There never was a general law of the Catholic church prohibiting the reading of authorized translations of the Scriptures; but considering that many, by their ignorance and evil dispositions, have perverted the meaning of the sacred text to their own destruction, the Catholic church has thought it prudent to make a regulation that the faithful should be guided in this matter by the advice of their respective pastors.

“Whether the Holy Scriptures, which ought never to be taken in hand but with respect, should be made a class-book for children, is a matter of religious and prudential consideration, on which the pastors of the Catholic church have a right to decide with regard to their own flocks; and we hold that in this matter none have a right to dictate to them.

“The Catholics in England, of mature years, have permission to read authentic and improved translations of the Holy Scriptures, with explanatory notes; and are exhorted to read them in the spirit of piety, humility, and obedience.

“Pope Pius VIII., in a Rescript dated April 18, 1820, and addressed to the Vicars Apostolic in England, earnestly exhorts them to confirm the

people committed to their spiritual care, in faith and good works; and for that end, to encourage them to read books of pious instruction, and particularly the Holy Scriptures, in translations approved by ecclesiastical authority; because, to those who are well-disposed, nothing can be more useful, more consoling, or more animating, than the reading of the sacred Scriptures, understood in their true sense—they serve to confirm the faith, to support the hope, and to inflame the charity, of the true Christian.

“But when the reading and the circulation of the Scriptures are urged and recommended as the entire rule of faith, as the sole means by which men are to be brought to the certain and specific knowledge of the doctrines, precepts, and institutions of Christ; and when the Scriptures so read and circulated are left to the interpretation and private judgment of each individual: then such reading, circulation, and interpretation, are forbidden by the Catholic church, because the Catholic church knows that the circulation of the Scriptures, and the interpretation of them by each one's private judgment, was not the means ordained by Christ for the communication of the true knowledge of his law to all nations;—she knows that Christianity was established in many countries before one book of the New Testament was written; that it was not by means of the Scriptures, that the Apostles and their successors converted nations, or any one nation, to the unity of the Christian faith; that the unauthorized reading and circulation of the Scriptures, and the interpretation of them by private judgment, are calculated to lead men to contradictory doctrines on the primary articles of Christian belief; to inconsistent forms of worship, which cannot all be constituent parts of the uniform and sublime system of Christianity; to errors and fanaticism in religion, and to seditions and the greatest disorders in states and kingdoms.

“SECTION IV. *On the Charge of Idolatry and Superstition.*—Ignorance or malice has gone so far as to charge the Catholic church with IDOLATRY, in the sacrifice of the Mass—in the adoration (as it is called) of the Virgin Mary, and in the worship of the Saints, and of the images of Christ and of the Saints; and with SUPERSTITION, in invoking the Saints, and in praying for souls in purgatory. Now idolatry consists in giving to any creature that supreme adoration, honour, or worship, which is due only to Almighty God.

“The Catholic church teaches that idolatry is one of the greatest crimes that can be committed against the majesty of God; and every true member of this church shudders at the idea of such a crime, and feels grievously injured by so horrid an imputation.

“But it is said that Catholics adore the elements of bread and wine in the Mass: that they adore the Virgin Mary; that they adore the cross; and that they worship the saints and images of Christ and of the saints. Before we repel these horrid imputations, in the sense in which they are made, we must explain the different meanings of the words *adoration, honour, and worship*, that the calumnious charge, and its denial, may be understood in the same explained sense.

“ We find that in the language of the sacred Scripture, in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin,* as well as in the language of the ancient liturgies of the Christian church, these words, adoration, honour, and worship, are ambiguous terms, and are used in different senses, according to the nature of the object to which the act, implied by the term, is directed, and according to the intention of him who performs the act. Hence we find them used as relating, sometimes, to God, and sometimes to creatures. Although, in modern times, the exclusive idea of that supreme homage, which is due only to God, is attached by some to the words *adoration* and *worship*; yet these words may still be retained by others, in a different meaning, without affording the remotest cause for the imputation of idolatry. In this different meaning, they are still retained, in the unchanged language of the ancient liturgies used in the Catholic church.

“ The words *adoration* and *worship* are equally referred, sometimes to God, and sometimes to creatures, as is the word *honour*. Now because we are commanded in Scripture to *honour* God, and to *honour* the king; and children are commanded to *honour* their parents: it does not follow that the honour due to the king, or to parents, is the same as that which we owe to God. To God we owe supreme and sovereign honour, such as it would be a crime to pay to any creature. To the king we owe the highest civil honour. To parents, children owe the honour of filial respect and obedience. How unjust would it be to say, that because a subject honours his king, he pays him that supreme and sovereign honour which is due only to God! The same is to be said of the terms *adoration* and *worship*, as used in former times, and sometimes used at present in the language of the Catholic church. To *adore*, even according to modern usage, often means no more than to express extreme affection or respect. To *worship* (in the translation of the Bible, published at Oxford) is therein used to signify inferior as well as supreme worship. In the first book of Chronicles, xxix. 20, we read in that edition, that the assembly *bowed down their heads and worshipped the Lord* (Jehovah) *and the king*. Did they worship the king, with the same supreme worship which they paid to God? Certainly not. When a man says to the woman he takes to wife, “with my body I thee *worship*,” can this be called idolatry? Surely nothing can be more unfair than arguments drawn from ambiguous terms, construed in a sense disavowed by those against whom the arguments are employed.

“ We answer, therefore, that if by the terms *adoration*, *honour*, and *worship*, be understood that *supreme* adoration, honour, and worship, which is due only to God; Catholics do not adore, nor honour, nor worship any other than the one, only, true, and living God, the Creator and Sovereign Lord of the universe: they do not, in this sense, adore, nor honour, nor worship the Virgin Mary, nor any of the saints, nor the cross, nor images, nor any other creature whatsoever.

* See in Hebrew (Prov. iii. 9, and Exod. xx. 12), (Deut. xxviii. 47 and 48), (Ps. xcvi. 9, and 1, alias 3d Kings i. 23). In Greek, Gen. xxiv. 26, and Gen. xlix. 8. In Latin Adorare, Ps. xxviii. 2, and Gen. xxiii. 7, and 4th alias 2 Kings ii. 15.

In the Mass, Catholics do offer supreme adoration, not to the elements of bread and wine, which they hold not to be present after the consecration; but to Jesus Christ, the Son of God, whom they believe to be truly, really, and substantially present, under the appearances only of bread and wine, after the consecration, and change thereby of the elements into his body and blood. To adore Christ, by an act of supreme adoration, is no idolatry; because he is truly God, and consequently a legitimate object of supreme worship.

But if Catholics, using the ancient language of the Christian church, are said,

1st, To *worship* the saints; this worship must be understood to be only an *inferior* worship, honour, and respect, paid to them proportionate to the limited perfections and excellencies which God has bestowed upon them, but this worship is infinitely below that supreme worship which they pay to God. Catholics acknowledge no perfection or excellence in any saint, not even in the blessed Virgin Mary, which they do not profess to be the work and gift of God in them. So that in honouring the saints, they celebrate the works of God, and consequently give glory to him. Whatever act of religious veneration we pay to the saints, is ultimately referred to God.

2d. To *adore* the cross: this word, if applied to the cross itself, means no more than an inferior and relative respect paid to the instrument of our redemption; but if in view of the cross it be applied to Christ himself, then it means, as it ought to mean, an act of supreme adoration.

3d. To *worship* the images of Christ or of the saints: the word is here again understood by Catholics only of an *inferior* and relative respect shewn to images, in consideration of the respect due to the objects which they represent, and to which the respect shewn to the images is referred. In this sense respect is shewn to the statue or to the throne of the King, in consideration of the majesty of the personage to whom they relate. An insult offered to his statue would be considered as intended to be offered to the king himself. In this sense a son respects the image or picture of his parent; a parent that of his child; a friend that of his friend; not for any intrinsic virtue in the material substance or work of art, but because it relates to, and brings to his mind, the object of his respect and affection.

To condemn this relative regard for images or pictures, would be to condemn the very feelings of nature. To charge the Catholic with idolatry, because the term *worship*, meaning only an *inferior* and *relative* regard, is found in the ancient and modern liturgies of his church, is not consistent with candour or charity.

The charge that the Catholic church sanctions the praying to images, is a calumny, and carries with it an imputation of stupidity too gross to be noticed. Catholics sometimes pray *before* images, because they serve to collect their thoughts, and fix their attention in their meditations and prayers; but they are not, on that account, to be supposed to be so void of reason and sense as to pray to the image: for they know that in it there is no virtue or power; and that it can neither see, nor hear, nor help them.

Catholics do solicit the intercession of the angels and saints reigning with Christ in heaven. But in this, when done according to the principles and spirit of the Catholic church, there is nothing of superstition, nothing which is not consistent with true piety. For the Catholic church teaches her children not to pray to the saints, as to the authors or givers of divine grace; but only to solicit the saints in heaven to pray for them, in the same sense as St. Paul desired the faithful on earth to pray for him.

Catholics, according to the faith and pious practice of the Christian church from the age of the Apostles, do pray for the release and eternal rest of departed souls, who may be detained for a time in a state of punishment on account of their sins, but in this we cannot discover even the shadow of superstition.

By invoking the intercession of the saints in heaven, and by praying for the suffering souls in purgatory, Catholics exercise acts of that communion of charity, which subsists between the members of the mystical body of Christ: the principle of which communion they profess to believe, when they say, "I believe the holy Catholic church, *the communion of saints.*"

After this explanation and declaration, we hope that our countrymen will never be so unjust or so uncharitable, as to charge Catholics with idolatry or superstition, nor be so illiberal as to attempt to give a colour to these injurious charges, by fixing an exclusive meaning to terms, which, in the language of scripture, Christian antiquity, and common usage, bear different senses in different circumstances.

SECTION V. *On the power of Forgiving Sins, and the precept of Confession.*—The Catholic church is charged with impiety, in *usurping the power of forgiving sins*, and with spiritual tyranny in imposing on the people *the yoke of confession.*

The Catholic church cannot be charged with impiety, for exercising powers given by Christ to his Apostles, and to their lawful successors; nor with tyranny in enforcing the observance of the precept of Christ.

Catholics believe that Christ granted to his Apostles, and to the Priests of his church, power to forgive sins, by the administration of the sacraments of baptism and penance, to those who are duly disposed to receive this grace. They believe that the sacrament of penance is an institution of Christ, no less than the sacrament of baptism. The belief of both rests on the same foundation.

In both these sacraments, sin is forgiven by 'the ministry of man. *Be baptized every one of you for the remission of sins*, Acts ii. 38; *whose sins YOU SHALL FORGIVE, they are forgiven*, John xx. 23. But no actual sin can be forgiven at the mere will of any Pope, or any priest, or any person whomsoever, without a sincere sorrow for having offended God, and a firm resolution to avoid future guilt, and to atone for past transgressions. Any person who receives absolution without these necessary dispositions, far from obtaining the remission of his sins, incurs the additional guilt of hypocrisy and profanation.

The obligation of sacramental confession to a priest is not an imposition of the church, but a precept of Christ. Without the voluntary

confession of the penitent, the power of forgiving, or retaining sins, could not be exercised with discretion and judgment by the minister of the sacrament of penance. The confession of sins could never have been introduced, had it not been received from the beginning as a divine ordinance for the remission of sin. It has been practised from the earliest ages of Christianity. It is attended with the most salutary effects. Besides being a means of obtaining the remission of sin, it affords relief to the troubled conscience, and opportunities of reclaiming deluded sinners from mischievous projects, and of causing reparation to be made for injuries done to persons, property, or character. It may be ridiculed by such as *blaspheme those things which they know not* (2 Pet. ii. 12), but it will be ever cherished as a merciful and salutary institution by those who are sincerely sorry for their sins, and earnestly sue for pardon.

SECTION VI. *On Indulgences.*—The Catholic church is charged with encouraging guilt, by *giving leave to commit sin, and granting an anticipated pardon for sins to come by indulgences.*

The Catholic church rejects with abhorrence the imputation, that by granting an indulgence, she grants permission to commit sin, or a pardon for sins to come. An indulgence, in the sense of the Catholic church, is no pardon for sin at all; it is only a remission of the whole or of a part of the temporal punishment, which the justice of God often reserves to be undergone by the sinner, after the guilt of the sin has been remitted. The power of granting the remission of this temporal punishment was given by Christ to St. Peter and his successors, and has been exercised from the earliest ages. An indulgence, so far from exempting sinners from works of penance and piety, is an encouragement to the performance of such works, since they are prescribed as conditions for gaining the benefit of an indulgence.

Surely, therefore, the doctrine of the Catholic church concerning the sacrament of penance, confession, and indulgences, does not tend to relax Christian morality, nor to encourage guilt, nor facilitate the commission of crime, but rather to put an end to sin, and to promote the exercise of every Christian virtue amongst men.

SECTION VII. *On the Obligation of an Oath.*—Catholics are charged with holding that *they are not bound by any oath, and that the Pope can dispense them from all the oaths they may have taken.*

We cannot sufficiently express our astonishment at such a charge. We hold that the obligation of an oath is most sacred; for by an oath man calls the Almighty searcher of hearts to witness the sincerity of his conviction of the truth of what he asserts; and his fidelity in performing the engagement he makes. Hence, whosoever swears falsely, or violates the lawful engagement he has confirmed by an oath, not only offends against truth, or justice, but against religion. He is guilty of the enormous crime of perjury.

No power in any Pope, or council, or in any individual or body of men, invested with authority in the Catholic church, can make it lawful for a Catholic to confirm any falsehood by an oath; or dispense with

any oath, by which a Catholic has confirmed his duty of allegiance to his sovereign, or any obligation of duty or justice to a third person. He who takes an oath is bound to observe it, in the obvious meaning of the words, or in the known meaning of the person to whom it is sworn.

SECTION VIII. *On allegiance to our Sovereign, and obedience to the Pope.*—Catholics are charged with *dividing their allegiance between their temporal sovereign and the Pope.*

Allegiance relates not to spiritual but to *civil* duties ; to those temporal tributes and obligations, which the subject owes to the person of his sovereign, and to the authority of the state.

By the term *spiritual*, we here mean that which in its nature tends *directly* to a *supernatural* end, or is ordained to produce a *supernatural* effect. Thus the office of teaching the doctrines of faith, the administration of the sacraments, the conferring and exercising of jurisdiction, purely ecclesiastical, are *spiritual* matters.

By the term *temporal*, we mean that which in its nature tends *directly* to the end of *civil* society. Thus the right of making laws for the civil government of the state, the administration of civil justice, the appointment of civil magistrates and military officers, are *temporal* matters.

The allegiance which Catholics hold to be due and are bound to pay to their sovereign, and to the civil authority of the state, is perfect and undivided. They do not divide their allegiance between their sovereign and any other power on earth, whether temporal or ecclesiastical. They acknowledge in the sovereign, and in the constituted government of these realms, a supreme civil and temporal authority, which is entirely distinct from, and totally independent of, the spiritual and ecclesiastical authority of the Pope, and of the Catholic church. They declare that neither the Pope, or any other prelate, or ecclesiastical person of the Roman Catholic church, has in virtue of his spiritual or ecclesiastical character, any right, directly or indirectly, to any civil or temporal jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority, within this realm ; nor has any right to interfere, directly or indirectly, in the civil government of the United Kingdom, or any part thereof ; nor to oppose, in any manner, the performance of the civil duties which are due to his Majesty, his heirs, and successors, from all or any of his Majesty's subjects ; nor to enforce the performance of any *spiritual* or *ecclesiastical* duty, by any *civil* or *temporal* means. They hold themselves bound in conscience to obey the civil government of this realm, in all things of a temporal and civil nature, notwithstanding any dispensation or order to the contrary had, or to be had, from the Pope, or any authority of the church of Rome.

And we declare, that by rendering obedience in *spiritual* matters to the Pope, Catholics do not withhold any portion of their allegiance to their King, and that their allegiance is entire and undivided : the *civil* power of the state, and the *spiritual* authority of the Catholic church, being absolutely distinct, and being never intended by their Divine Author to interfere or clash with each other.

“Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s, and to God the things that are God’s.”

SECTION IX.—*On the claim of British Catholics to the property of the Church Establishment in England.*—British Catholics are charged with entertaining a pretended right to the property of the Established Church in England.

We consider such a charge to be totally without foundation. We declare that we entertain no pretension to such a claim. We regard all the revenues and temporalities of the church Establishment as the property of those on whom they are settled by the laws of the land. We disclaim any right, title, or pretension with regard to the same.

SECTION X. *On the Doctrine of Exclusive Salvation.*—Catholics are charged with *uncharitableness, in holding the doctrine of exclusive salvation.*

Catholics are taught by their church to love all men, without exception : to wish that all may be saved ; and to pray that all may be saved, and may come to the knowledge of the truth, by which they may be saved.

If the Almighty himself has assigned certain conditions, without the observance of which man cannot be saved, it would seem to be an act of impiety to attempt to annul those divinely-established conditions : and an act of great uncharitableness towards a fellow-man, to tell him, that he may be saved, without complying with the conditions prescribed by the Almighty.

The doctrinal principle of exclusive salvation belongs to the law of Christ.

Has not Christ, who commands the belief of his revealed doctrines, pronounced, that he that *believeth not shall be condemned* ? (Mark xvi, 16.) Has not Christ, who instituted baptism for the remission of sins, declared that *except a man be born again of water and of the Holy Ghost, he CANNOT enter into the kingdom of God* ? (John iii, 5.) Has not St. Paul enumerated a list of crimes, such as adultery, idolatry, hatred, seditions, heresies, murders, drunkenness, &c., of which he declares, that *they who do such things, shall not obtain the kingdom of God* ? (Galat. v, 21.) Are not these exclusive conditions ?

Whoever professes the law of Christ must profess the *principle* and doctrine of exclusive salvation. It is not the Catholic, it is God himself who will exclude from Heaven those who are not duly qualified for it by faith and good works.

But the Catholic, whilst he is bound to admit, and with firm faith to believe, this doctrinal *principle*, is bound also by the divine commandment not to judge. He is not allowed, therefore, to pronounce sentence of condemnation on individuals, who may live and die out of the external communion of the Catholic Church : nor to pronounce sentence of condemnation against those who may die in an apparent state of sin. All those he leaves to the righteous judgment of the great searcher of hearts, who at the last day will render to every man according to his works.

But surely charity, as well as truth, must forbid one Christian to deceive another, in a matter of such infinite importance as the eternal salvation of the soul, He who should persuade his neighbour, that no

condition for salvation is required on the part of man, would deceive him, He who admits that any one such condition is required by the Almighty, admits the *principle* of exclusive salvation.

SECTION XI. *On Keeping Faith with Heretics.*— Catholics are charged with holding the principle that they are not bound to keep faith with Heretics.

As Catholics, we hold and we declare, that all Catholics are bound by the law of nature, and by the law of revealed religion, to observe the duties of fidelity and justice to all men, without any exception of persons, and without any distinction of nation or religion.

British Catholics have solemnly sworn, that "they reject and detest that unchristian and impious principle, that faith is not to be kept with heretics or infidels."

After this, the imputation of their holding this principle, cannot but be felt by them as grievously injurious to their religious and moral character.

CONCLUSION.—Having in the foregoing declaration, endeavoured to state, in the simplicity of truth, such doctrines of our church as are most frequently misrepresented or misunderstood in this country, and to explain the meaning in which Catholics understand the terms by which these doctrines are expressed in the language of their church; we confidently trust, that this declaration and explanation will be received by all our fellow-subjects, in a spirit of candour and charity; and that those who have been hitherto ignorant of, or but imperfectly acquainted with our doctrines of faith, will do us the justice to acknowledge, that, as Catholics, we hold no religious principles, and entertain no opinions flowing from those principles, which are not perfectly consistent with our duties as Christians, and as British subjects.

This declaration we, the undersigned, approve, and publish, as an exposition of our principles and doctrines, on the subjects to which it refers.

- ✦ WILLIAM, Bishop of Halia, Vic. Apost. in the London District.
- ✦ PETER BERNARDIN, Bishop of Thespia, Vic. Apost. in the Western District.
- ✦ THOMAS, Bishop of Bolina, Vic. Apost. in the Northern District.
- ✦ THOMAS, Bishop of Cambysopolis, Vic. Apost. in the Midland District.
- ✦ ALEXANDER, Bishop of Maximianopolis, Vic. Apost. in the Lowland District in Scotland.
- ✦ RANALD, Bishop of Aeryndela, Vic. Apost. in the Highland District in Scotland.
- ✦ PETER AUGUSTINE, Bishop of Siga, Coadjutor in the Western District.
- ✦ JAMES, Bishop of Usula, Coadjutor in the London District.
- ✦ THOMAS, Bishop of Europum, Coadjutor in the Northern District.
- ✦ ALEXANDER, Bishop of Cybistra, Coadjutor in the Lowland District in Scotland.

May 1526.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

WE are much gratified at the aspect which Catholicity presents to us at this moment in Great Britain. The numbers who continue to join themselves to our communion, attest the beneficial tendency of the spirit of enquiry, which marks the religious character of our age.

The extraordinary efforts which were made in the course of last summer, by the Conservative party, to arouse our Protestant countrymen to religious warfare against us, have more than failed. The meetings in Exeter Hall came a day too late to find credit with a thinking public. But they were not without their effect. They awakened attention, and they induced an enquiry into the reality of the charges, which our slanderers had exhibited in such revolting relief. The result has been, a wonderful augmentation of our numerical, as well as moral strength.

On Wednesday, the 30th of March last, the Duke of Newcastle moved, in the House of Lords, for "returns of all Roman Catholic chapels, with the dates of their erection: also returns of all monastic establishments, distinguishing whether for monks or nuns, together with the number in each: also for returns of all Roman Catholic Colleges and seminaries in England and Wales, distinguishing those which belong to the Jesuits; and also of the number of Roman Catholics in 1799, and their progressive increase down to the present time." After some discussion the motion was agreed to, except that part of it which referred to the number of Catholic colleges and seminaries, and the number of Catholics in 1799. The noble Duke on that occasion stated, "that Popery was alarmingly on the increase in Great Britain; that, in 1835, there were 510 Roman Catholic chapels in England, while, sixty years ago, there were only thirty. In addition to this, eleven new churches were building; and, at Kidderminster and Dover, Protestant chapels had been turned into Popish chapels. There were also eight Popish colleges and seminaries, the object of which was manifest." We can assure his Grace that he has underrated the number of our new churches now in the course of erection: they are certainly not less than forty, not to speak of some four or five which have been opened this year. The number of our British colleges amounts to nine.

DR. WISEMAN'S LECTURES.—These Lectures, which were first delivered in the Sardinian Chapel, and afterwards in the Chapel at Moorfields, are now in progress of publication in numbers by Mr Booker. The public journals have recorded, that in both Chapels they were attended by immense crowds; indeed, so numerous, that on more than one occasion, the chapel at Moorfields, which affords accommodation to upwards of three thousand persons, was not large enough to admit all the applicants for places. It is with great satisfaction we hear from all quarters, that these discourses have produced a profound impression throughout the metropolis. Several persons, anxious to testify their gratitude to Dr. Wiseman, have entered into a subscription, with a view of presenting him with some token of their respect, before he returns to Rome. We have no doubt, that if the list already formed were published, it would speedily receive very general support.

On the other hand, in St John's Chapel, Millman Street, Dr Martin, an Irish Protestant clergyman, is at present engaged in a course of Anti-Catholic lectures, to a very thin congregation. It has often struck us as somewhat singular, that while numerous lectures of the offensive cast teem periodically from Protestant pulpits, none of our polemical foes seem to conceive the propriety of following the temperate course of our own theologians, by expounding and defending the principles of their own religion. We had the curiosity to be present at one of Dr Martin's lectures. The subject was penance. We regretted the want of candour, or of information, which characterized his assertions. The impartial reader may appreciate both, when he is assured by Dr Martin, that, "according to Aquinas, it is impossible to make a good confession. Some fathers and doctors of the Roman Church declare it sufficient to love God once a-year. Reginaldus says, that there is no precept against remaining one's whole life in enmity against God, &c &c &c." A young layman of our Church, who was present, wrote next day to the lecturer, demanding his authorities for these positions among others, but the Doctor made him no reply, stating from the pulpit, on the ensuing evening, that he could not be expected to do so, and confining himself then to a mere review of what he had said on one isolated point, which was the obsolete charge about the deposing power. It has been remarked that Dr Wiseman, in his lectures, never stated a Protestant opinion without producing an authority, and never omitted to make a written reply to those of his Protestant hearers who addressed him upon the matter of his lectures by letters, to which their names and residences were subscribed.

We are glad to learn, from the organ of the "Reformation" Society, that at West Bromwich, our Priesthood "insinuate much of our religious doctrines among the people, and that the said Society is "suffering occasional inroads," by means of their "persevering foe, the Hon Mr Spencer.

The Protestant Journal relieves us from the trouble of enquiring into the state of Catholic Scotland. "The Eastern District," we are assured, "in which is included the capital of Scotland, is remarkable for the increase of Catholicity. In almost every town of any size, the efforts of the Church are many and persevering, and their success painfully apparent." It would seem, however, that the Journal did injustice to the "Northern Papal District," by the invidious mention of the Eastern. "The proofs of the progress of our faith are in the former 'equally melancholy.'" In Inverness several members of the professedly Protestant town council, have contributed to the erection of a Catholic Church, although they would not give sixpence to the parish Church. In Greenock, our population is immense and increasing. In Perth, the visit of an itinerant Catholic preacher, provoked the Volunteers to vindicate our cause, to the great repletion of the priest's chapel in that city. In fact, one of these men, a "leading light, declared in public, somewhere, that "Catholicity had ceased to be Popery, because it had become voluntary." In a word, bells are now no longer heard on the 5th of November," and the "rulers" of Glasgow are convinced that "all opposition" to our religion, "is unchristian," and the result of our labour is succinctly stated to be such, "that from being 11d of Ca-

tholics, to a considerable extent," Scotland has come once more to swarm with them, and to revert, in some places, to almost her ante-Reformation condition.

The accounts which have been received from our colonies are most cheering.

Letters of a late date from the Jesuit Fathers, who left Stonyhurst for India at the end of 1834, speak very encouragingly of their mission. They were in the enjoyment of good health and spirits. The college which they established in Calcutta, shortly after their arrival there, was very successful. The Rev. Francis Chadwick is the Rector of the institution. The Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Madras, had arrived there from Ireland in safety.

The Right Rev. Dr. Polding, Bishop of Hiero-Cæsarea, and V. A. in Australasia, reached successively the shores of Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales, in July and September last. His Lordship writes in good spirits of his health and missionary prospects. Private letters speak very favourably of the impression produced by the Bishop on the local authorities. A large sum had been voted by the Legislative Council of Van Diemen's Land for the erection of a Catholic church in Hobart town, the capital; and a Sydney newspaper assures us, that, before the close of the session of the Legislative Council of New South Wales, that body voted, for the Bishop's maintenance, the sum of 500*l.* We believe that the Australasian Association, founded by his Lordship shortly before his departure, thrives well, and produces, in aid of his mission, a sum of no mean amount.

We are happy to inform our readers, that there is great prospect of a Vicar Apostolic being consecrated for Demerara, and the adjacent colonies, where the want of one has been long so seriously felt.

We are sorry to hear, that in Lower Canada, the Irish Catholics are still in that state of exceeding distress, to which the cholera and other calamities, some while since reduced them. It appears, that a few years ago, the overwhelming proportion which the numbers of our brethren at Quebec, presented, to the spiritual accommodation afforded them, determined them to open subscriptions for the erection of a new church. The ground was bought, and the Church erected, but its completion seems as remote as ever, by reason of the exhaustion of their resources. Out of a population of 35,000, Quebec contains 7,000 Irish Catholics. Among the 40,000 inhabitants of Montreal, there are 8,000 Irish Catholics. About 12,000 Catholic emigrants arrive at Quebec, annually, from Ireland. In the French Canadian chapels, of course, instructions are given in the French language only.

The state of religion in France is most consoling. Of late years, a gradual return to Christianity has been remarked throughout the provinces of that country, and even in its capital. In the present year, this happy change has made a most important progress. The youth of France, in whom religion once found so much to fear for, give now the fairest promise of becoming her glory and her safe-guard. The venerable Archbishop of Paris, ever alive to their real welfare, appointed, chiefly upon their account, a course of lectures, on the philosophy of Christianity,

to be delivered by the Abbé Lacordaire, upon the Sundays in the Lent which is just passed. With great propriety, the *locale* of these discourses was fixed within the venerable walls of Notre Dame. We were present at one of these lectures. Long before one o'clock, the hour of the lecture, this magnificent cathedral was crowded in every part. There were not less than 10,000 assembled. Of these, three-fourths were males, and of these again, a large majority were young men. In the midst sat the Archbishop: his golden crozier planted before him, seemed the standard of that mighty host. The lecture, which discussed the conformity of revelation to natural evidences, whether inanimate, animate, rational, or social, was heard with the profoundest attention, which, indeed, it unquestionably merited. At times, the glowing eyes and cheeks of the youthful auditors rendered an eloquent testimony to the truths which the preacher displayed before them, with all the powers necessary to produce conviction. We are happy to announce, that the Archbishop, in a most kind and appropriate manner, has, since the commencement of these lectures, bestowed on M. Lacordaire one of the stalls of Notre Dame. The numbers of young persons of the male sex, comparatively so numerous, who present themselves at the confessional and the communion-rail, the crowded churches at the period of a retreat, and the increase of devotion observable during the celebration of mass, assured us that the change alluded to has not been nominal, but real.

The recent investiture of M. de Cheverus as the Cardinal Prince of Bordeaux, has given great satisfaction generally in France. The bill for the increase of his salary, as well as for the expenses of his inauguration, has passed both houses without opposition.

At Paris, in January last, appeared the first number of a monthly periodical, called "L'Université Catholique," edited by a brilliant *réunion* of the most illustrious Catholic writers in France and Belgium. This "aristocracy of talent," as the biographer of Schlegel very appropriately terms it, undertakes, in the "*Discours Préliminaire*" of July last, the accomplishment of a double duty. It says,—“First, we should cultivate the various branches of useful knowledge, in such a manner as to disengage them the more and more from the erroneous conceptions which have been confounded with them, and thus to favour the movement which is restoring the spirit of Catholicism. This first effort is nothing more than a work of purification. To accomplish this, it suffices to reject the evil,—it suffices to treat of science in a spirit which is not hostile to religion.”

“But to this must be joined another task,—a task of organization. To show that the Catholic faith generates philosophy, or the general science which constitutes the unity of all the various sciences,—that the Catholic hierarchy contains the rallying point of order and of social progress,—that Catholic charity, combined with the results of science, can alone resolve, in a manner complete and durable, the most important problems of political economy,—that all art should be Christian, and that all which is Christian emanated from Catholicism, or returns to it;—this is the grand religious thesis of the nineteenth century.”

THE
DUBLIN REVIEW.

JULY, 1836.

Art. I. *Agrarian Disturbances in Ireland, produced by Falls in Prices.* 8vo. London. 1836.

IS the condition of Ireland really improving? The question interests the inhabitants of Great Britain as much as the people of Ireland themselves, and it is in all views of it eminently entitled to dispassionate and candid investigation.

During the discussion of the Repeal of the Irish Union, speculation was naturally more than commonly active on this important subject. On one side it was held, not only that Ireland had not advanced, but had retrograded; on the other, it was insisted that her progress was not merely unquestionable, but gigantic! The truth seems to be, that she has made some move onwards, but that it is by no means proportioned to the growth of her prosperity before the Union; to the increase of her population since that period; or to the improvement of Great Britain; with which it was rather too sanguinely assumed, in the discussions of 1800, that she would be able to maintain a commercial rivalry in twenty years from that period.

The speech made by the Right Hon. Thomas Spring Rice, on the question of the Repeal of the Union in 1833, as well as that delivered on the same subject, in the following year, abound in tables framed to establish the hypothesis of the 'gigantic' progress. The most unerring test, Revenue, is left unnoticed in those speeches. Change of taste may produce a great alteration in the relative consumption of tea, sugar, coffee, wine, or spirits; one branch of commerce may prosper, and another decay; Waterford may exhibit by her export returns a prodigious increase of trade, but this may be from local causes, and other ports may be comparatively abandoned. Revenue is the result of transactions of all kinds, and is not affected by the mutations which will occur in particular instances. * It is thus the safest guide in comparing the present with the past, and it is to be regretted that it gives but a slender support to the arguments of Mr. Rice.

In the Parliamentary Return, ordered on the 10th of April,

1824, the following are stated to have been the gross receipts of revenue in the three years, ending 1800 :

1798,	- -	£3,233,519
1799,	- -	3,767,067
1800,	- -	4,387,096

It is right to give the gross, instead of the net receipts, as the latter were trespassed upon formerly, much more than in latter years, by 'drawbacks,' and 'management.' The following is the gross revenue for three years, ending 1835, as set down in the annual Finance Accounts :

1833,	- -	£1,462,239
1834,	- -	4,170,437
1835,	- -	4,153,410

In these amounts is only included a portion of the tea duty, paid by Ireland, in the years referred to. That portion, which was £194,536, is added to the customs' receipts of 1835: but, it exceeds by £124,711 the income derived from tea, in 1800, and yet the total receipts of revenue in 1800, appear to have been little inferior to those of 1835! It is important to see the contrast presented by the receipts of British Revenue, at corresponding periods :

		British Revenue			
1798,	- -	£27,311,081	1833,	- -	£19,571,159
1799,	- -	34,471,163	1834,	- -	18,410,167
1800,	- -	38,242,812	1835,	- -	18,387,399

It is to be borne in mind that the British receipts in the first of these periods, were swelled by war taxes, long since abolished. The produce of the income tax alone, in 1800, reached to nearly £10,000,000. Let this, and the produce of the other war taxes, have ceased to exist, be deducted from the gross receipts of that year, and they will be diminished, perhaps, to one half the amount of the British revenue, of 1835. The case is still striking if Scotland be separately regarded, for, according to a parliamentary paper ordered on the 27th of February 1832, it was then £5,113,352, though in 1861 it was as low as £4,794,000.

It should not be left unobserved, in a statement not intended to deceive, that Ireland also had war taxes in 1800, alone which were not in operation in 1835. These were principally the problems and taxes, but it does not appear that they exceeded that all was £7,681,000. More than compensation has been made for them this is the increased duties on tea and tobacco alone. Tea produced in

* Report of 1830, on the State of the Irish Poor, p. 113.

† *Statistical Tables.*

1800 only £69,824, but it produced £442,382 in 1827.* This was principally by augmentation of impost, for the quantity of tea consumed increased in the interval only from 2,926,000 to 3,889,000 lbs. Tobacco produced in 1800, £327,916, but it produced in 1827, £603,037. This arose altogether from increased taxation; for the quantity consumed, fell off from 6,737,275 lbs to 4,041,172 lbs.

While the stimulus of the war existed, the Irish revenue continued to increase for several years, and this is an additional proof that it is the truest criterion of the actual condition of the Irish people. The receipts from 1811 to 1816 inclusive, were as follows:—

1811,	- -	6,005,854	1814,	- -	7,176,734
1812,	- -	6,367,987	1815,	- -	7,798,921
1813,	- -	6,975,423	1816,	- -	7,950,188

The last of these amounts is not very far from double the receipts of 1835! Reduction of taxation cannot account for this extraordinary defalcation. It has been comparatively inconsiderable in Ireland. Mr. O'Connell, in his speech on the Repeal of the Union in 1834, assumed, without contradiction, that it did not exceed £1,200,000, though the net remission which took place, in Great Britain, amounted to forty-one millions. The principal operation has been upon whiskey; but instead of having lost, the revenue has greatly gained, by that reduction. In 1818, 'strong waters' produced to the Excise £1,026,277; in 1833, however, they produced £1,754,032. It is also to be borne in mind, that the partial diminution of taxation which has been extended to Ireland, has been largely counterbalanced by the process of assimilation which has come, in latter years, into great favour with the heads of the Exchequer. By an act of 1823, all the customs duties were raised to the British standard. Since that period, there has been an assimilation of the post office, paper, and glass duties; and while we write, the House of Commons is engaged in the consideration of a Stamp Bill, in which 'assimilation' is aimed at in several important instances.† The balance of remission, remaining under all these circumstances, cannot be considerable, and it helps little towards an explanation of the enormous deficiency exhibited in the foregoing table. Indeed it is doubtful whether the Irish revenue would, without the mitigation of certain duties, be even as high as it is at present. A confused, and in every way unsatisfactory, return of taxes, wholly or partially repealed in Great Britain and Ireland, was ordered to be

* Report of 1830, on the State of the Irish Poor.

† It is understood that "assimilation," is also to extend to soap, an article heretofore free from duty, in Ireland.

printed on the 14th of April 1834. It debits Ireland with a relief of £187,484 under the head of tobacco. This occurred, it would seem in 1825, and since that year, the revenue from tobacco has risen from £583,000 to £708,000, exhibiting, with 'strong waters,' a remarkable instance of the benefit which the Exchequer has derived in Ireland from the moderation of its exactions.

The present state of the Irish revenue, as compared with the past, is, in short, only to be accounted for by referring it to the actual state of the country; which presents here and there an indication of advancement, but whose inhabitants, taken generally, are unhappily in a condition the reverse of that in which they are fondly believed to be luxuriating by certain credulous politicians, who are apt to draw upon their fancies for pictures of its prosperity. Ireland cannot be rapidly advancing, or advancing at all with reference to the growth of her population, while her revenue is as unproductive as it is at present. If her progress had been as great as that of Scotland, since 1801, her contributions to the Imperial Exchequer would now amount to ten millions a year; and her consumption of British manufactures, would, there is little doubt, reach to twelve millions, instead of six. What are the measures calculated to raise Ireland to an elevation, so important to the best interests of the whole British people?

We confess at the outset, we would be radical, though, we think, not revolutionary, in the remedies we would apply to the cure of Irish evils. Our first operations would be on the "circumstances under which the soil is cultivated," holding them to be of such moment as "almost wholly to determine the position of a country in the scale of civilization."* The ownership of the Irish soil is chiefly in the possession of an Absentee Proprietary, whose title to their estates is founded upon confiscations conducted, in Ireland, on principles involving a violation of the law of civilized Nations. On this point the first Lord Clare is an authoritative witness. † In a speech which he delivered in the Irish House of Lords, on the 10th of February, 1800, on the question of the proposed Legislative Union, he estimated the forfeitures in Ireland as including eleven-twelfths of the entire island. ‡

* Essay on the Distribution of Wealth, by the Rev. Richard Jones.

† The last Quarterly Review calls him (p. 276) "one of the most distinguished statesmen of his age or country."

‡ Confiscated in the reign of James I. the whole province of	<i>Acres.</i>
Ulster containing	2,836,837
Set out by the Court of Claims at the Restoration	7,800,000
Forfeitures of 1688	1,060,792
	11,697,629

The superficial contents of Ireland are supposed to be 12,722,616 Irish acres.

“ If,” said he, “ the wars of England carried on here from the reign of Elizabeth had been waged against a foreign enemy, the inhabitants would have retained their possessions under the established law of civilized nations, and their country have been annexed as a province to the British Empire. The whole power and property of the country has been conferred by successive monarchs of England upon an English Colony, composed of three sets of English adventurers who poured into this country at the termination of three successive Rebellions. Confiscation is their common title; and from their first settlement they have been hemmed in on every side by the old inhabitants of the island, brooding over their discontents in sullen indignation.”

The course which a wise policy would recommend as to the posterity of these “adventurers” who are residents, is evidently one which would put them upon a better understanding with their humble neighbours. This, unfortunately, is not the course which has been hitherto, at least, pursued. There are no poor laws, and the mass of the people are at the mercy of owners of the land, who feel that “confiscation is their common title.” These owners are chiefly of Cromwellian origin, for it is to be observed eight parts out of eleven of the entire forfeitures fell to their lot. “All former settlers,” observes Mr. Lichenò, “had found it their interest to adopt the system of the country, and fall in with the established customs of the people. It was the misfortune of the Cromwellians to go thither with a new religion and new politics, a new system of agriculture, and a new relation between landlord and tenant, subversive of everything which existed, from the highest to the lowest human being. They carried with them neither attachments, sympathies, social ties, nor patrimonial influence.” It is to a gentry of this class that the Legislature still confides the discretionary guardianship of the poor! How well they acquit themselves of the trust is to be inferred from the myriads of ejected tenantry who are known to be still perishing on the bogs and highways of Ireland, though the proscription of which they are the victims is now in the fourteenth year of its duration.* And it is curious to observe the facilities with which

* Within the last two years (says Mr. Leslie Foster, now a Baron of the exchequer, in his evidence before the Lords' Committee in 1825) a perfect panic on the subject of population has prevailed amongst all persons interested in land in Ireland; and they are at this moment applying a corrective check of the most violent description to that increase of population which there has been too much reason to deplore. The principle of dispeopling estates is going on in Ireland wherever it can be effected. If your Lordships ask me what becomes of the surplus stock of population, it is a matter on which I have in my late journeys throughout Ireland endeavoured to form an opinion; and I conceive that in many instances they wander about the country as mere mendicants, but that more frequently they betake themselves to the nearest large towns, and there occupy as lodgers the most wretched hovels in the most misera-

these men have been armed in the exercise of the right of 'doing what they like with their own.' The same author reckons as many as eight acts, or amendments of acts, of Parliament, which have been passed since 1816, all of them to strengthen the rich against the poor.

"It admits, I think, of more than doubt, whether the system which England has pursued of strengthening the hands of the gentry against the tenantry, upon every occasion, contributes to bring about a reconciliation between them. Whatever increases the power of the landlord is employed, first or last, to draw more rent from the land. Profit being almost all he aims at, every new project is favoured as it assists him to obtain his end. The laws in his favour are already more summary and stronger than they are in England; and he is yet calling for additional assistance. The ejection of a tenant here is a tedious and difficult process, which usually takes the best portion of a year, and sometimes longer; and costs a sum of money so considerable, that landlords are very generally deterred from the proceeding. In Ireland, by the 56th Geo. III. c. 88, amended by the 58th Geo. III. c. 39, and the 1st Geo. IV. c. 41, the same result is obtained in a month; and the expense, which used to be seventeen or eighteen pounds, is reduced to under two pounds. By the 59th Geo. III. c. 88, landlords were also empowered to distrain the growing crops. The Sub-letting Act, 7th Geo. IV. c. 29, took away a great power which the tenants had over the land to under-let, and enables the landlord to recover possession more easily upon breach of covenant. The 4th Geo. IV. c. 36, was passed to discourage the occupation in joint tenancy, and the 7th Geo. IV., before referred to, prevented them from devising the land held under lease, where there was a clause against sub-letting, to more than one person. The Malicious Trespass Act, 9th Geo. IV. c. 56, also assists the landlord more than has been found necessary in England. Several Acts, however, have been passed within the same period in favour of the tenant, as the Tithe Composition Act, the regulation of presentments, and the raising the amount on which a debtor may be arrested on mesne process. In a wholesome state of society, many of the statutes which have been passed in favour of the landlord would operate beneficially; but in Ireland with some good, they inflict more evil. The condition of the peasantry is reduced to a lower scale by every new power that is created. Every fresh law exonerates the proprietors more from the necessity of cultivating the good opinion of their dependents, and moreover, removes the odium of any oppression from the individual, who ought to bear it, to the State."—*Bicheno's Economy of Ireland*, p. 164.

The remedy for all these evils is a state subsistence for the poor, comprehensive and ample in its provisions: It is fortunately no longer necessary to vindicate the policy or necessity of such an

ble outlets, in the vain hope of getting occasionally a day's work. Though this expectation too often proves ill-founded, it is the only course possible for them to take. Their resort to these towns produces such misery as it is impossible to describe.

institution. Both are admitted by persons once opposed to them. It is only to be lamented that a law for the preservation of the mass of the people is still a postponed measure, in a session of which so much is dedicated to the business of Ireland. Poor-laws for that country should precede the consideration of municipal corporations, of tithes, and of all other questions. Much would it have benefitted the whole empire, if the energies which won emancipation had in the first instance bestowed the blessings of a state subsistence on, confessedly, the most destitute population in the civilized world!

The non-resident proprietary are chargeable with mischiefs of enormous magnitude. With some few exceptions, all travellers admit, that the occupants of the Absentee estates are far the most miserable in the island. What is to be done with these Absentees? According to the most intelligent witnesses examined before the Committee of 1830 on the state of the Irish poor, they draw from the country three or four millions of its rental. Mr. Butler Bryan estimates the amount at £3,000,000 (p. 45.) Mr. Ensor, after a minute calculation, is satisfied that it is £4,000,000 (p. 481.) The abstraction of rental in these masses is a growing evil. Mr. Puget, in his evidence before the Exchange Committee in 1804, did not value the remittances then sent from Ireland at more than £2,000,000.* If the more recent estimates be correct, the Absentee drain has, therefore, nearly doubled in less than thirty years. There is no rational ground on which the evil, if left to itself, can be expected to stand still. What, then, is to be done, with the Absentees? The mischiefs they inflict are chiefly the consequence of a 'violation of the laws of civilized nations.' We would not remove them by a reversal of that violation followed out to a confiscation of their properties, but we would give them the motive of a stimulating impost to sell out, and we would take means to provide them with a sufficient market.

There is a great deal of inert capital in Ireland, notwithstanding the general wretchedness of its inhabitants. In 1818 dividends were payable on £21,004,430 of debt in Dublin. † A

* It is to the evidence of this gentleman that allusion is evidently made in the strange passage of the *Quarterly Review* for April, which follows: "The most exact of these (lists of Absentees) is said to have appeared in 1782, and according to it the annual value of estates belonging to Absentees then amounted to £1,227,480. It is also said that a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the subject in 1804, and that it was then ascertained that the annual amount of Absentee property exceeded £2,000,000. If such a Committee was appointed, which seems somewhat doubtful, and made any report, that report has not been printed, and without minute returns, any conjecture formed on the subject must be exceedingly uncertain. Our own impression is that the number of non-residents has always been over-rated." (p. 236.)

† Paper ordered on the 15th of April, 1821.

power of transferring stock from one country to the other was subsequently conferred by Act of Parliament, and in 1835 the debt on which dividends were payable in Dublin had amounted to £33,335,986.* It is to be presumed that part of the increase was capital vested in the English Funds long before 1818, and it may be doubted whether a great portion of that since created has not been withdrawn from branches of declining commerce; but it is beyond question, not only that the increase since 1818, however it occurred, but the whole of this capital, is Irish, and is at hand to be applied to a more eligible mode of investment, if it should present itself. Of the existence of a great deal of capital, of another kind, interesting and very curious evidence is given, in the Report of the Select Committee which sat last year, on Public Works in Ireland.

"1282. You say [the witness is Dixon Holmes, Esq.] you say that the middling, and even the small, farmers in Ireland have a great deal of ready money, which they hoard up for want of the means of employing it: what is your authority for that statement?—It is rather in the county of Tipperary, and part of the county of Cork; in talking with the great millers there, several of them stated to me, that they were in possession of many thousands of pounds, in sums of £20 to £300 or £400, which they were obliged to lock up, because the persons did not lend it to them, but only brought it to them for safe custody; and one miller said to me, "I have £5,000 locked up, and I dare not use a shilling, because I must give it back precisely in the form I received it." And, as another proof, I would mention, about five years ago, I did propose to a large proprietor, in the county of Tipperary, to take of him a large quantity of waste land, if he could give me a sufficient lease; believing that I could find, in London, some capitalist who would join me in the undertaking. He stated the terms, which were extremely liberal, on which he would do it. I immediately went to the parish priest and told him, "if you will produce me responsible tenants, we will divide the land; we propose to spend a sum of money on it, in erecting buildings, and making roads; and receiving a fair compensation for the use of the money." I left in two days, and gave him my address, and in six weeks he sent me over a list of names of persons who were willing to take the land, and who had so much money; but they proposed to put the money into the hands of the Provincial Bank, at Clonmel, in their own names and mine; and the money to be drawn out for the purpose of being employed on the land as it was wanted, and that sum amounted to £9,700, in sums as low as £20, and some as high as £500 or £600.

"1283. Have you any reason to suppose that this is the case in other parts of Ireland?—I am sure of it, for there were people who came from sixty miles to make their offers for the land in question. I soon found a gentleman in London to furnish all the money necessary; but when

* Finance Accounts.

we went to the proprietor, he could not give us a lease for longer than thirty-one years, and three lives concurrent; and that first induced me to get parliamentary aid, and to throw the lands open."

Sir Hussey Vivian, who has been long and intimately acquainted with the country, estimated, in 1832, in his evidence before the Committee on the state of Ireland, the capital of the small farmers, at thirty millions. Very profitless accumulations in their hands are the consequences of their dependant state, and of the iron despotism which the law, and its mode of administration hitherto, have enabled the gentry to exercise over them. We have seen how some lock up their treasure in the chests of their great millers; others bury it, to keep it the more securely from the knowledge of the landlord; who would either require to borrow it, or make it a pretext for raising his rent. Of the burying system Wakefield takes notice in these words:

"In Ireland, if, from any accidental circumstance, the farmer makes money, he never thinks of employing it to improve the condition of the land. He buries his guineas in the earth, consoles himself with the idea of his secret treasure, and toils on according to his former routine. This is a striking fact; it speaks a great deal, and deserves particular attention. It not only shews a want of confidence, but it betrays ignorance.....The evil however of hiding money, is the child of latter times. Mr. Young, whose acute observation suffered nothing to escape his notice, neither saw nor heard of an instance of it, when he was in Ireland; at present it is common. I was told of it wherever I went, and, very often, on enquiring of a farmer, concerning his system and produce, he would conclude his answer by saying, 'and I buried some guineas.'" Vol. i. p. 594.

Mr. Wakefield adds, in a note, that "the practice of burying money prevails under all arbitrary governments, and in countries where the people think their property insecure." The insecurity in Ireland arises from the rapacity of the local tyrants. The amount of the earnings of the poor which they got into their hands during the high prices of the war, is, we are assured on excellent authority, scarcely credible. And fatal have been the effects to the peace of families. There is but too much reason to believe, that many an industrious farmer has owed his transportation, in times of disturbance, to the pecuniary accommodation he has afforded to the needy justices of his neighbourhood.

There are, then, abundant grounds for the assumption, that there is a great deal of capital in Ireland which, if the opportunity offered, would be employed in the purchase of lands. If the absentee estates were on sale to-morrow, there is not the least reason to suppose that they would find a dull market, or insufficient bidders. It is our firm conviction that they could

be disposed of, at their full value, to resident purchasers within no very great number of years. We would, then, put them in a fair course of sale. Power of selling out should, of course, in the first instance, be given to their owners. Then there should be the incitement of a cogent tax, say 25 per cent. Commissioners should be appointed to manage the sales, so as not to allow, under this new "settlement," too large parcels to fall to individuals, or rather to take care that each estate should be divided into the greatest possible number of lots, and transferred to the greatest possible number of proprietors. A loan fund should be placed under the direction of these commissioners, out of which a small capitalist, having a moiety of the purchase money of a given lot, might borrow the other, mortgaging of course the whole to secure the repayment of the sum borrowed. Before we heard of a proposed vote of nine millions to aid in a satisfactory adjustment of tithes, and an actual grant of twenty millions to ensure the emancipation of the West Indian blacks, we should have deemed it more romantic, than at present it appears to be, to propose the creation of such a fund. If five and twenty per cent. be considered too severe a sacrifice to impose upon any one not wishing to sell out, we have only to say that it was not a fourth, but two-thirds, that the "wisdom of our ancestors" ordained as the forfeiture for temporary non-residence, with a total loss of the inheritance in case of continued absence. Sir John Davies notices the entire confiscation of the Irish estates of the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and Lord Berkeley, in the time of Henry the Eighth, on the simple ground that they had "kept their continual residence in England." Acts of this nature, according to that wise and benevolent individual, were founded on "good reason of state," and "though (to use the words of Lawrence, author of 'The Interest of Ireland') it might seem hard such laws should be executed, yet it is harder still that a nation should be ruined."

A tax upon Absentees is justified by the necessity which warrants the imposition of any tax whatever. If it be asked whether the subject of a free state should not be allowed to live where he thinks proper, we answer, he should have such an indulgence, subject simply to the price it is found useful to the community to make him pay for it. The rights of a free-born man are just as much compromised by the tax imposed on a gallon of brandy, or the toll levied at a turnpike gate, as by a deduction made from a rental, which, to get into the pockets of the owner, must pass the seas. To resist an absentee tax, simply on constitutional grounds, is not indeed considered an experiment on common sense, likely to be attended with permanent success; and hence the endeavours of some to shew that Absentees do no mischief whatever to

a state, and owe it, therefore, no compensation. The hypothesis on which these theorists go is, that Absentee remittances create exportation, in value equal to their amount, and thus make reparation for the loss, which, under other circumstances, they would occasion.

“Suppose (said one of these gentlemen, writing in the *Edinburgh Review*) 1000 quarters of wheat are exported from Ireland to Liverpool, on account of an Absentee; if this Absentee return home, this exportation will of course cease—but what will Ireland gain by its cessation?”

The answer is, that no wheat is exported to Liverpool on account of any Absentee. Wheat grown upon an Absentee estate, is sold in the next market for money, afterwards passed to some merchant in Dublin, and by him finally shipped to Liverpool, on *his*, and not the Absentee's, account. If the Absentee return home the exportation will *not* cease; the wheat will go, as in the first case, to the next country market; it will be afterwards passed to some Dublin merchant, and by him finally shipped to Liverpool, on *his* and not the Absentee's account. But if the exportation *did* cease, the gain of Ireland would be, the eating of 1000 quarters of wheat over and above the quantity that would be otherwise allotted to her population. The whole fallacy lies in the supposition that Absenteeism and Exportation are cause and consequence. To shew that they stand in no such relation, we need only suppose the case of two parcels of wheat exhibited for sale in the Navan market—one grown upon an Absentee estate, and the other upon the estate of a resident. The ultimate destination of both is Liverpool. They are sold to a Dublin merchant or his agent, for money; they pass to him, and he ships them for Liverpool. The money remains with the growers until the time arrives for a settlement with their landlords. One landlord is domiciled in London, Paris, or Naples, and thither his share goes: but what has this to do with the exportation of the wheat to Liverpool? Would it not reach Liverpool if he were at home? The proof that it would, is, that the wheat of the landlord who is to be found, perhaps, within the bailiwick, also reaches Liverpool; the sole difference being, not in any thing concerning the destination of the wheat, but the locality in which the rent it produced is laid out. The wheat, as we have said, is in the first instance, turned into money in the country market, and the only question to be decided is, whether it be a matter of “consummate indifference” to Ireland, in what locality the money is ultimately expended. That question appears to us too plain for one moment's discussion. We should wish to know how those who consider Absenteeism and Exportation cause and effect, can account for the trade between China and England.

We do not surely owe our supply of tea to the inhabitants of the "Celestial Empire," who are to be maintained here or elsewhere beyond the boundaries of their own country. It is not through any stimulus derived from Absenteeism, that France exports commodities to England double the value of those she receives from the British shores.

Next to effective Poor Laws, and a remedial operation on Absenteeism, we estimate the utility of public works in Ireland on an extended scale. Of the importance of these modes of improving the condition of the people, one of the most striking illustrations is to be found in Mr. Rice's speech of 1834. He is speaking of a loan fund of £500,000, which is applicable to these objects; and he says its effects will be shewn by the following extracts from a report on the table of the house, but not yet printed:

"In traversing a country covered with farms, and in a high state of cultivation, shewing every sign of a good soil, and of amply remunerating produce, it becomes difficult to credit the fact that, ten or twelve years since, the whole was a barren waste — the asylum of a miserable and lawless peasantry, who were calculated to be a burthen, rather than a benefit, to the nation; and that this improvement may be entirely attributed to the expenditure of a few thousands of pounds, in carrying a good road of communication through the district. *Many extensive districts are still without them, where the country is capable of the greatest improvement.* Wherever a new road is constructed, flourishing farms at once spring up, and the carts of the countrymen (as has been forcibly expressed by one of our engineers) press on the heels of the road makers, as the work advances."

This proves at once the utility of such works, and the insufficiency of the existing means of carrying them on. Instead of one permanent loan fund of half a million, it is our deliberate opinion that it is the paramount interest of England herself to make an annual grant of seven or £800,000, for public works in Ireland.

Why is it not proposed in the Imperial Parliament, on the shewing of this report, that such a sum should be expended in every year, or even for a limited number of years, on the internal improvement of Ireland? The answer is, that while Mr. Rice himself might be quoted to shew that a "gigantic" prosperity is already the happy lot of the country, hundreds of members would be disposed to cry out, as an Hon. Gentleman did when it was proposed to turn the million loan into an actual donation to the parsons, that "England had been too long a *milch cow* for Ireland." The question of the "gigantic" prosperity is already disposed of. It remains to be shewn, that the

suggestion as to the "milch cow," is altogether without foundation; and that a grant to the extent stated, is not more than Ireland would at present be ENTITLED to under a fair construction of the Act of Union itself.

Mr. Wakefield observes (vol. ii. p. 283) that "notwithstanding the servile state in which the Legislature of Ireland was held, it seems to have preserved its independence in taxation. No British Parliament, it appears, ever assumed, or even claimed, the right of imposing taxes on that country; and several instances are recorded in which it manifested its jealousy on this point, with a spirit worthy of the national character. In 1690, the Commons of Ireland rejected a money bill because it had not originated in their house. In 1709, a money bill was returned from England with alterations, and on this account it was rejected by the Commons. A similar circumstance took place in 1768." The effect of this jealousy was, that at the commencement of the French war, Ireland owed a debt, funded and unfunded, of only £2,254,705.* This debt was increased to, £26,841,219† at the time the act of Union came into operation. The debt of England, however, was, at that period, nearly sixteen times greater in magnitude, being £420,305,944.‡ It was this inequality which prevented a consolidation of the Exchequers in January 1801, an arrangement, as Lord Castlereagh called it, of much "*convenience*," which was adopted at the Scotch Union, Scotland, however, receiving her "*equivalent*" in money paid down and applicable to her own uses.§ The course forced upon the two Parliaments, by the great disparity of the British and Irish debts, was that of keeping the Exchequers distinct, binding the two countries to the payment out of their own separate resources of the interest of their respective debts, and pledging them to a joint future expenditure, such as would be compatible with the relative ability of the weaker country.

Nothing could be more just than this arrangement; and our proposition is that if it had been carried fairly and honestly into effect, Ireland would now be entitled to the application, annually, of the sum stated, to her internal improvement.

The first step rendered indispensable by this portion of the national compact, clearly was, to ascertain what was in reality the "ability" of Ireland. Lord Castlereagh took, he said, the best

* Paper ordered on the 15th of April 1824. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid.

§ The sum received by Scotland was £398,000, and this was her "*equivalent*," for the application of Scotch revenue to the payment of the English national debt. The Scotch revenue did not then exceed £120,000 a year, and the English national debt was 18 to 20,000,000.

guide that offered itself in the absence of an income tax equally operative in both countries, namely, the comparative amount of exports and imports, and consumption of beer, spirits, sugar, wine, tea, tobacco and malt. These tests were disputed, it having fairly been urged, especially with regard to the articles just named, that their consumption depended greatly on habit and taste, and might be very much disproportioned to the real wealth of a people. The proportion of contribution fixed on these tests, was fifteen parts for Great Britain, and two parts for Ireland; but it was provided,* that at the expiration of twenty years, there should be "*periods of revision,*" not more distant than twenty, and not shorter than seven years from each other; at which a new adjustment of expenditure should take place, unless there should previously be a declaration of a junction of the Exchequers, founded of course on equitable principles.

A "period of revision" was manifestly of no importance, if it was not to afford a rectification of any error committed in the adoption of the "tests;" whether that error had the effect of imposing a greater or a lighter burthen on the country than she was able to bear. No argument can be founded on the decision, that the proportion originally adopted should hold for twenty years despite of all contingencies, for the United Parliament did not think it necessary to wait for twenty years before it proceeded to consolidate the Exchequers. The Minister went down to the House in 1816, saying that the failure of Ireland to make good the engagements imposed upon her in 1800 forced the Legislature to anticipate the time fixed upon by the act of Union, for a new adjustment of the financial relations of the two countries. It was open to the Parliament to take a different course from the one adopted. This was distinctly stated by Lord Castlereagh, who said, (May 20th) that "the only question which the House had to consider was, whether they should proceed anew to regulate the quota of expence to be borne by Ireland, according to the criterion laid down in the act of Union, or whether a different measure ought to be resorted to in order to relieve her from her difficulties." If this were the question, consolidation was not imperative on the United Parliament in 1816. If it then anticipated the exercise of functions not devolving upon it regularly for four years afterwards; it might have done the same in 1804, or in 1802, when it was just as plain as in 1816, that Britain, to use the words of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, the last Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, "had contracted with Ireland for an *expenditure which she could not meet.*" An adjustment, at either period,

such as fair dealing demanded, would have the effect of leaving Ireland a large surplus, and it would of course be applicable to its own separate and special uses. Can there be a doubt upon the point? Let us take an illustration from the transactions of last year.

The adjustment we speak of is, of course, that really "equitable" one, which would carry into effect the declared intentions of the authors of the act of Union, to proportion Ireland's burthen to her ability. In 1804 it was found that the debt of Ireland was running on far more rapidly than that of Britain; and that her revenue, so far from increasing in any thing like a similar ratio, had suffered, in that year, a positive diminution. It was no longer a matter of doubt, that the union proportions were erroneous, and that Ireland, instead of being able to contribute 1 to $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions, had no resources to enable her to supply more than 1 for every 10 millions. The Parliament, which assumed to itself the power of consolidating the Exchequers in 1816, could, under such circumstances, have declared that the mistake committed at the period of the union was made manifest; that the proportion of 1 to 10 should be substituted for 1 to $7\frac{1}{2}$, and that the public accounts should be regulated by the change, both as to the future and the past. If such a measure then took place, the effect would obviously have been to proportion the increase of the Irish, to the increase of the British debt; and leave Ireland in that regard, in the same relative position last year, as that in which she was placed in 1800, when her debt was, as we have already said, to the British, as about 1 to 16. The general expenditure was, let us say in the last year, 46 millions. Of these, 28 millions were for the interest of debt. In the case supposed, £1,750,000 would be a burthen falling rightfully on the score of debt on Ireland. The remaining expenditure was £18,000,000. Of this, Ireland should have fairly borne one tenth, or £1,800,000, which is the proportion of her ability, as indicated by her revenue. These two amounts make £3,550,000, and this sum is 7, of £800,000, under the revenue of Ireland, fairly estimated.* Let it be shewn that the Irish payments into the Exchequer are not to that extent above this amount, and it would only follow that the Irish contribution to the general expenditure, should not be a tenth, but an eleventh or twelfth part.

Mr. Rice maintains that the arrangement of 1816 was as good

* There are various opinions as to the amount of the *uncredited revenue* of Ireland. The lowest estimate is by Mr. W. Stanley, author of the Cloncurry Prize Essays, who is understood to fill an official situation in Dublin. His calculation is, that it is not, when it includes the whole of the tea duty, above £789,000. A portion of

a one as could have been made for Ireland. "The consolidation," he says, "sweeps aside all calculations in respect to the proportion of two-seventeenths." This it does certainly, and without any "equivalent" for Ireland. Such was not, however, the intention in 1800. Ireland's right to her "equivalent" was then acknowledged, and it was because England, from its magnitude, could not pay it, that the Exchequers were left distinct. The "proportions," instead of being a source of evil, were intended to be a source of good. If they were just "proportions," the intended benefit would have been realized; if they were the contrary, they ought to have been altered. The remedy for any evil connected with them, was not the "sweeping them aside," except on the principle avowed and acted upon by those who have attempted the extinction of the Irish municipal corporations. Their utility to Ireland was, that they secured to her the advantage of any increase that might occur in her revenue. If her progress were really "gigantic," her income, would have been long since double its present amount. If it had reached that magnitude last year, there would be a clear surplus this year, even though she were chargeable with the entire expense of the debt "for which England," to use the words of Mr. Rice, "made herself responsible," in 1816. This surplus, or any surplus not exceeding five millions, would be applicable, under the act of Union, either to the liquidation of Irish debt, to the remission of Irish taxes, or to the extension of Irish internal improvement. Under the act of consolidation, it has a different destination, and passes to the British Exchequer, there to be applied to British purposes exclusively. The act of Union, in short, secured to the Irish people all the advantages of the financial prosperity which they were and are still promised. It is already repealed in this important portion of its provisions, by the act of Consolidation.

Mr. Rice observes, that "had not this consolidation taken place, Ireland must either have increased her taxation, or have borrowed money to pay the interest of her debt." There was the other course, suggested by Lord Castlereagh, and that was the only course that would not have rescinded the clause in the Act of Union, regarding "surplus revenue," and given her a partnership in the British Debt, without any "equivalent."

that duty, amounting to 194,000, was collected in Ireland last year. Deducting this amount from Mr. Stanley's estimate, there remains £595,000, which, if added to the payments into the Exchequer, as stated in the Finance Accounts, would make a total revenue of £4,362,000. We have assumed that if the provisions of the Act of Union were fairly carried into effect, the charge upon Ireland in the last year would have been £3,550,000, and there would, therefore, on the grounds supposed, have been a surplus of £807,000 to be applied to local uses. Our own belief is, that the amount of the uncredited taxation is much higher than Mr. Stanley supposes.

The Act of Consolidation was not alone the worst measure which could be adopted for Ireland, but it may, we think, be more than doubted whether it was justifiable by a fair construction of the Treaty of Union itself. The clause of that Treaty which empowered the United Parliament to pass such an act, is in these words:

“That if at any future day the separate debt of each country respectively shall have been liquidated, or if the values of their respective debts (estimated according to the amount of the interest and annuities attending the same, and of the sinking fund applicable to the reduction thereof, and to the period within which the whole capital of such debt shall appear to be redeemable by such sinking fund) shall be to each other in the same proportion with the respective contributions of each country respectively, or if the amount by which the value of the larger of such debts shall vary from such proportion shall not exceed one-hundredth part of the said value, and if it shall appear to the parliament of the united kingdom that the respective circumstances of the two countries will thenceforth admit of their contributing indiscriminately by equal taxes imposed on the same articles in each, to the future expenditure of the united kingdom, it shall be competent to the parliament of the united kingdom to declare that all future expense thenceforth to be incurred, together with the interest and charges of all joint debts contracted previous to such declaration, shall be so defrayed indiscriminately, by equal taxes imposed on the same articles in each country.”

The Finance Committee of 1815, leave us at no loss to explain how these words should be interpreted.—They say,

(P. 11) “Your Committee are aware that any strict and literal interpretation of this article is attended with considerable difficulty: but construing it with reference to what must have been in the contemplation of both Parliaments when this article was adopted, as most distinctly appears from the spirit and context of the Act of Union; namely *protection afforded to the country least burthened with debt*, and least able to provide extraordinary resources, especially by that most vital enactment, which declares that no article in Ireland shall be made liable to any new or additional duty, by which the whole amount of duty payable thereon would exceed the amount which will be thereafter payable in England on any like article; your Committee are of opinion that Parliament have acquired the right of declaring a consolidation of the debts and expenditures of the two countries.”

If protection of the country least burthened with debt was what both Parliaments contemplated, we can hardly conclude that the Act of Consolidation carried their intentions into effect, for it was not “protection” to impose the responsibility of the country most burthened, on that least burthened with debt; or to declare that expenditure should be “defrayed indiscriminately by equal taxation imposed on the same articles,” when one coun-

try was declared less able than the other "to provide extraordinary expenses."

It does not appear that an absolute power of consolidation was conferred on Parliament. Its legislation on the subject should, according to the terms of the clause just quoted, be preceded by the liquidation of the two debts, by such a change in their amounts as would make one to the other as 2 to 15, or by such "circumstances of the two countries" as would justify indiscriminate taxation. These conditions cannot be held to have been duly regarded in 1816, unless it be maintained to be the same thing whether the amounts were brought within the prescribed proportions by liquidation on the part of England, or borrowing on the part of Ireland. It will not be held, we suppose, that borrowing on the part of Ireland could have been to any amount or under any pretext the Parliament pleased. It should have been regulated by the receipts of revenue. If these were as considerable as was anticipated, it never could by possibility have brought the debts within the prescribed proportions. If they were inconsiderable, then a revision should have taken place; a new quota of expenditure should have been adopted, and the necessary consequence upon the debts would have been the preservation of the inequality which, at the outset, prevented their junction. Such disproportionate borrowing on the part of Ireland as would change the ratio of 1 to 16 to 1 to $7\frac{1}{2}$, would be the most incontestible proof of inability, and as a warranty for equal and indiscriminate taxation it would be nothing less than preposterous. Consolidation then, to satisfy the terms of this clause of the act, must have been based on a liquidation of British debt, or on those "circumstances of the two countries" which would prove Ireland capable of sustaining new burthens. No liquidation of the British debt took place: how unfavourable the "circumstances of the two countries" were, is evidenced by the declared bankruptcy of Ireland. Could a consolidation, effected in such a condition of affairs, be considered compatible with the provisions of a law intended to give "protection to the country least burthened with debt?"

It should not be forgotten one moment that a consolidation was declared impracticable in 1800. Lord Castlereagh's words, as spoken on the 5th of February, in that year, are reported as follows:—

"In respect to past expenses, she (Ireland) was to have *no concern whatever with the debt of Great Britain*—but the two countries were to unite as to future expenses, on a strict measure of relative ability. He should have considered it a most valuable circumstance in this arrangement, if the countries could have been so completely incor-

porated as not to have had distinct revenues; a part of the system of the Scots Union, which had been felt to be of such importance, that a great effort was made to equalize the circumstances of the two countries for that purpose. England had a large debt; Scotland had none charged upon her revenues—an accurate calculation was made of the sum to be paid to Scotland to justify her in accepting her share of the debt, and the sum was paid accordingly by England. The taxation of the two countries was accordingly fixed at the same proportion, except in the instance of the land tax, which was fixed at a different ratio, because the land tax in England was imposed so unequally, that had Scotland paid in the same rate as the nominal land tax of England, she would really have been taxed much higher than her just proportion. His lordship mentioned this, he said, to show the pains which had been taken to incorporate the two countries as well in point of finance as in other circumstances; but in the present situation of these countries, this part of the system could not be adopted. Great Britain now paid in taxes for interest on her debt, ten millions annually;—[it was £15,800,000 in the January of the next year; *Parliamentary Paper*, ordered on the 15th April, 1824,]—for any proportion of this she could not call upon Ireland, nor could she offer, as in the case of Scotland, any equivalent; it was, therefore, absolutely necessary that the respective debts of the countries should remain distinct, and, of course, that their taxation should continue separate.”

All this was changed in 1816; and how so? simply by the necromancy of borrowing, that borrowing being founded upon a contract with the weaker country “for an expenditure which she could not meet!” Was that a justification in 1816, for joining these debts which it was “absolutely necessary” to keep distinct and separate in 1800? Was borrowing the “equivalent” spoken of? Was it in that shape that Scotland received her compensation? Is not that done with regard to Ireland without an “equivalent,” which in 1800 was said to be only just or practicable with an “equivalent.” *Is not Ireland without an “equivalent” to this hour?* If she be not, in what way has she received it? If she had been spared in taxes it might be held that she had received in that way her “equivalent.” That she has not, however; been so spared, but the very contrary, is declared by the Finance Committee in the same Report from which the passage above quoted is taken.

“Your committee cannot but remark, that for several years Ireland has advanced in permanent taxation more rapidly than Great Britain itself, notwithstanding the immense exertions of the latter country, and including the war taxes:

“The permanent revenue of Great Britain having increased from the year 1801, when the amounts of both countries were first made to correspond, in the proportion of 16½ to 10:

“The whole revenue of Great Britain, including war taxes, in the proportion of 21½ to 10:

“And the revenues of Ireland in the proportion of 23 to 10:

“But in the twenty-four years referred to by your committee, the increase of Irish revenue has been in the proportion of 46½ to 10.” (p. 12.)

These remarkable words explain the nature of the “equivalent” she received in taxation during the war; what her “equivalent” has been in that shape since, is told by the incontestible fact that less than the one-fortieth of the relief granted since the peace has fallen to her lot. It would, we are convinced, be exaggeration to take the balance between the taxes repealed or modified, and those imposed, in Ireland, since the war, at more than a million. The new taxes proposed by Mr. Foster on the 20th of June, 1804, were, however, estimated to be capable of producing £1,253,000 a-year, and the additional taxes laid on between the years 1807 and 1815 alone were, according to a statement of Lord Lansdowne in 1822,* estimated to produce £3,376,000. Here are two amounts reaching to £4,629,000, and we repeat our conviction that the net relief granted since the war has not been one million.

Whatever may be said of the details of the fiscal management of Ireland since the Union, the general results cannot but be considered extraordinary and deserving of the most serious contemplation. In 1800 the separate taxation claimable by the English debt alone was nearly sixteen millions a-year; it now little exceeds five millions. In 1800 the English standard of taxation was higher than the Irish in all respects; now there is the same standard almost universally. In customs and post-office duties all is equality. In excise all is equality with the exception first of bricks, which produce not more than a third of a million; secondly of soap, with regard to which, Ireland, according to rumour, is about to be helped to a new assimilation; and thirdly of whiskey, the only complaint concerning which is, that it is too cheap. There are some exceptions under the head of stamps, but they are also to undergo entire change or great modification. Now the receipts under these heads are stated in the Finance Accounts to have been the following in the past year:—

Customs (equal in both countries)	20,108,703
Post-office (equal in both countries)	2,209,438
Excise (equal in six parts out of seven)	15,977,756
Stamps (ditto)	7,462,755

£45,758,652

Here are nearly forty-six millions out of a total taxation producing £50,600,000, and yet the English public are frequently told that Ireland is the least taxed, and England the most taxed, country in Europe! The statement would have a great deal of truth five and thirty years ago, but matters have been entirely altered, and long altered. Since 1814 the same rates have been charged in England and Ireland on tea, sugar, coffee, foreign spirits, wine and tobacco.* For as long a period, we believe, the duties on malt have been assimilated. Now, on these articles the taxation in the last year amounted to a third of the entire revenue, and yet "Ireland is the least taxed, and England the most taxed, country in Europe!!"

Ireland has not been spared in taxation. Indeed, the effort of British financiers to wring taxes from her has produced its own punishment in the diminished receipts of their exchequer. On this head interesting evidence may be drawn from a speech spoken in 1830, by Mr. Poulett Thompson. "A case (said he) is established in the instance of Ireland, which is written in characters too legible not to serve as a guide to future financiers—one which ought to bring shame upon the memory of its authors. The revenue of Ireland, in the year 1807, amounted to £4,378,000. Between that year and the conclusion of the war, taxes were successively imposed, which, according to the calculations of chancellors of the Exchequer, were to produce £3,400,000, or to augment the revenue to the extent of £7,700,000. What was the result? Why, that in the year 1821, when that amount, less about £400,000 for taxes afterwards repealed, ought to have been paid into the Exchequer, the whole revenue of Ireland amounted only to £3,844,000, being £533,000 less than in 1807, previous to one farthing of these additional taxes having been imposed. Here is an example to prove that an increase of taxation does not tend to produce a corresponding increase of revenue, but, on the contrary, an actual diminution."—*Hansard's Debates, New Series*, v. xi. p. 659.

A mitigation of taxes is one of the remedial measures which a country afflicted with absenteeism ought to expect from the justice of Parliament. This is not new doctrine. In 1824, Mr. Maberly on proposing a grant of a million for public works in Ireland, observed, that "all taxes on consumption should be removed in Ireland, and every method adopted to render living as cheap there as in any part of the world. In a country where labour was so cheap, living might, with a very little present

* Report on the State of the Irish Poor, ordered to be printed 16th July, 1830.

“The Balance arising from the Remittance of Public Money to and from the Irish and British Exchequer, from 1793 to 1833; viz. :—

In the Year ended 31st January.	Remitted from the British Exchequer to the Irish.			Remitted from the Irish Exchequer to the British.		
	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
1796	300,000	0	0			
1798	57,179	11	11			
1799	78,454	9	7½			
1800	399,779	1	10½	131,634	1	6½
1801	403,779	1	10
1802	461,000	0	0			
1804	117,444	8	11½			
1805	39,000	0	0			
1806	165,354	3	3½			
1807	295,709	10	0	276,000	0	½0
1808	207,604	5	4			
1809	114,166	13	4			
1810	146,527	15	6			
1811	174,416	13	3	1,270,000	0	0
1812	104,250	0	0	1,465,000	0	0
1813	116,500	0	0	1,656,276	0	0
1814	122,416	13	3½	2,603,455	0	0
1815	117,194	8	9	2,466,545	0	0
1816	98,249	19	11	6,107,986	12	3½
1817	166,722	4	5	1,184,009	8	5
1818	216,923	1	6½	25,768	4	2½
1821	1,300,000	0	0			
1823	1,605,181	9	4½			
1824	877,200	0	0			
1825	100,000	0	0			
1826	470,000	0	0			
1827	400,000	0	0			
1831	750,000	0	0
1832	700,000	0	0
1833	600,000	0	0
	8,251,274	8	4½	19,640,453	8	3
Deduct the amount of the Remittance from the <i>British Exchequer</i> , exclusive of the Loans raised in <i>Great Britain for Ireland</i>				8,251,274	8	4½
Balance of Remittance				11,389,178	19	10½

Here is a balance exceeding eleven millions, and it is in favour of Great Britain. It would seem that in latter years the remittances are altogether from Ireland. The sums at the end of the second column, placed opposite to the years 1831, 1832, and 1833, were moneys remaining in the Irish Treasury after payment of all the expenditure charged upon the Irish Revenue. What that expenditure was in the year preceding 1833, is shewn by the same official return:

“The total present expenditure of Ireland, including Debt, Army, Pensions, Civil List, Miscellaneous Estimates, and all disbursements payable out of the Public Revenue.

“The Expenditure for the year ended 5th January, 1833, viz.

	£.	s.	d.
The Payment for interest and Management of the permanent debt	1,165,237	8	4
Terminable Annuities	70	18	7
	<hr/>		
	1,165,308	6	11
Other permanent Charges on the Consolidated Fund, exclusive of Advances for Public Works	326,752	10	6½
Army	1,051,770	10	9
Miscellaneous Services	367,576	15	7½
	<hr/>		
Total Expenditure	£2,910,808	3	10

The fact, that after payment of this expenditure, a balance of £600,000 remained to be remitted to the British Exchequer, is the most emphatic answer that can be given to the statement that Ireland is a “great burden” to England. And even that balance was only the apparent, and not the real, surplus which remained for the uses of England. It did not include the tea duty, which was then collected altogether in London. The duties on the refined sugar, paper, glass, hops, and various other commodities imported from England into Ireland, are collected in England. This balance did not include any of these duties, and was therefore considerably below the real surplusage of Irish revenue, which was appropriated to English uses in 1833. Adding the amount of these duties for several years, and also the remittances since 1833, the grand balance of £11,389,178, would be more than doubled; being a clear gain in cash to the British Exchequer, exclusive of the augmentation its coffers are admitted to receive from the expenditure of Absentee rents.

But we are reminded in the first of these returns, to which we direct the attention of our readers, that when we estimate the amount of remittances from the Irish to the British Exchequer, we should include the “Loans raised in Great Britain for Ireland.” What were these loans for? They were to enable Ireland to fulfil the contract for “an expenditure which she could not meet.” They were to make good the contribution towards a war strictly against England and the English people, which was arbitrarily assigned to her on grounds, not merely questionable but absurd. “Taking the balance of trade as a criterion of ability,” said the protest of the Irish Lords, against the arrangements of Mr. Pitt and Lord Castlereagh, “the proportion would be 29 to 1. Taking the current cash as a criterion, the proportion would be 12 to 1. Taking permanent revenue, it

would be 13 to 1." According to the average supplied by these tests, Ireland ought to have been called upon to contribute only 1 million to 18; yet it was put upon her to contribute 1 million to 7½, and she was kept to this proportion for 15 years, though every Session afforded new proofs of her inability, and the Parliament possessed as fully the power to remedy the injustice in the right way as it did to consolidate the exchequers. Such was the origin and end of the "loans raised in Great Britain for Ireland," and they are to be the set-off against the hard cash flowing to the British exchequer from Irish taxation!

The "loans raised in Great Britain for Ireland" were applied to expenses, all of which would have fallen upon Great Britain herself if Ireland never existed; and such of them as were disproportioned to the resources of Ireland, were the consequences not only of an original "contract" palpably unjust, but in some instances of a system of fiscal management which cannot be considered less than fraudulent. Of that management we have the following sample in a speech delivered by the Right Hon. James Fitzgerald on the 15th of March, 1805: He "opposed the bringing up of the Report (on the Irish Budget). He contended that the loan was made to a *larger amount* than necessary, and that if it even were necessary, the interest of it might be defrayed without having recourse to any new taxes. The revenue of Ireland was only taken at four millions, though every body knew it would be considerably more. The right hon. gentleman (Mr. Foster) imposed last year additional taxes of £1,150,000 by way of regulation, and £76,000 to defray the expenses of a direct loan, and he now stated that there was out of last year's revenue a surplus of £843,000, but that it must remain locked up in the Irish Treasury, until the proportion of Ireland to the joint expenditure should be paid. Upon this practice of retaining the surplus of the consolidated fund since the Union, it would follow that there must be now a total surplus of about *four millions* applicable to the expenses of the year. This was a mode of proceeding very disadvantageous to Ireland. The sums returned of duties due, but not immediately payable, were to the amount of £636,346, which either were or ought to be now in the treasury of Ireland. This, as well as the balances in the hands of the collectors, ought to be a productive fund, and if it was not, he must call upon those who promised Ireland so much benefit from the Union, to put an end to this system of patronage and influence."

We will take another sample from the Report of the Committee of Public Income and Expenditure, ordered to be printed on the 14th June, 1811. This committee undertook to lay down certain ^{at times} ~~at times~~ on which the accounts of the two countries should be
 of the same

adjusted. There were charges which fell upon each separately, and others which were to be defrayed out of the joint fund. Many of our English readers, probably, are not aware that certain bribes called "compensation to corporate bodies or individuals," in consequence of the extinction of the right to return members of Parliament, were found necessary to the carrying of the Union. These bribes amounted altogether to a million and a half. The object gained was, of course, a common one, for, as was alleged, it was equally for the benefit of Great Britain and Ireland that the Union should be effected. Yet this committee of "adjustment," in the 13th page of their report, gravely adjudge that the entire of these bribes should be charged to Ireland exclusively!! Thus were the "loans raised in Great Britain for Ireland" made to accumulate. Without such help, we suspect it would be impossible to have swelled the debt of Ireland in 1816 to the magnitude at which it then arrived.

We think we do the best service that can be rendered to England herself, by setting before her inhabitants this exposition. Her public men cannot be blamed for the cry they set up against all indulgences or helps proposed for Ireland, if they think she has been too much trespassed upon by her needy neighbour. To disabuse them of this error is, we are sure, to make them advocates of the system we recommend. We have no conviction more thoroughly rooted than that every million expended upon Ireland is worth four to Great Britain.

Entertaining such sentiments, it is impossible we can view without pain the entire tenour of the representations put forth in Mr. Rice's speeches. One of them absolutely goes the length of raising a question as to the inequality of the Union proportions. "Granting," it says, "that there has been an inequality or injustice towards Ireland in the Union proportions, the transfer of the debt for which Great Britain made herself jointly responsible in 1817, is alone much more than a counterpoise to any want of equality in 1800, *even suppose that want of equality to be proved.*" "The *transfer!*" Is it, we ask, transferred? Are not Ireland's taxes remitted to help to discharge its interest? Does Ireland pay one shilling less to it now than she did in 1816? Does this "transfer" benefit her, practically, to the value of one straw? It is not, however, to this, but to the delusion practised (unconsciously we have no doubt) in those parts in which an effort is made to prove Ireland to be actually in a race of prosperity, and to show that British indulgence to her has been boundless, that we would particularly direct the attention of the reader. In page 90 we are told of the value of the export trade to Liverpool "*alone,*" as if it was not almost "*alone*" to Liverpool that all the Irish produce was

shipped. In page 54, two tables are given, one shewing "excess of taxation levied in Great Britain by reason of difference of rates," the other, the amount of "taxes levied in Great Britain exclusively." The totals are the following:

1st head	£628,287,048
2d head	478,176,424

The argument of the repealers was not that England had no exclusive taxation in the by-gone time, but that she had, by an unjust and unwise system of "assimilation," relieved herself of too much of it. The clause in the Act of Union, which put upon her the perpetual responsibility of 420 millions of debt, bound her to an exclusive charge, which, at 16 millions a year, would in 34 years, amount to 548 millions, a sum exceeding by 70 millions this total of her exclusive taxation. As to the difference between the "rates," the question is not what England has paid, but what Ireland has been saved. A tax (that on malt for instance) will produce in England nearly five millions, and in Ireland not much more than a quarter of a million. Let there be a difference of "rates" in the case of such a tax, and it may make an addition of burthen to England of two millions a year, without producing a saving to Ireland of more than £100,000. The assessed taxes, now borne exclusively by Great Britain, have produced within the last fourteen years (we will say) four millions each year, or an aggregate of 56 millions. If they were operative all the while in Ireland, their aggregate produce would probably, on a high estimate, be four millions. Would it be right, in a table shewing what Ireland has gained by her exemption from assessed taxes in the last fourteen years, to set down 56 millions instead of four millions? Clearly not. Yet this is done in Mr. Rice's tables.

Admitting, however, that the millions, and the hundreds of millions, that Mr. Rice claims as a credit for Great Britain, under the head either of "exclusive taxation," or "difference of rates," had been justly claimed; was it not in some measure an unintentional playing into the hand of the repealers to present them in such striking array? These hundreds and thousands of millions are of the times that are past. Scarcely a vestige of them now remains. There is nothing to be claimed by Great Britain, on the score of Property tax; difference of Customs duties; difference of Post office duties; and little on those of Excise or Stamps. It was otherwise, no doubt, formerly; and so says Mr. Rice, in all his tables.* But is not that, after all, one of the most triumphant arguments the repealers could advance? The story it tells

* Amongst these tables, we find the following. The first shews what Ireland gained by exemptions or abatements in 1801; the second shews her advantages in that regard.

is simply this, that in proportion as Ireland has receded from the times in which she had the protection of a domestic Legislature, she has lost the advantages derivable either from modified taxation, or an entire exemption from its burthens.

We return to our argument relative to the "surplus." It is plain that the Act of Union contemplated such a fund, and intended for Ireland its sole advantages. The words are, that, "if at the end of any year, any surplus shall accrue from the revenues of Ireland, after defraying the interest, sinking fund, and proportional contributions, and separate charges to which the said country shall be liable, taxes shall be taken off to the amount of such surplus, or the surplus shall be applied by the Parliament of the United Kingdom to local purposes in Ireland." The simple question is, whether there is any "surplus," on a fair view of the whole transactions since the Union. Ought Ireland to be in

in 1833. In the first year she was benefited to the extent of £1,350,924; in the second year these figures were reduced to £30, 141 !!!

YEAR 1801.			
Principal Articles upon which a difference existed between the British and Irish Rates of Duty.	Amount received in Ireland at the Rates of Duty actually payable on the respective Articles in that Country.	Estimated Amount which would have been received upon an equal consumption at the Rates of Duty had been the same as in Great Britain.	Excess of Revenue beyond the Amount actually collected, which would have accrued at the British Rates had been paid upon the Quantities consumed in Ireland.
	£	£	£
Barilla and Ashes	10,813	10,813
Iron, Bar	3,101	20,410	17,009
Salt, Foreign	13,489	91,042	80,553
Spirits, Foreign	483,227	68,310	155,683
Sugar	283,990	298,099	14,139
Tea	135,852	222,706	86,854
Tobacco	285,482	505,856	220,374
Wine	192,664	354,892	162,288
Wood	90,611	110,533	99,222
Salt, British	65,632	418,235	382,603
Coals	30,466	60,704	39,238
Other Articles	26,992	118,100	91,108
	£ 1,531,44	2,182,370	1,350,924
YEAR 1833.			
Wood	£26,758	£56,899	£30,141

a worse position now than she was then, in reference to the greatest embarrassment of the empire, the debt? Her responsibility was then, as we have already observed, in the proportion of one to sixteen;—should it be more now? Has she been spared in the increase of taxation? The very contrary, according to the admission of the Finance Committee of 1815. Then why should she be held bound to a greater relative contribution now to the public debt than she was at that period? Assign to her a due proportion of the responsibility of the public debt, and she must necessarily have a “surplus.” Should she have more than an equitable share of that responsibility? The law of 1816 gave her, undoubtedly, a partnership in the whole debt, but it was founded, we repeat, upon the injustice of imposing upon her an expenditure “which she could not meet,” and it was pressed under circumstances not contemplated by the authors of the Treaty of Union, if we are to give them credit for not having intended a monstrous fraud on the Irish people. Liquidation of debt is the very first condition of a consolidation of the Exchequers mentioned in the seventh article of that compact. There was no speech spoken on the ministerial side of the Houses of Parliament in either country that did not discourse of *liquidation*. Lord Castlereagh used the following language on the 17th of February, 1800:—

“The eighth Section contains a provision, that, when the separate debts of the two kingdoms shall be either *extinguished*, or, in the proportion of their respective contributions, the general expenses of the empire may thenceforward be borne by common taxes, in lieu of proportionate contributions. I have, Sir, already explained the importance of an assimilation of the taxes of the two kingdoms. The obstacle to its adoption at present has been stated to be the disparity of burthens which arose from their respective debts, and which possibly may be removed by time. I shall therefore obviate the impression which may be made, that common taxes with Great Britain will impose upon this kingdom heavier burthens than she would otherwise be called upon to support. Let the house then first consider that the charges of the debt of Great Britain amount to twenty millions a year;* and the charges of the debt of Ireland to £1,300,000 British a year; that common taxes are not to take place till either the past and separate debts of both countries shall be *liquidated*, or till they shall become to each other in the ratio of fifteen to two. *Before this can take place, THE TAXES OF GREAT BRITAIN MUST BE REDUCED BY THE AMOUNT OF TEN MILLIONS A YEAR; in which case the scale of her remaining taxation would be lowered to the scale of taxation in England, and the adoption of British taxation would become a benefit; a similar result would take place, and to a greater degree, were the past debt of the two countries to be entirely liquidated.*”

* In this estimate is evidently included the charge for the sinking fund.

It is plain that the taxes of Great Britain could not be "reduced by the amount of ten millions a year," through any other means than a *liquidation* of debt; and the Irish nation was told by this minister, that a reduction, arising from that cause, should occur before a consolidation *could* be effected. Mr. Foster would not admit that Ireland should be subjected to equal taxation, even after a reduction of taxes arising from an extinction of half the English debt.

"This proportion, so favourably made for us, in the noble Lord's opinion, is to be at an end in twenty years, and we are to undergo equal taxation, instead of paying one part for every seven and a half of her's, (Britain's) *when the existing debt of Britain shall be cleared off*. He acknowledges that the proportion is exclusive of every consideration of respective debts, which press heavier on Britain than Ireland; and he admits that this proportion in favour of Ireland is necessary, even while Britain is encumbered with the weight of taxes to pay the charges of her great debt. Where then is the justice or policy that, *at the moment these charges cease*, and all her necessities of life and manufactures are freed from the weighty incumbrance, and new vigour thereby given to her efforts as a commercial nation, we are to lose the benefit which we should then have most need of, to keep us up? There is neither justice, liberality, nor wisdom, in such an arrangement."—*Report of the Debate in the Irish House of Commons, Feb. 17, 1800, p. 14.* John Rea. Dublin.

To this Lord Castlereagh made a reply, in which *liquidation* is again most distinctly and emphatically recognized as a *sine qua non*.

"The Rt. Hon. Gentleman had contended, that, to select the period of common taxation to commence with the *extinction* of the debts of the two countries, was selecting the period most unfavourable to Ireland, but the reverse was the fact, What will be the case when Great Britain shall have *extinguished her debt*? She will have discharged taxes to the amount of twenty millions a year. She will then have merely her ordinary expenses to provide for; and, of course, she will want very few taxes indeed. If then, Ireland shall commence a system of common taxation with Great Britain when her taxes shall be few and low, the taxes of Ireland being common with Great Britain will be equally light. In that case, the English scale of taxation will descend below the Irish scale of taxation, and Ireland, by adopting it, will receive a benefit, and not an injury."

In some of the speeches it appears to have been assumed, that an increase of the Irish debt might assist the approximation to be brought about chiefly by the liquidation of English debt; but Mr. Foster treated it as a pure absurdity, saying, that the idea that "our increase of poverty, and their increase of wealth, are to bring us to an equality of condition, so as to bear an equality of taxes, is contrary to all reason." Again:—

“There is an absurdity in arguing on a debt as if it were wealth, and that when we attain the given proportion by becoming poor, or doubling our debt from twenty-five to fifty millions, and England attains the same proportion by *lessening her's*, we grow wealthy thereby, and are able to pay share for share, instead of paying only one share for every seven and a half.”—p. 32.

Hence we find that even the orators of the period, who dealt in “absurdities,” contemplated nothing like an approximation to be brought about wholly without any liquidation of the English debt. There is, indeed, only one case in which, without a violation of all sense and justice, an increase of the Irish debt could in any way be allowed to work to the end in view, and that is under a system of management giving Ireland a great and exclusive fiscal indulgence. That she had received no such indulgence;—on the contrary, that she had for several years “advanced in permanent taxation more rapidly than Great Britain itself, notwithstanding the immense exertions of the latter country,” is put upon eternal record in the Finance Report of 1815, from which we have taken an extract. In reference to that Report, the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer observed in 1816, when the consolidation was proposed, “*your own Committee have shown you what an advance in permanent taxation Ireland had made.*”

We do then resolutely maintain that there is a “surplus” to which Ireland has every claim that equity can give her; and that she cannot be held disentitled to it, except under the provisions of an unwise and unjustifiable law. If she had not been burthened beyond her means at the Union, and if timely, or even tardy, justice had been done to her subsequently by the United Parliament, the existence of such a fund, and her right to the application of it to her own uses, would be placed beyond all question. But admitting for one moment, that her right to such an advantage has fairly lapsed, or even that it never could have existence, is not the utility, we ask, of a large expenditure, on the internal improvement of Ireland, established? Have not its advantages been prodigious, wherever they have been tried, and has it conferred one benefit on Ireland, that is not a benefit bestowed on the whole empire?

We have thus thrown freely before our readers our thoughts on the condition of Ireland. We have repudiated, in the first instance, the pleasing, but very pernicious notion, that she is in a state of rapid advancement, or advancement at all with reference to her former progress, or the growth of her enormous population. We have maintained the necessity of a state provision for the poor, ample and comprehensive. We have insisted upon a vigorous operation upon Absenteeism—one, tending, not only to domesticate

but to *multiply* our proprietors; to give us in process of time, 500,000 for the 10,000, who are now said to divide amongst them a soil not a quarter cultivated, and to do this, on no principle subversive of that "law of civilized nations," on the ruins of which are founded their title to their possessions; but one creating no social convulsion, and denying to no man, in the long run, the full value of his inheritance. We have, in addition, asserted the expediency and justice of a greatly enlarged outlay on public works; and to make this more reconcileable to the British public, we have shewn, that Ireland has never been assisted, except out of funds altogether Irish; and that the utmost bounty she would require at the hands of the sister country, would expose it to no greater grievance than that of leaving her a part of what is HER OWN, if not in law, at least in clear and incontestible equity. We feel, we have broken, in some instances, new ground, and hazarded what to many will be startling propositions. We are mistaken, however, if it will not soon appear, that we are only a little in anticipation of the whole public of Ireland in these particulars: a nation, which has demanded with nearly unanimous voice, what has been regarded as tantamount to a "dismemberment of the empire," is in a temper to look for more than palliatives, and to exhibit but little patience until its hopes are fulfilled.

ART. II.—1. *Narrative of Six Months' Residence in a Convent.*

By Rebecca Theresa Reed, late inmate of the Ursuline Convent, Mount Benedict, Charlestown, Massachusetts. *With a Preface and Concluding Remarks.* By Mrs. Henry Grey. 12mo. Glasgow. 1835.

2. *Supplement to "Six Months in a Convent;" containing a second statement* By Rebecca T. Reed: *Confirmations of her Narrative: and a full exposure of Cloister Education.* 12mo. London. 1836.

IN the preceding number of this journal, we were enabled, by the exhibition of unimpeachable documents, to demonstrate that the "awful disclosures" of Maria Monk concerning what she was pleased to call the "Black Nunnery," at Montreal, derived all their authority from the visions of a maniac. It was our good fortune to put an extinguisher upon her book, and upon the hopes of those fanatics who had it reprinted in London, with a view to prejudice our religion. Miss Reed's narrative has been got up for a similar purpose; and it so happens that we are in

possession of materials, from which we can furnish a complete answer to every statement it contains, of a character calculated in any way to reflect discredit upon the convent of which she was an inmate, or upon the Church of which she professed for some time to be a member. It will not be thought that we undertake an unnecessary, or an unprofitable labour, in noticing this work, contemptible as it may seem, when we state that the circulation of Miss Reed's stories, orally, or in writing, before they were printed, were chiefly made use of as a pretext for that public excitement, which led to the destruction of the convent that was the object of her vituperation; that upwards of fifty thousand copies of her libel have been since sold in America; that it has been reprinted in Glasgow, with an elaborate preface and postscript by Mrs. Henry Grey; that three editions of it with an introduction have been published in London, and that there is scarcely a tract society throughout the empire which is not active in propagating it throughout all classes of the community.

A Convent of the Ursuline order was, it appears, founded in Boston in the year 1820. It may be useful to premise that the great object which the ladies connected with that order have in view, next to a secluded and religious life, is the education of young females, without distinction of rank, or of religion. Those who can afford to pay a moderate pension, are received into the institution as boarders, and are instructed not only in the ordinary branches of knowledge, but also in those accomplishments which bestow a grace upon society. The children of the poor are received in a separate chamber, are sometimes clothed and fed, and are uniformly taught those arts by which they may be enabled to procure for themselves a decent livelihood. Religion necessarily forms the basis of all education conducted upon Catholic principles. In the Ursuline institutions this essential department of knowledge is attended to with the most exemplary care. But the pupils who are not Catholics are never required or expected to hear any instructions, or to be present at any services, appertaining to the Catholic faith. The rules of the order forbid any attempt to make proselytes, and we shall have occasion to observe that this rule was inviolably observed by the ladies, of whose conduct Miss Reed has thought fit to complain.

One of the vows of the Ursuline sisters is poverty. That is to say, individually they surrender to the Institution whatever property they possess, and they have therefore no motives for trading in education as a mode of acquiring wealth. Hence it happens that they are enabled to afford a sound and virtuous education to females of the higher classes at a charge usually lower than is imposed at boarding schools, which are established

with a view to pecuniary profit. They very properly take care to incur no expenditure which their income may not be sufficient to discharge; and if they save from time to time any sums beyond the requisite expenses of their institution, those sums are devoted to the extension or embellishment of their schools, the foundation of new establishments, and to works of charity of every description.

The utility of an Ursuline nun, with reference to the order itself, being dependent upon her ability to assist in giving instruction, it is understood that no lady has, properly speaking, a vocation for that order, unless she be possessed of talents, acquirements and industry, suitable to the labours which by her vows she promises to perform. Those who desire to embrace a life exclusively religious and cloistered, may easily find institutions in perfect harmony with their wishes. But an Ursuline, besides being a nun, must be a school-mistress—she must be able to give practical instructions in one or more of the branches of female education: in the languages, geography, arithmetic, writing, reading, and the usual routine by which young minds are trained up in those accomplishments befitting their station in life. Music, drawing, and dancing, are generally taught by professors expressly engaged for the purpose. It happens, therefore, very generally, that the Ursuline sisters, from their experience in the business of education, are much superior to those ladies in their neighbourhood who open boarding schools as a mere commercial speculation; and this superiority, together with their great personal respectability, and their economical charges, as well as the state of seclusion from temptations often fatal to young minds, in which their pupils are kept, are almost certain to obtain for their establishments very extensive patronage wherever they happen to be founded.

The convent at Boston was remarkably successful in this respect—so much so, that the sisters were enabled to purchase a piece of land in Charlestown near that city, where they erected a handsome building, and whither they removed their community in the year 1826. Before they took possession of it, it was a barren hill; but by the care which they bestowed upon it, they speedily converted it into a very beautiful residence, which attracted general observation, and, as we shall have occasion to see, excited not a little jealousy, (to designate the passion by no meaner name) in the bosoms of those scholastic speculators of the neighbourhood, whose fortunes were in a less prosperous condition. Threats issuing from interested sources, and animated by religious fanaticism, were muttered soon after the convent was erected, that it would not be long before “that building should

come down." Such was the sense of religious liberty prevailing among persons, who have separated from the Catholic Church upon the ground of independent private judgment! Such was the sacred regard paid to the rights of property, in a republic whose constitution knows no religious distinctions!

The government of the Ursuline order, like those of almost all the Catholic monasteries, is based upon strictly democratic principles. The Superior is chosen by ballot—by ballot she may be deposed, should she conduct herself in a manner to bring down upon her the disapprobation of the sisterhood. She is therefore bound to "good behaviour," not merely by religious obligations, but even by her personal feelings, if her feelings be at all interested in the matter. It is impossible that she can long abuse her authority with impunity, because it is always in the power of those who give it to take it away, and confer it upon another, without being obliged even to explain their reasons for so doing. Mrs. St. George Moffat, was the Superior at Mount Benedict, as their new residence was called, while Miss Reed was there. She had held that office for seven or eight years without any attempt being made by her sisters to remove her from the presidency—a pretty clear proof, we apprehend, that her administration was in every respect agreeable to those who would have most deeply felt any undue exercise of her power.

A romantic young lady who has a disposition to lead an indolent life—to find everything necessary to a comfortable existence provided to her hand,—to rise when she pleases,—to hurry over a few prayers,—to saunter in flower gardens, recline in roseate bowers, read poetry, indulge in reveries, and pour out her thoughts in music,—will unquestionably be wofully disappointed if she hope that she can realize any such visions as these in an Ursuline convent. It is impossible that a religious community can be long held together, unless all the members of it be subjected to a discipline of the most inflexible description. It is the want of a power to establish any such discipline, and of a sanction to maintain it, which has baffled all the efforts that have been hitherto made to found Protestant convents. There is no principle whatever in the Protestant faith, against which any person professing it may not consistently rebel, whenever it suits his disposition to withdraw from any restraint it may impose upon his passions. Hence it happens that the moment a Protestant community is formed, it becomes obvious that the members of it must be governed by some rules—that those rules are found speedily to demand sacrifices of will and liberty which are productive of inconvenience—that, springing from no religious principle which may not be easily disavowed, such regulations become destitute

of authority—that disorder follows, and that the association vanishes almost as soon as it is formed.

In a Catholic monastic institution, the case is very different. There the discipline emanates from religious principles, which know no change. No female is called upon, amongst the Ursulines, to take the final vow, until she has had ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with the laws which she is afterwards to obey. Her entrance into the community is the result of her own free choice. But, once a member of it, she must conform to the established system of government, or cease to be of the sisterhood. She finds that the rules point out her occupation for every hour in the day—that, while devoting herself to a religious life, she must also render her talents and acquirements beneficial to society, by instructing the ignorant—that she must act upon a well-regulated system, which no impulse of pride, or selfishness can alter: and that unless she chooses to conform to the rules, it would have been much better for her to have remained in the world.

To us, moving abroad through the active scenes of existence, the regulations laid down for the preservation of order in a religious community, secluded from secular affairs, may occasionally appear unnecessary, and sometimes even absurd. But when we give opinions *ex cathedra* upon such questions, we ought to be quite sure that we understand what we are talking about. A conventual life is essentially different from ours. The very celibacy which it imposes brings along with it numerous exercises, framed for the purpose of subduing the passions, and holding them in perpetual bondage. The daily routine of life, in every station, consists for the most part of little things. In a convent the most minute things, the very movement and demeanour, are made the subject of regulation; and it is obvious, that if the rules be infringed upon the smallest point, the principle of obedience, upon which the whole fabric rests, is destroyed. To single out, therefore, from the general scheme of monastic government, the regulations which appertain to minor actions, and to ridicule them as absurdities, would only betray ignorance of the sound policy which has given them birth. We are not called upon to submit to them. Those who do submit to them act upon their own choice; and we have no right to condemn them, unless we assume that they have no right to live after any fashion save that to which we ourselves are accustomed.

One would think, from the triumphant and ostentatious manner in which Miss Reed's story has been trumpeted at both sides of the Atlantic, that she had been some person of distinction, whom the Ursulines of Mount Benedict were ambitious to con-

vert, and that she was possessed of a large fortune which they were desirous of adding to their own. Two simple facts, however, dissipate these notions. She is the daughter of a farmer, who has lived chiefly in Milk-row, Charlestown — a man in very reduced circumstances, with a large family, for whom he had no means of providing. It is clear, from the statements of the girl herself, as well as from the admission of her friends, that she was, from infancy, of a weak constitution — that, as she grew up, she exhibited a nervous and hysterical disposition — that her education was almost wholly neglected — that she sauntered about much amongst her friends, indulging in romantic fancies, and disinclined, even had she been competent, to enter upon any course of industry, which might enable her to live without the assistance of charity. Nothing could be more ludicrous than the supposition that such a female as this was sought for, by the Ursulines, or that she could ever be received into their order. It will be seen that after much solicitation upon her part, assisted by the entreaties of others, she was admitted into the convent, solely as a pauper, and for a very limited time, with a view to her instruction in needlework, or whatever she was capable of learning, — that she might be eventually in a condition to earn her own subsistence, and to resist those temptations which threatened otherwise to lead her to destruction. For the services which the Ursulines wished to confer upon her, they have been repaid by her calumnies!

The very title of her first book, “Six months in a Convent,” is a falsehood. The records of the Convent, confirmed by several circumstances, which we shall afterwards mention, shew that she did not enter the convent until the 11th of September, 1831, and that she left it on the 18th of January, 1832. Therefore she was at Mount Benedict exactly four months and seven days. But “Four months in a Convent” would not have been a sufficiently attractive title. It might have been considered by the public an inadequate period of time, for the acquisition of all the experience in the mysteries of Mount Benedict, which half-a-year might be more reasonably supposed to bestow — and, therefore, mere matter of fact being unworthy of notice — the period was, without any hesitation, extended.

In her very first page there is another mistake, to call it by no harsher term.

“In the summer of 1826,” she says, “while passing the Nunnery on Mount Benedict, Charlestown, Massachusetts, in company with my school-mates, the question was asked by a young lady [in the United States every body is a lady or a gentleman], who I think was a Roman Catholic, how we should like to become nuns. I replied, after hearing

her explanation of their motives for retirement, 'I should like it well ;' and gave as my principal reasons, their apparent holy life, my love of seclusion, &c. The conversation which passed at that time, made but little impression upon my mind. But soon after, the *religieuses* (the Ursuline Sisters) came from Boston to take possession of their new situation. We were in school, but had permission to look at them as they passed."—p. 9.

The fact is, that the Ursulines went to their new habitation at five o'clock in the morning, long before the commencement of school hours: it was therefore impossible that Miss Reed and her lady companions could have seen them from the windows of their day-school, in the way she has mentioned. The mis-statement is not unintentional. It is given with great particularity, in order to induce the reader to believe that this scene, and not her poverty, first suggested to her the idea of obtaining free quarters at the Convent.

"One of the scholars," she continues, "remarked that they were Roman Catholics, and that our parents disapproved of their tenets. The young lady who before asked the question, how we should like to become nuns, and whose name I have forgotten, was *affected even to tears* in consequence of what passed, and begged them to desist, saying, "they were saints; God's people; and the chosen few;" that they secluded themselves that they might follow the Scriptures more perfectly, pray for the conversion of sinners, and instruct the ignorant in the principles of religion." *This conversation, with the solemn appearance of the nuns, affected me very sensibly*, owing probably to the *peculiar state* of my feelings. The impressions thus made remained upon my mind several months; and at the age of *thirteen years and four months*, I asked my parents if they were willing that I should become *an inmate of the convent*. This proposition my parents were inclined to treat as visionary; but they soon discovered themselves to be in an error. Nothing of consequence was said upon the subject; but soon after, owing to the delicacy of my health, and other reasons, it was deemed expedient for me to visit my friends in New Hampshire; and being fond of retirement, this arrangement accorded very well with my feelings."

The whole of this scene is characteristic. A few girls get into a corner, and talk of the Ursuline Nuns until one of the parties at least, becomes convinced that she sees the holy sisters passing by in processional order; then straight she goes home to her parents, and asks them to let her be a nun! To the word "ignorant," in the above passage, this learned writer appends a note, in which she says:—"By *ignorant*, is meant what they term *heretics*." If this were the true interpretation, it would follow, that, according to our acceptation of the term, there could be no such being as an ignorant Catholic; had there been no dissenters in the world, then the Ursuline Order, and the entire fabric of our

system of education would have been superfluous. This is a precious specimen of that sort of knowledge which Miss Reed and her auxiliaries display throughout their publications. We shall add another paragraph framed in a similar style.

“While in New Hampshire I spent many pleasant hours, which I think of with delight. *Memory* oft brings to view and faithfully delineates those hours of retirement and happiness which I *imagined* I should spend, were I an inhabitant of a cloister.”

That is to say, the memory of this romantic damsel recalls not the hours she had spent in a cloister, for she had not yet commenced her “six months” in a convent; but those happy hours she fancied she would have spent had she been an Eloisa! The idea is quite consistent with an intellectual constitution, in which a girlish imagination, or rather a sort of nympholepsy, seems to have superseded the ordinary faculty of reason.

Miss Reed admits that she is not much of an adept in historical matters. “While writing this narrative,” she declares, “I often lament my little knowledge of history; for, had I been more acquainted with it, I do not think I ever should have united myself to an institution of this nature.” We can assure her, that she might have been spelling, or reading history all her life, without finding in it a single justifiable sentence to the prejudice of the Ursuline order. The reader cannot fail to remark with what coolness she asserts herself to have been “united” to an institution of which she never was, and never could have been a member. The spell, however, it seems, was upon her, and she could not extricate herself from its influence. She could not prevail on her parents, who, like herself, were Episcopal Protestants, to say much on the subject; but she was resolved on making the acquaintance of somebody who would introduce her to the Superior. She soon after happened to form an intimacy with “Miss M. H., a domestic,” or, as we should say, a maid of all work, in a family residing in Milk-row. This girl wanted a place, and applied to her friend Miss Reed, to take her in for a while, which she did. On the very evening of Mary’s arrival, Miss Reed, going into her room, found her saying the rosary on her beads. She then accidentally learned that Mary was a Catholic; and yet this is the person whom Mrs. Henry Grey, in her “Concluding Remarks,” (p. 123) is pleased to represent in Italics as, “a young lady who came to her (Miss Reed) from a great distance, in the absence of her sisters, begging to be allowed to stay for some time, as she had not a place, and who,” she adds, “there is every reason to believe was one of their emissaries:” that is to say, one of the emissaries dispatched by the Jesuits to seduce this most important personage to the Catholic Church. Mrs. Grey, as we shall soon see, is

never at a loss for "a reason to believe," any thing she wishes to be true. In power of imagination she even exceeds her heroine.

The following is Miss Reed's account of her first interview with the Superior of the convent:—

"The first pleasant day, I asked her (Mary) to accompany me to the Superior, which she did, and appeared by her questions to know my motive. She introduced me to the Superior in the following manner:—we were invited by a lay sister to sit; who, after retiring, in a few moments made her appearance, requesting Miss H. to see her in another room. Soon after, the Superior came in, and embraced me with much seeming affection, and put the following questions to me:—how long since the death of my mother; whether I ever attended the Catholic church, or knew anything of the principles of their religion; what I had heard respecting them; of their order; my views of it; what progress I had made in my studies; whether I had attended much to history; knew any thing of embroidery, drawing, or painting, or any other ornamental work; whether I had ever assisted in domestic affairs? After which questions, taking my hand, she said, 'Oh, it feels more like a *pancake* than any thing else.' She inquired in what capacity I desired to enter the institution, whether as a recluse or a scholar; whether I had done attending school, &c. I replied that I did not consider my education complete; that I wished to go into the school attached to the nunnery on the same terms as other pupils, until I had made sufficient progress to take the veil, and become a recluse; that my father was averse to my becoming a *nun*, but I was of opinion that he would concur with my Episcopal friends in not objecting to my becoming a *pupil*."—pp. 13 14.

This passage may be looked upon as an example of Miss Reed's fanciful recollections. The facts are these:—Previously to December, 1830, Miss Reed frequently addressed the most suppliant requests to the Superior for an interview, all of which were refused, as the Superior wished to have nothing whatever to do with her. She then told a piteous tale to the portress of the convent, saying that she was a destitute and persecuted being; that her father had driven her from his house; that her brothers and sisters, who lived in Boston, had cast her off; and that, if she were not received in the convent, she had no place but the street. She was still unsuccessful. She next applied to the Rev. Mr. Byrne, a Catholic clergyman, residing in Charlestown, at whose request the Superior consented to see her twice in the course of nine months; during each of these visits, Rebecca solicited most earnestly to be admitted as a "servant," a capacity which she had previously attempted to fulfil elsewhere. A servant's place in a convent, where there were about forty boarders,

is no sinecure. The Superior thought her, from the manifest feebleness of her frame, incapable of going through the drudgery of such a place; but Rebecca assured her that she both "could and would be able to wash, iron, scrub the floors, and do other laborious work." We suppose, that after stating thus much, it is unnecessary for us to add that the Superior did not "embrace" her, and did not put to her so much as one of the questions which she pretends to give in detail. As to the similitude of the "pancake," the merit of it entirely belongs to Miss Reed. The flattery of the compliment which she has paid to herself is so refined, that it altogether eludes our perception; for we have been long under the impression, that, however delicious a hot pancake may be to the taste, to the touch it is the very reverse of acceptable.

As the case stands now, the reader observes, that, at all events, Miss Reed's first visit to the convent was her own act. She was impatient to be introduced to the Superior before she knew any body who could perform that office for her; she was most anxious, according to her own representation, to find refuge, under one character or another, in that institution, and she met with nothing at first but the most decided refusals. We leave the world, therefore, to judge of Mrs. Henry Grey's accuracy, when she states in her "Concluding Remarks," (p. 123) that "Miss Reed had been marked out as a prize, and was under the spell of their (the Jesuits') sorcery long before she was aware of it." A precious prize indeed to an Ursuline Sisterhood, was a pauper, and an "outcast," from her father's house, who could not even earn a scanty pittance by her own exertions! If Mrs. Henry Grey knew any thing of the Sisters of St. Ursula, she would have readily understood that such a person would have been a drone in the hive,—a nuisance to be avoided, instead of a treasure to be desired.

The first advice which the Superior gave Miss Reed was to return to her father, to beg his forgiveness, and to be in future to him a dutiful daughter. Her reply to this was, "that he would not allow her to step her foot in his house, and that he did not care where she went." The fact was, we believe, precisely so. She was in a state of entire destitution—so much so, that the Catholic Bishop of Boston, Dr. Fenwick, interfered in her behalf, feeling that if left in that unprotected condition, she might be exposed to perils of more than one description. Under these circumstances, Mrs. St. George was prevailed upon to make an offer to her father of giving her six months' schooling, and she accordingly wrote him a letter to that effect, which he had not even the civility to answer. Upon this circumstance being mentioned to Miss Reed, she observed, that "no answer was to be expected from her

father—that he was a violent man; that he wished to discard her for ever; but that as she was eighteen, she was at liberty to decide for herself.”

Dr. Fenwick also, according to the statement of Miss Reed herself, was reluctant to take any step in her favour, without the sanction of her friends.

“At this time I thought the Superior and bishop the most angelic persons living, and, in one instance, gave way to anger, in consequence of hearing a few words spoken against them. On being told that my mind still remained the same, the bishop remarked, ‘I will pray for you,’ and recommended to me the advantages of continuing under the instruction of the priest, and said he should like to see my father or sister.

“After the interview with the bishop, I returned to my father’s, who was much displeased with the steps I had taken, and bade me renounce all connexion with the Catholics, or leave my friends. This he said in a moment of excitement. But, being so much attracted by the apparent holiness of the inmates of the convent, and viewing this as the only true Church, I wished to become a member of it.”—p. 18.

Such were the proceedings of the Bishop and the Superior on this occasion; nevertheless, these are the persons whom Mrs. Henry Grey and her admirable associates have thought fit to designate, in her “Concluding Remarks,” (p. 133) as “kidnappers,”—as “entrappers of poor girls!”

There was another “kidnapper” employed in this affair, whom we shall introduce to the reader. While Rebecca, after having quitted her father’s house, was living upon the charity of her neighbours, she had the courage to solicit the protection of a Mrs. Graham, to whom she was a perfect stranger. Mrs. Graham was a Scotchwoman of good character; she kept house for her brother, who was a bleacher in Milk Row, and both were in religion Presbyterians. As they lived by their daily labour, the request of Miss Reed that they would be so good as to supply her with board and lodging for nothing, appeared somewhat extraordinary. However, it seems that the sad tale which Rebecca told of her unhappy condition, induced these good people to take her into their house for awhile. . . .

“Perhaps it will be proper to state some of Mrs. G.’s conversation. After hearing from her a pleasing account of the life of a nun, &c., I mentioned I should like to become one, and would, if I could prevail on my father and friends to consent; but unless I could, I must despair, as they would not be willing to advance the *money* which would be needed to go there. She replied, ‘It is not *money* that will ever induce them to take you; it must all be the work of God.’ She asked me what my Church friends said on the subject. On my telling her they were reconciled to my entering the institution, particularly *as a scholar*; that

they liked the seclusion of the convent, &c.; Mrs. G. stated she could see not the least objection to my following my own inclination. It then took my leave, promising to see her at my friend Mrs. H's. The next time I saw her, she advised me to leave my father's house, and all, for the sake of Christ. She said she would procure me ornamental work, which would support me, independent of my relatives, &c., which she did. I thanked her most heartily, and told her I thought I should be happy, if I were certain of going to a cloister. She gave me her word that I should. I then took up with her advice, and left my friends, I thought for life, as I had no doubt but that I should soon enter the convent; resolving to leave all for the love of God, and to consecrate the remainder of my days to his service."—p. 19.

Miss Reed adds, that Mrs. Graham was an "Episcopalian." It is sufficient for our purpose to know that she was not a Catholic. Her statement that "it was not *money*" which could ever induce the Ursulines to admit her to their sisterhood, was perfectly correct; and she must have made it from her knowledge, however acquired, of the real character of their sacred institution, which has no pecuniary purpose in view, nor any purpose whatever save the service of God. As a general rule, it is required that young ladies devoting themselves to that order, must bring to it a certain portion, sufficient for their own support during the ordinary period of life. But where the convent already possesses funds ample enough for the maintenance of an additional member in their community; and where a case occurs of a young female of unquestionable piety and talents, anxious to dedicate those talents to the objects which the order has been established to accomplish, but happens to be without any fortune, the rule has, to our own knowledge, been more than once dispensed with.

The reader has seen that, according to the evidence even of Miss Reed, Mrs. Graham was not a Catholic when she had pity on the wanderer. Let us now contemplate the portrait which Mrs. Henry Grey gives of this "Good Samaritan."

"Mrs. G. was a famous diplomatist under their direction, with the mask of a Protestant name. She was *probably* a recent convert to the Romish cause, allured perhaps by the unbounded *dispensation for telling lies* enjoyed by Priests and Abbesses, and extorted, we infer, through them, by holy church, for godly uses, to others of her faithful children. She had desired to serve the church in any wise, and brought to it, as first fruits of her fidelity in her new profession, all the spoils she could draw, by St. Peter's wily net intrusted to her hand, from the old."—*Concluding Remarks*, pp. 123, 124.

If Miss Reed have any natural feeling in her breast, we presume that she must bitterly lament being the object of such advocacy as this—composed as it is of assumptions not merely founded in the most gratuitous falsehood, but coloured by inspi-

rations which come from any source but that of the Christian system. We should be glad to learn from Mrs. Henry Grey or her colleagues, in what part of the ordinances of our Church she has found "a dispensation for telling lies." We should be still more happy to discover upon what grounds she can assume to herself a similar dispensation, without compromising her character as a female, without dishonouring the sect, we care not what it is, to which she belongs.

Miss Reed occupies several pages in describing minute observances connected with the discipline of the convent, to which it is unnecessary for us to allude. It would not be worth the space they would require to notice all her errors and exaggerations upon these points, because even if every thing she records were truly represented, there is nothing in them to reflect discredit on the convent. She states that the Superior was absolute mistress of the entire establishment, and was treated by all its members with the most profound respect. What was there wrong in this? By the constitution of the order, the Superior, freely chosen, is its head, and as such it is her duty to govern it. Miss Reed mentions frequently that the sisters expiated trivial faults by kissing the ground. Faults of disobedience, of infringing the rules, usually arise from an impulse of pride, which such humiliations may tend to correct. They are at least innocent, even if they be not effective. Such prostrations are very common in the East. No Mahometan begins or concludes his orisons without frequently kissing the carpet on which he kneels. It is a very natural mode of expressing a feeling of self-abasement—of sorrow for lapsing into error of any description. In Miss Reed's pages some of the rules of the community may appear to Protestant readers ludicrous; but not more so than the army regulations to an unmilitary eye, or than the formulæ of the Methodists or the Quakers to persons not conversant with their habits. Miss Reed, for instance, was shocked to find that the religious were not accustomed to idle away their time looking out at the windows, and assures us that there was a rule against it. There was no such rule, simply because it was unnecessary. In no well regulated family need a young lady be told, that she is not to be perpetually sauntering at the windows.

Miss Reed is indebted to her inventive faculties for the following rules:—

" 6. To wear sandals and haircloth; to inflict punishment upon ourselves with our girdles, in imitation of a saint.

" 7. To sleep on a hard mattress or couch, with *one* coverlet.

" 8. To walk with pebbles in our shoes, or walk kneeling until a wound is produced."—pp. 30, 31.

There are no such rules as these known to the Ursuline order, The public may form their own judgment of the extent to which the alleged seventh rule was enforced by the following anecdote. One cold day, the Superior asked Miss Reed how she had slept the preceding night. She answered that her feet had been cold. She was then asked to specify what bed-clothes she had; to which she replied, "Cotton and flannel sheets, five blankets, two comforters, and a counterpane." So much for the "one coverlet!" Mr. Foster, of Charlestown, who supplied the establishment, can attest that the community sleep on excellent mattresses, such as many persons living in the world would prefer to feather beds. Each member of the community had sheets, pillow-cases, four blankets, a comforter, and a counterpane. Miss Reed had all these, and one blanket in addition; yet she complained of cold feet, and has the front to write, or at least to leave it to be inferred, that she had but one coverlet!

The ninth rule is amusing:—

"Never to gratify our curiosity, or exercise our thoughts on any subject, without our spiritual director's knowledge and advice."—p. 31.

He must have been indeed a *spiritual* director in the literal sense of the term, who could be endowed with a knowledge capable of informing him of all the thoughts, in which the mind of any of his penitents might indulge between the intervals of confession!

"11. If a religieuse persist in disobeying the Superior, she is to be brought before the Bishop of the diocese, and punished as he may think proper. Never to smile except at recreation, nor even then contrary to religious decorum."—p. 31.

We may state, without fear of contradiction, that no member of the Ursuline community at Mount Benedict was ever brought before the Bishop for faults of any kind. Nor is there any rule against smiling, nor even laughing, and that very heartily too, as every body knows who has ever sat for ten minutes in the presence of Ursuline nuns. We ourselves have been much in their society, and we can very truly say, that ladies of a more cheerful disposition it has never been our good fortune to meet in the world.

The twelfth rule is capital:—

"Should the honoured mother, the Superior, detect a religieuse whose mind is occupied with worldly thoughts, &c. she should immediately cause her to retire to her cell, where she could enter into retreat."—p. 31.

The Superior must assuredly have been of more than mortal mould, if she were expected to possess the faculty of penetrating the thoughts of every member of the community. After reading this rule, we want no further proof of Miss Reed's veracity.

The following description of the ordinary routine at Mount Benedict contains a mis-statement in almost every line:—

“Next morning being holy day morning, the bell rang at three, instead of four, as it usually does, for meditation in the choir. While the *angelus* was ringing, at five A.M., we were called to attend complin and prime, until half-past six; then litany to the saints. After litany, the bell rang for diet in the refectory, every morning, except Friday; on which day we assembled for confession to the Superior.

“The manner of *confession* to the Superior is as follows: the room is first darkened, and one lighted wax taper placed upon the Superior's throne; and she is considered as filling the place or station of the Blessed Virgin. After taking their places in the greatest order and silence, the religieuses respond. Then the lectress reads from a book called Rules for the Ursuline Order, by Saint Ursula, about complaining of the cold, our clothing, food, &c. &c. They sit on their feet during the reading, a posture *extremely painful*. The reading finished, the Superior whispers to the sisters to approach her separately, which they do; each one in her turn approaches, and repeats the following: ‘Our Mother, we acknowledge that we have been guilty of breaking the rules of our holy order, by lifting our eyes while walking in the passage ways; in neglecting to take holy water on entering the community and choir; failing in respect to our Superior, and veneration to our Father; failing in religious decorum, and in respect to our vows—poverty and obedience; for which we most humbly ask pardon of God, penance and forgiveness of you, our Holy Mother.’ As each one finishes, the ‘Holy Mother’ gives her advice and penances, and her blessing; they then kiss her feet, and sometimes make the cross with their tongues on the floor; then making their inclination, they retire to the choir to perform penances.”—pp. 32, 33.

By the “next morning,” Miss Reed here means the morning after she entered the convent. She stated in the first edition of her narrative, that she entered it on Sunday, the 5th of August, 1831. A reference to the Calendar for that year shews that the 5th of August fell on a Friday. The date was accordingly changed to the 7th in the subsequent editions. There is a fact, which cannot admit of dispute, connected with this matter. Miss Reed refers in her narrative to a conversation which she had with the Superior sometime before she had permission to become an inmate of Mount Benedict, concerning a paragraph which appeared in the “Boston Jesuit.” Her brother, who had heard of her conversion to the Catholic Church, happened to meet her on a bridge near Boston, and told her, with that degree of liberality and good feeling which the Protestant right of private judgment appears to have produced in his mind, that very little would induce him to throw her over the bridge into the water. A paragraph describing this rencontre was inserted in the “Boston Jesuit” of the 6th of August, 1831. According to her first ac-

count, therefore, she was an inmate of the convent *before* the paragraph appeared; according to her amended statement, she entered the convent the very day *after* it was published; although the whole tenor of her narrative shews that she was not received into that establishment for weeks after. She states (p. 21), that she stood sponsor for Mrs. Graham's daughter, *while in Charlestown*. The record made of the baptism of the child in question, shews that it took place on the 4th of September, 1831. Consequently, she was still in Charlestown, and actually living with Mrs. Graham, nearly a month after she states that she became an inmate of the convent. Further—the Rev. Mr. Byrne is in possession of three notes relative to Miss Reed, bearing date 12th August, 2d September, and 11th September, 1831. In the note dated 2d September, the Superior writes:—"I think it best that Miss Reed should make her confession and communion before she enters;" and in that of the 11th of September, she says:—"If she (Miss Reed) has made it (her first communion) to-day, will you be kind enough to direct her to come here immediately after high mass." These contradictions would render Miss Reed's testimony not worth a rush in any court of justice. As she had called her narrative in the first instance, "Six Months in a Convent," it would have been extremely awkward afterwards to change the title to "Four Months in a Convent." It would have shocked even the most credulous, and have frustrated the purposes of those who were interested in the destruction of the school. Therefore the *lie* has been persevered in. We recommend it to the pious protection of Mrs. Henry Grey.

"The next morning," she states, "being holiday morning, the bell rang at three instead of four." The "next morning" was not a holiday. The bell did not ring at three, but at four o'clock, as it uniformly does the whole year round, holidays not excepted. "At five, A. M. we were called to attend *Complin*." Every Catholic knows that *Complin* is not recited in the morning. There is no "confession" made to the Superior. Any of the sisters who wish to ask her advice with reference to the performance of her duties, states the points on which she is liable to err, as a daughter would to a mother, and receives from her experience and affection, such suggestions as may be useful towards guarding her against relapses into such faults. The darkening of the room, the lighting of the tapers, the throne, the personation by the Superior of the Blessed Virgin, are the mere pictures of a sickly imagination, having no foundation whatever in fact. The community did not sit upon their feet; whenever they sat down they sat upon chairs. It is not even true that the posture in question would have been extremely painful to per-

sons, who, according to the statement, must have been accustomed to it. The Mahometans and tailors, who do adopt it from choice, think it the reverse. Upon a whisper being given by the Superior, each of the sisters "in turn approaches her, and says,—‘*Our mother, we acknowledge that we have been guilty,*’” &c. So that each individual sister proclaims that *all* have been guilty of the same transgressions! Mark, according to this narrative, this formula is gone through whether the errors alluded to be committed by all, or by one, or even if they be committed by nobody. Thus the Ursulines of Mount Benedict are placed in this happy position. If they do not confess that they have been guilty, they violate the rules of the convent; if they do confess that they have been guilty, when in truth they are innocent, they declare a falsehood! Can Mrs. Henry Grey relieve her heroine from the inconveniences of this precious fabrication? The kissing of the Superior's feet, and the elegant occupation of the tongue which is said to follow it, we need hardly add are to be classed amongst the productions of Miss Reed's exuberant fancy.

The pupil of charity was scarcely a week in the convent, when she began to find that a monastic life was not precisely the sort of life which she had expected to find it. She acknowledges (p. 37) that she was "remiss" in the performance of her "duties," but that she was treated with every indulgence. "The Superior asked me how things appeared; if they appeared as I thought they would; if I liked my food, &c. Feeling a repugnance to answer her, she said, 'recollect yourself.' I told her I liked all *pretty well*, except my couch. The next day my couch was exchanged for a better."—(p. 37.) So this lackadaysical damsel, who had been for nearly eighteen months living upon the kindness of friends and even of strangers, already finds that she only likes the fare of Mount Benedict *pretty well*! She admits (p. 39) that, on account of the feebleness of her constitution, she was released from some of the severer duties, which the other pupils were expected to perform, amongst which she enumerates the necessity of attending "midnight matins" and "midnight mass," which she assures us are always said at night during Lent and on Christmas. The matins of the convent are said every morning between seven and eight o'clock; there is only one midnight mass throughout the whole year, and that is at the earliest commencement of the festival of the Nativity. The girl can hardly write a page without falling into a blunder, the result, not merely of a defective memory, but of a desire to make a book suited to the taste of American readers, who seem disposed to the marvellous, especially in religion. Miss Reed was not at

Mount Benedict at all during Lent, as she quitted it on the 18th of January; and in 1831, Lent did not commence until the 16th of February.

“Soon preparations were made for my taking the vows of a religious; a Novena (nine days devotion) being said for me, and for my perfection in religious life, and prayers for the conversion of my friends. About this time my sponsor, the priest, visited the convent, and talked, as I then thought, like a godlike person. My reception was to take place privately, because we wished to keep my father ignorant of the manner in which I had been received; and because he might fear of it, should it take place publicly; as he before said I was not eighteen, and he could prevent my going there. They said he could not prevent me, as I was now of age. I was perfectly happy at this time, and presented the Superior with some lines of poetry, which gave her proof of my sincerity and contentment.”—(p. 42.)

It is an old adage, that a dealer in falsehood ought to be possessed of an extremely good memory as the first essential to success. At page 38, Miss Reed states that Dr. Fenwick had told her soon after she became an inmate of the convent, that her sister had been to see if she had taken the veil, or had any thought of taking it, and to this part of the text she adds this note:—“I have since learned it was my sister and another lady. They say he told them I had not taken the veil, but hoped I soon would do it.” Thus we find it recorded in one page, that the bishop openly proclaimed her intention to take the veil, and in another that her reception for that purpose was to “take place privately,” in order to keep her father ignorant of it. Can these contradictions be reconciled with truth? Further, either she was of age to act for herself, or she was not. If she was, why fear the interference of her father? If she was not, why did he not prevent her from going into the convent? He had ample notice of her wishes on the subject, both from herself and the Superior; and her sister was apprised, as she alleges, by the bishop, of her intention to take the veil.

The simple state of the case is this, that she never took the veil at all—that no preparations were made for that purpose—that no intention of permitting her to take the veil ever existed in the mind of the Superior—and that the ceremony is asserted to have taken place in private, contrary to the general usage, which requires it to be in public, because if she had not so represented it, there was not a child in the school who could not have proved the allegation to be a falsehood. *

A few pages further on she gives the following account of her actually taking the vows:—

“Not long after this, at private confession, I was questioned very

particularly in regard to my views of remaining there for life. I told my confessor, that I was convinced that order was too austere for me, and immediately burst into tears. He endeavoured to comfort me, by saying I was not bound to *that* order for life; I could go to *another* order. I asked him if I might see my friends. He answered, 'Yes.' After receiving a promise from him that I should go to any other order I chose, I consented to take the *vows*. He gave me to understand that I need take no other vows than I should at the convent of the Sisters of Charity. My reception took place the next day. I refused the white veil, because the Sisters of Charity did not wear it, and it was omitted. The choir was first darkened, and then lighted with wax tapers. The ceremony commenced with chants, prayers, responses, &c. A book was placed in my hands which contained the vows I was to take. As near as I can recollect, the following is the substance of them:—

“O, almighty and everlasting God, permit me, a worm of the dust, to consecrate myself more strictly to thee this day, in presence of thy most holy Mother and Saint Ursula, and all of thy saints and martyrs, by living two years a *recluse*, and by instructing young ladies after the manner of Saint Ursula, and by taking upon myself her most holy vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, which, with thy grace and assistance, I will fulfil.”

“They all responded ‘Amen,’ and repeated a long office in Latin. I still continued to wear the black garb, which the bishop blessed; also a long habit and a string of rosary beads, which were also blessed by the bishop. He wished to know one day, how Miss Mary Agnes did, after taking the *white* vows; to which the Superior replied, ‘Very well.’”

One would have thought that a lady who had made the vows, would at least have recollected the day on which she had taken so important a step in her career of life. We have here no date specified. She had previously said, “when the bishop next visited the community,” he made such and such observations. She proceeds, “not long after this, at private confession,” &c., as just quoted, and, then she declares, “my reception took place next day.” On what day? In what month?—“I refused the white veil.” We can only say that she could not have been a novice of the Ursuline order, without wearing the white veil. It is clear from the description she gives of the substance of the vows, that she was ignorant of them; and when she talks of “white” vows, it is apparent that she must have written the passage upon the suggestion of some person who had never been within the walls of an Ursuline institution, where such vows are utterly unknown. We repeat that she took no vows at all. The very questions which she acknowledges the Superior had put to her, and the exemptions which were granted to her from the ordinary duties even of the pupils, demonstrate that in the opinion of that lady,

Miss Reed would have been a very unfit subject for the Ursuline order.

“While in the convent,” says Miss Reed, “I asked once or twice for a Bible, but never received any, and never saw one while there.”—(p. 69.) The object of this statement is palpable—to foster the vulgar notion that Catholics are not allowed to read the Bible. The fact is, however, that every pupil who entered the convent, of whatever religion, was required to bring with her a copy of the sacred volume, and if Miss Reed had chosen to peruse one, she might have had her choice of some thirty or forty.

We extract the following passage, chiefly on account of Mrs. Henry Grey’s commentary upon it:—

“One day the Superior asked me what it was that lay so heavily on my mind, as the mother-assistant had previously found me in tears while at our examination of conscience. I excused myself, by replying I was thinking of my dear mother, which, though true, was not the cause of my grief. She then left me, but not without distrust, the eyes of the community being upon me. The next time we met at recreation, one of them remarked she hoped there was not another *Judas* among them. I endeavoured to betray no emotion, but they still mistrusted I had other views; for while sitting at my diet in the refectory, I observed my food was of a kind that I had never seen before. It consisted of several balls of a darkish colour, about the size of a nutmeg, of a bitter astringent taste; what they were I never knew. I ate them as I did my other diet, and strove to exhibit no fearful sensations.”

We have here a pretty clear confession of Miss Reed’s habit of dissimulation, which indeed she exhibits in almost every page of her narrative. It is asserted that she partook of a species of food which she wishes the reader to infer was poisonous, and yet she has lived to tell her story! This must be the representation upon which Mrs. Henry Grey has thought fit to comment in the following mild and christian-like language:—

“Lady Superior Mrs. President Moffat was a being hardened by power, practice, and opportunity, for the perpetration of any crime that came within the line of her profession. A poisoner and a murderess, her daily occupation, without imbruing her hands in blood, lay in inflicting suffering, destroying health, and procuring disease and death! The life of a fellow-creature, especially of a protestant, was to be held of no account at any time in comparison of the interests of the *craft*. The convent dogs (blood-hounds) kept to scent the course of a fugitive, the search made in the canal after Miss Reed’s escape, show minds familiar with dark imaginations, and accustomed to expect the deeds of desperation they provoke. Some dispositions congenial with the Superior, and adapted to co-operate with her in carrying on the discipline of the place, might learn to bear the yoke, lightened by transferring its

pressure to others ; but every tender mind and delicate frame must have sunk under it. These saint-makers, damning their own souls in their zeal to save others, imposing burdens they will not touch with one of their fingers, remind us of the executioners in the Inquisition. It was their business to extort confessions from the prisoners, and due exhortation was given to that end ; but lest under the pressure of torture the victim should confess what was not true, he was also admonished to be on his guard, and not confess if he were innocent, for that ~~Mother~~ Mother Church would esteem him a martyr if he died for the truth even under her own holy hands. No fears assailed these emissaries of hell at being the sacrificers of the Church's martyrs"—*Concluding Remarks*, pp. 131, 132.

Now, the poisoned balls were no other than balls of minced meat fried in butter ! There were no dogs whatever kept at the Convent ; nor was any search made for Miss Reed in the canal on the day of her "escape." So much for the basis upon which Mrs. Henry Grey founds her eloquent invective : let us add that language such as she uses in this passage, very little accords with the natural expression of a benevolent heart, or a well-instructed mind.

We now approach the close of Miss Reed's career at Mount Benedict. We shall permit her to tell her tale in her own words, and if they be not sufficient, in the opinion of any dispassionate judge, to display her true character, and set the seal of falsehood on her entire narrative, we must admit that the mob were justified in burning down the convent.

"I attended to my offices as usual, such as preparing the wine and the water, the chalice, host, holy water, and vestments, &c. One day, however, I had forgotten to attend to this duty at the appointed hour, but recollecting it, and fearing lest I should offend the Superior by reason of negligence, I asked permission to leave the room, telling a novice that our mother had given me permission to attend to it ; she answered, 'O yes, sister, you can go then.' I went immediately to the chapel, and was arranging the things for mass, which was to take place the next day. While busily employed, I heard the adjoining door open, and the bishop's voice distinctly. Being conscious that I was there at the wrong hour, I kept as still as possible, lest I should be discovered. While in this room I overheard the following conversation between the bishop and the Superior:—The bishop, after taking snuff in his usual manner, began by saying, 'Well, well, what does Agnes say? how does she appear?' I heard distinctly from the Superior in reply, that, 'According to all appearances, she is either possessed of insensibility or great command.' The bishop walked about the room, seeming much displeas'd with the Superior, and cast many severe and improper reflections upon Mary Francis, who, it was known, had influenced me ; all which his lordship will well remember. He then told the Superior that the establishment was in its infancy, and that it would not do to have such reports go abroad as these persons would carry ;

that Agnes must be taken care of; that they had better send her to Canada, and that a carriage could cross the line in two or three days. He added, by way of repetition, that it would not do for the Protestants to get hold of those things, and make another 'fuss.' He then gave the Superior instructions how to entice me into the carriage, and they soon both left the room, and I heard no more.

"The reader may well judge of my feelings at this moment, a young and inexperienced female, shut out from the world, and entirely beyond the reach of friends, threatened with speedy transportation to another country, and involuntary confinement for life, with no power to resist the immediate fulfilment of the startling conspiracy I had overheard. It was with much difficulty that I controlled my feelings; but aware of the importance of not betraying any knowledge of what had taken place, I succeeded in returning to the refectory unsuspected. I now became firmly impressed, that unless I could contrive to break away from the convent soon, it would be for ever too late; and that every day I remained, rendered my escape more difficult.

"The next day I went to auricular confession, not without trembling, and fear lest I should betray myself; but having committed my case to God, I went somewhat relieved in my feelings. At a previous confession I had refused to go to Canada, but at this time, in reply to the bishop's inquiry, I answered that I would consider the subject; for I thought it wrong to evince any want of fortitude, especially when I had so much need of it. I did not alter my course of conduct, fearing, that if I appeared perfectly contented, I should be suspected of an intention to escape.

"It was my turn during that week to officiate in the offices. While reading, I felt something rise in my throat, which two or three times I attempted to swallow, but it still remained. I felt alarmed, it being what I never before experienced.* At recreation I was asked what ailed me, and replied that I could not tell; but I described my feelings, and was told I was vaporish.

"They were very desirous that week to know if my feelings were changed. I said they were, and endeavoured to make it appear to them that Satan had left me; but, in reality, I feared I should never escape from them, though I had determined to do so the first opportunity.

"I was in the habit of talking in my sleep, and had often awoke and found the religieuses kneeling around my couch, and was told that they were praying for me. Fearing lest I should let fall some word or words which should betray me, I tied a handkerchief around my face, determining, if observed, to give the appearance of having the teeth-ache, and so to avoid detection. For some days I was not well, and my mind, as may naturally be supposed, sympathised with my body, and many things occurred that were to me unpleasant, which I shall pass unnoticed.

"But what I have now to relate is of importance. A few days after, while at my needle in the refectory, I heard a carriage drive to the door of the convent, and heard a person step into the Superior's room.

* I have since named the circumstance to a physician, who says it was fear alone.'

Immediately the Superior passed lightly along the passage which led to the back entry, where the men-servants or porters were employed, and reprimanded them in a loud tone for something they were doing. She then opened the door of the refectory, and seemed indifferent about entering, but at length seated herself beside me, and began conversation, by saying, 'Well, my dear girl, what do you think of going to see your friends?' I said, 'What friends, ma Mère?' Said she, 'You would like to see your friends, Mrs. G., and Father B., and talk to them respecting your call to another order.' Before I had time to answer, she commenced taking off my garb, telling me she was in haste, and that a carriage was in waiting to convey me to my friends. I answered, with as cheerful a countenance as I could assume, 'O, ma Mère, I am sorry to give you so much trouble; I had rather see them here first.' While we were conversing, I heard a little bell ring several times. The Superior said, 'Well, my dear, make up your mind; the bell calls me to the parlour.' She soon returned, and asked if I had made up my mind to go. I answered, 'No, ma Mère.' She then said I had failed in obedience to her; and as I had so often talked of going to another order, with such a person as Mary Frances, I had better go immediately; and again she said, raising her voice, 'You have failed in respect to your Superior; you must recollect that I am a lady of *quality*, brought up in opulence, and accustomed to all the luxuries of life.' I told her that I was very sorry to have listened to anything wrong against her dignity. She commanded me to kneel, which I did; and if ever tears were a relief to me, they were then. She stamped upon the floor violently, and asked if I was innocent, why I did not go to communion. I told her I felt unworthy to go to communion at that time.* The bell again rang, and she left the room; and in a few moments returning, desired me to tell her immediately what I thought of doing; for as she had promised to protect me for ever, she must know my mind. She then mentioned that the carriage was still in waiting. I still declined going, for I was convinced their object was not to carry me to Mrs. G. and Priest B., to consult about another order, but directly to Canada. I told her I had concluded to ask my confessor's advice, and meditate on it some little time longer. She rather emphatically said, 'You can meditate on it if you please, and do as you like about going to see your friends.' She said that my sister had been there, and did not wish to see me. Our conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of a novice. The Superior then gave me my choice, either to remain at Mount Benedict, or go to some other order, and by the next week to make up my mind, as it remained with me to decide."—pp. 89-94.

To anybody acquainted with the laws either of the United States or of Canada, this story must appear ludicrous. The Superior might have been called upon at any time by Miss Reed's

*"My eyes were opened; I found myself in an error, and had been too enthusiastic in my first views of a convent life. I was discontented with my situation, and was using some deception towards the Superior and the religieuses, in order to effect an escape; therefore I did not feel worthy to attend communion."

friends to produce her in person; or to account for the mode in which she was disposed of. What controul could be exercised over Miss Reed to prevent her from crying out "in the carriage that was to cross the line," that she was removed against her consent? In what part of Canada could she have been confined without the knowledge of the authorities, and who would have ventured to confine her there at the instigation of the Bishop of Boston? Such a tale as this might do very well for a novel, the scene laid in France or Spain in the middle ages; but to imagine that such things could be even attempted in the United States, or in Canada, in the year 1831, is so ridiculous, that we defy even a Bostonian fanatic to believe it.

After all the preparations that were made for the deportation of Miss Reed—cunningly as the conspiracy had been managed by the Superior and the Bishop, nevertheless we see that a simple refusal on the part of our heroine to enter the carriage, put an end to the whole scheme! She would not go! We should have thought that persons so wicked as she represents the Superior and the Bishop to be, would have easily found the means of compelling, or persuading her to depart, if they had been bent upon it. Her mere negative upsets all their plottings—the experience of the Bishop, and the Superior's deeds of darkness, are outwitted by a girl of eighteen—frustrated by a monosyllable! It seems strange that they who are supposed to have had the power of restraining her person in Canada, could not even prevail upon her to enter a carriage at Mount Benedict!

The story of Miss Reed's "escape" from the convent is of course romantic; had it not been so, it would have excited no attention. She was at liberty at any moment she pleased to tell the Superior that she wished to return to her friends, and we believe that the Superior would have found very little difficulty, but on the contrary very sincere pleasure, in consenting to her request. Had the young lady chosen to go away, even without communicating her intention to any body, she might have effected her purpose without running the slightest hazard of disappointment. The gates of the convent were always open, or at least unlocked, during the day; Miss Reed might have passed through them, but that would not have answered her purpose. Lydia Languish scorned the idea of a marriage without an elopement; Miss Reed could not walk out of the convent without making every body believe that she had "escaped"—that she had fled from dungeons, assassination, and all sorts of horrors, such as Mrs. Henry Grey loves to paint. The generations who are to succeed us, will require very ample and cogent evidence to induce them to believe, that absurd, inconsistent, foolish stories, circulated by Miss Reed

after she left Mount Benedict, led in the nineteenth century to the destruction of that establishment. Nevertheless, to the disgrace of the age, above all to the disgrace of a republic, in which the freedom of religious opinion is guaranteed by law, the history of the United States must record the fact, that a beautiful edifice, devoted to the education of females, was burnt down by a lawless mob, and that the lives of all its defenceless inmates were exposed to imminent danger, in consequence of the circulation of the gross falsehoods got up for the purpose by Miss Reed and her associates.

For the character which the Ursuline Convent bore down to the moment of its demolition, we might refer to many most respectable individuals, who have had their children educated in that institution; we shall, however, content ourselves with the two following letters, addressed to a committee formed in Boston for the express purpose of investigating the reports which had been propagated there to the prejudice of that establishment.

“Milton Hill, September 4, 1834.

“TO RICHARD S. FAY, ESQ.

“SIR:—In compliance with the wishes of the Investigating Committee of Boston, to hear the sentiments of the parents and guardians of the children who were placed at the Ursuline Community, upon its merits as a school and as the abode of quiet, unostentatious virtue; and to know whether sectarian doctrines have been taught to the children, and whether they ever heard or saw any cruelty or unkindness inflicted upon the children, or by the Ursulines upon each other; I reply, that I was entirely satisfied with the school, and believe it to have been administered kindly, morally, and intelligently. For more than a year previous to placing my children at the Institution, I examined anxiously every source of information respecting it. I learned from all the persons whom I had an opportunity to consult, whose children or friends had been placed there, that there was every cause of perfect confidence in that Community. I have known, from various parts of the country, former pupils, who have spoken of it with affection and respect—and I have, from my own observation, been perfectly satisfied that the pupils received the utmost care from the conscientious solicitude of the Community. I believe that their retired and regular habits of study form, in the pupils, a pure and solid character. I have understood that no attempt was made to influence their religious tenets: the children were permitted to attend worship in the chapel, or to decline it, if the parents wished. I have never known any punishments but loss of rank in the classes, or admonition. I have been satisfied that the discipline was mild and parental; and from the testimony of the pupils, the Ladies of the Community live in perfect unity and harmony. From all that I have seen, and weighing all that I have heard, it would be my earnest wish that my children might be educated by them.

“I may be exceeding the wishes of the Committee, to express any fur-

ther comments upon the late outrage upon the Ursulines. I had but one child present at the firing of the Convent: my two elder children were absent with me on a distant journey: had they been present, the shock upon the delicate temperament of one of them, might have been fatal. The self-devoted intelligence of the Lady who presides over the Institution, during that frightful night, deserves from every mother the deepest gratitude and respect. It is this rare merit which has so eminently qualified her for the responsible station she holds there.

"We do not belong to the Catholic Church.

"With respect, your obedient servant.

"LYDIA SMITH RUSSELL."

"RICHARD S. FAY, Esq.

"DEAR SIR:—I have delayed answering your note of the first instant, in order to give my family an opportunity to express their opinions of the Ursuline Institution and its merits, and as they are herewith enclosed, I shall make no comments. If you wish my own opinion, I can only say that, until I was acquainted with the school, I had the same prejudices against it that seem too generally to prevail now; but since I have placed my two daughters there, I have had occasion to visit the Institution frequently; and my wife has visited it more often than myself, and we have always returned from it with the highest opinion of its merits as a school for the education of young ladies, as they seemed so amiable and happy and perfectly contented. On the Saturday previous to the riot, my wife visited the school, and my eldest daughter expressed fears to remain, and wanted to return home, on account of the reports, that the buildings were to be destroyed; her fears were quieted as being without a cause, and on Monday night it proved too true. I have always found it to all appearance, a place of unimpeachable virtue, and have never heard of any questions asked respecting religious test, and I am fully persuaded that they use no such influence in the school, whatever may be their peculiar mode of worship among themselves. As to cruelty to the pupils or teachers, I have never heard anything; and if people knew the teachers, they would not harbor such a thought. I sent my children to this school because I had heard of its merits, and I have not been disappointed. My daughters have made great improvement, and are now anxious to return to school. I am not a Catholic, nor do I expect to be. I sent my children, because I thought and still think it stood among the first schools in the country, and the country will suffer by its loss.

"THOMAS WHITMARSH."

Wednesday Evening, Sept. 3rd, 1834.

To these letters we might have added eight or ten others, written in a similar spirit; but the two which we have selected, proceeding, as they do, from Protestant parents, who appear to have instituted the fullest enquiry into the character of the Convent, before they entrusted their children to its care, are so manifestly penned in the language of truth, that we should deem it

superfluous to cite another sentence on the subject. Such then, according to testimony which cannot be questioned, was the real character of the Ursuline Convent at Mount Benedict—an institution administered “kindly, morally, and intelligently,” deserving the “confidence” of the public, honoured by the “affection and respect” of the pupils of every faith, who had been educated by its community: an institution which, if we are led to believe Mr. Whitmarsh, was among the “first schools in the country,” and the loss of which he looks upon as a national calamity. Nevertheless, this is the Institution of which Mrs. Henry Grey—a lady living at Edinburgh, who appears to have had no knowledge whatever of the convent, except such as she acquired from what she is pleased to call the “Scripture-like” narrative of Miss Reed—has ventured to speak in the following terms.

“We might be led to question the probability of this story if it did not come before us in the shape of well-attested fact. We marvel, first at the presumption, and then at the temporary success, of this gang of jesuitical impostors. We wonder that Americans, tenacious of freedom, and jealous from youth to age of encroachment on their personal, or national independence, should have harboured for a season such a nest of working insidious deceivers. The burning down and razing to the foundation the tenement that sheltered their nefarious proceedings, which took place on the 11th of August, 1834, was an act due to outraged religion and offended humanity.”—*Concluding Remarks.* p. 107.

In the subsequent part of her discourse, after justifying the destruction of the convent, in language not very natural in a woman, who must have known that when it was attacked by a furious mob, it contained upwards of fifty of her own sex, from seven, to sixty years of age, without a creature to defend them, Mrs. Grey proceeds to charge the Institution with “impurities,” (p. 109) although she confesses that Miss Reed’s narrative did not bear out any such accusation. She adds that, when the convent was destroyed, “the state was rid of a scandal, and a pest-house of mischief, that promised to be fruitful only in crime and misfortune.” Upon phraseology such as this, we need offer no commentary. It is not the language of a mother, nor can it be countenanced by any person who has ever read to advantage a single chapter of the New Testament.

The Preface to the “Supplement” unequivocally betrays the true cause of the excitement which led to the unmanly attack upon Mount Benedict.

“The question at issue, and which must now be decided, is not whether the Roman Catholic religion shall be *tolerated* by our laws, and its professors enjoy precisely the same civil and religious privileges we do—in the affirmative of this we all agree; but whether that religion shall

be encouraged and fostered, and propagated by Protestant presses, Protestant money, and Protestant public opinion; and especially, whether the monastic system of cloister education, seclusion, celibacy, and corruption, shall become prevalent amongst us. Shall it become fashionable, exclusive, and aristocratic, for Protestants of wealth and standing to educate their daughters in nunneries; to the neglect of our own schools; or shall it hereafter be held in public estimation as a discredit for Protestant parents to place their children within the dangerous, secret, and imperceptible influence of such institutions? ”—p. 2.

Here we plainly perceive that jealousy of the superior character which the Ursulines had acquired for bestowing a sound education upon their pupils—(a character which attracted to their establishment the children of Protestants, of “wealth and standing,” or, as we should say in this country, of the upper classes of society who, for reasons best known to themselves, declined to confer their patronage upon the boarding-schools of their own persuasion,) was the real origin of that hostility, of which this institution has been the victim. Instead of attempting to rival the Ursuline system of education, by establishing one upon similar, or if possible, upon better principles, the school speculators of Charlestown and Boston, found it much easier to raise a tumultuary force, and burn down to the ground the edifice which they looked upon as an obstacle to their own success. The course which they adopted was a cowardly one—one that, after all, will prove ineffectual. Ursuline Schools are rapidly spreading throughout all parts of the United States; and the incendiaries and the fanatics, as well as their meaner instigators will find, that they must have recourse to some other weapons, than those of the Vandal, before they can enter into competition with the pure and noble-minded women, who have given up their hearts, and, if necessary, are ready to sacrifice their lives, to the Institution which they serve.

Not the Ursuline Establishment only, but seminaries of every kind, superintended by Catholic teachers, as well as the religion itself, do we behold taking possession of the most intelligent portion of the people of the United States. We extract from the Preface to the “Supplement” now before us, the following particulars. To the patrons of Miss Reed they are offered, as incitements to alarm and persecution—to us they afford satisfactory evidence of the good sense which prevails amongst the well informed classes of the republican community, and of the impotence of those effects which the most violent of the sectarians are now making in that country, to arrest the march of genuine religion.

“It is but little more than forty years since the first Roman Catholic

see was created by the Pope in the United States. There are now in the United States 12 Roman Catholic sees, (including an arch-diocese at Baltimore,) comprising all the states and territories in their "jurisdiction." There is a Catholic population of 600,000 souls, under the government of the Pope of Rome, an archbishop of Baltimore, 12 bishops, and 341 priests. The number of churches is 401; viz:—

Louisiana	27	Connecticut	3	Kentucky	9
Alabama	10	Rhode Island	5	Missouri	18
Florida	3	Massachusetts	12	Illinois	10
Georgia	21	New Hampshire	2	Arkansas	3
S. Carolina	11	Delaware	3	Indiana	9
N. Carolina	12	N. Jersey	6	Maine	2
Maryland	56	N. York	44	Vermont	1
Virginia	11	Michigan	15	Tennessee	1
Dist. Columbia	4	Ohio*	27	Mississippi	1
Pennsylvania	57				

The number of Mass Houses is about	300	Schools of Sisters of Charity	29
Catholic Colleges ..	10	Academy for coloured girls, at Baltimore	1
Seminaries for young men ...	9	Female Indian School, Michigan	1
Theological Seminaries	5	Total Catholic Institutes for education of Protestants and Catholics	118
Novitiates for Jesuits	2	Catholic Newspapers	7
Monasteries, and Convents, with Academies attached for young ladies	31		
Seminaries for young ladies	30		

The writer, after producing this formidable catalogue of Catholic churches and seminaries, enters into a course of argument, with a view to shew that Protestants ought not to send their children to Catholic Institutions. If the reasons which he gives be deemed valid by the parties to whom they are addressed, opinion will ultimately decide the question, in a peaceable and rational manner. We can have no objection to fair discussion upon any point whatever connected either with our Church, or our system of education. We cannot but admire his simplicity, when he assures his readers that, if Protestants ceased to allow their children to frequent Catholic seminaries, that moment "the system of cloister education is at an end," for, he adds with great naiveté, "Popery is opposed to educating its own (children), *except as a decoy* for educating Protestants, or as a means of teaching its hierarchy and gynæocracy (the priests and nuns) how to keep others in ignorance"! We have little apprehension as to the effect that may be produced upon any intelligent mind, by such a writer as this, who does not even know that the educa-

* "The first Catholic clergyman was stationed in Ohio in 1818. The State has now 27 churches, 20 clergy, 1 Roman Catholic college, 1 convent, and 1 school."

tion of the rising generations within her own bosom, has been in all ages, an indispensable part of the discipline of the Catholic Church.

Upon the "Supplement to Six Months in a Convent," it is scarcely necessary for us to make any remark. It is a wretched attempt to reconcile the inconsistencies of Miss Reed's first narrative, and to face out the falsehoods with which that precious "Scripture-like" (!) composition abounds. A single specimen will shew the sort of mind which Miss Reed possesses, and the attachment to truth by which it is distinguished. In a plain, straight-forward overwhelming answer to that incendiary publication, the Superior had emphatically denied that Miss Reed had ever taken the vows. The following is Miss Reed's reply to that denial.

"The Superior denies that I took any vows, as related in my narrative, but she does not deny that the book which was put into my hands at my reception contained the promises or vows which I have repeated as having then received. She may, perhaps, call the vows by some other name, but I first heard the bishop talk about the "white vows," and the Superior speak of the "black vows." I do not suppose that is the proper name, but it was used because a white veil is used on one occasion, and a black veil on the other."—p. 65.

If Miss Reed had been "received" into the community, or, in other words, if she went even privately through the ceremony by which the novitiate is commenced in an Ursuline convent, the bishop must have been present on the occasion, the sisters must also have been present, the day would have been recorded, at least in her own memory, and after that period she would have worn the white veil. Now she does not appeal to the testimony of the bishop, or of any of the sisters; she cannot mention the day when this alleged ceremony took place, and she admits that she never wore the white veil! She does not even re-assert that she did take the vows!

But for the injury inflicted upon the property of the convent, and for the danger to which the sisterhood and the children committed to their care were exposed, on this occasion, we should have been inclined to rejoice that they had had amongst them for a season, such a domestic spy and traitress as Miss Rebecca Theresa Reed, and that she afterwards told the world all that she could say or imagine to their prejudice. Even if every page of her narrative and supplement were true, what does it amount to? That a system of austere discipline was established at Mount Benedict; that no time was spent there in idleness; that religious observances, prayer, the duties of education, meals, sleep and recreation, absorbed the whole of every night and day.

Miss Reed does not venture to assert that she witnessed any scenes even of levity at Mount Benedict during her stay there; she has not stated that she heard so much as a single improper expression, used by any of its inmates. She complains that they were too grave for her notions of enjoyment, and that they did not lead that romantic kind of life which she had prefigured in her imagination. This is really the gist of her whole Bill of Indictment. From the silence of this treacherous and hostile witness upon all essential points of conduct, we may therefore conclude that the ladies of Mount Benedict were well deserving of the high character given of them in the letters which we have already cited. We may further conclude that falsehood has exhausted all its power in this last effort of persecution against the Ursuline convents in America; that the more they are understood, the more dearly they will be prized by every parent who wishes to give his daughter a solid education, and to preserve her from the hands of those numerous and ignorant adventurers, who set up boarding-schools and female academies, as they do conventicles, for the mere purpose of pecuniary gain. To such swindlers as these Miss Reed was a prize of no small value; should Mrs. Henry Grey visit New England, we have no doubt that they would be able to turn her talents also to account. She is an instrument ready shaped to their purpose.

ART. III.—*Posthumous Memoirs of his own Time.* By Sir N. W. Wraxall, Bart., Author of “*Memoirs of my own Time.*” 3 vols. 8vo. London. 1836.

FEW productions have been attacked more violently upon their first appearance, than the “*Memoirs of my own Time,*” which were published in the year 1815. The Whig and Tory journals exerted all their powers of invective, apparently with a determination, not merely to destroy the work itself, as a work of authority, but even to disqualify the author for intercourse with decent society. They accused him of having uttered many falsehoods; they handed him over to the Society for the Suppression of Vice, as a fit object for prosecution, in consequence of some anecdotes which he related in his pages; and they unanimously agreed in declaring, that he described as his familiar friends several distinguished persons, who would not even salute him in the streets. Reviews, which affected to be the advocates of no party, political or religious, took the tone from the leading organs of opinion, and the whole literary world, seems to have agreed in denouncing Sir Nathaniel as a libeller of private cha-

racter, and a book manufacturer of incomparable dulness. The courts of justice were not free from the general prejudice which was excited against him. In his narration of the circumstances connected with the marriage of the Princess Royal to the late Duke of Wirtemberg, Sir Nathaniel made an unfortunate allusion to the Count Woronzow, then Russian ambassador in this country. He offered to correct his error in any form of language that might be deemed satisfactory to the offended party, but every proposal of that kind was rejected. He was prosecuted. Garrow discharged a deluge of indignant eloquence upon his devoted head. He was found guilty; sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and to pay to the king a fine of five hundred pounds!

In those days it was positively perilous for a private gentleman to aspire to the honours of authorship, in any department of letters. Looking to the severity then exercised by the critical tribunals, it would appear as if every new aspirant to literary fame were to be forthwith summoned to their bar, and indicted as a public transgressor. They assumed to themselves the powers of the Star-Chamber, employed emissaries in all regions for the purpose of collecting details of the life of each adventurous perpetrator of a quarto, and rivalled each other, not only in the rigour of the decrees which they fulminated against their unfortunate victim, but in the acerbity of tone by which their judgments were accompanied. Thus, one of Sir Nathaniel's inquisitors, not content with producing against him all the errors which were to be found in his work, denounced him, moreover, as one of the six members of the House of Commons who were sent to that assembly by the fair or fraudulent creditors of the Nabob of the Carnatic!—as if this were a crime of the greatest magnitude at a period, when more than half the seats in that branch of the legislature were sold in open market!

We think it due to the memory of this much abused author to say, that the literary offences of which he was accused on that occasion, appear, upon a fair examination, to have been enormously exaggerated. His scandalous details were, indeed, justly censured. He attempted to defend them by citing the example of other memoir writers, who indulged in a similar vein of composition—an example which should have discouraged rather than invited imitation. With these exceptions, his faults were really very few, and very easily corrected. Writing from memory, he happened to assert that he had met Mr. Pitt at Antwerp, whereas Mr. Pitt had never visited that city. He, moreover, antedated one or two immaterial transactions, and postdated as many others. These, with some trivial mistakes in names, titles, births, deaths, and marriages, constituted the whole

of his crimes, and yet his name has come down to us branded with an inscription approaching almost to infamy.

The truth is, that Sir Nathaniel was never intimately connected with any political party. In private life, he is understood to have been a man of agreeable manners. He had seen much of the world, at home and abroad; but being deficient in those talents which are valuable in public life, he was not much courted by either side of the House. He boasts of his Memoirs as being characterized chiefly by "loyalty to the sovereign, detestation of French principles, abhorrence of Bonaparte and his *fallen gang*, attachment to the Crown, and reverence for the British constitution." In other words, had he been encouraged at St. James's, he would have been a good back-stairs courtier. Having spent the best fifteen years of his life in the House of Commons, he had favourable opportunities for observing the manœuvres of all parties, and the conduct of many distinguished individuals, during one of the most important periods of our history. He appears to have watched the men around him with the curiosity of a practised gossip, and to have noted their peculiarities without any strong personal prejudice. We can detect in his character no cogent motive of action, which could have misdirected his natural sagacity, or blinded his judgment. A brilliant writer he certainly is not, nor always a very correct one. Neither will contemporary readers find much of novelty in his pages. It may be said of the three volumes now before us, as of those by which they have been preceded, that they yield us little information which has not been anticipated by the newspapers. This is true to a considerable extent. It would be unjust, however, to assert that there is nothing original or new in the present work. It abounds with historical sketches and anecdotes, to which the testimony of a contemporary writer always imparts a lively interest. The egotism of a biographer is to us never offensive. On the contrary, we seldom feel that we can have too much of it. So unbroken is the chain of sympathy which connects together all the members of the great human family, that personal narratives, even when limited to the most ordinary transactions of life, possess an irresistible charm for minds of every order.

There is no portion of their national annals, of which men in general are so ignorant, as of that which occupies the twenty or thirty years that have elapsed previously to their own entrance into active life. They are not much disposed to look for it through piles of pamphlets and periodical journals; and the period is for them still too recent to have been reduced within the controul of regular historical authority. We have, therefore, always thought, that those individuals conferred an essential

benefit upon their successors, who have favoured the world with memoirs of their own times. From productions of that class, it is scarcely possible that errors can be absent. The worst narrator of a great battle is usually a person actually engaged in the conflict. Surrounded by the smoke of artillery, looking to the columns which he has to charge, or to the post which he is ordered to gain at all hazards, he knows little of what is going on in other quarters of the field. The operations of his own regiment, however, he can place like a picture before his reader. So it is with the writer of the history of his own times. If he pass beyond the sphere which was within the survey of his own eye, he becomes liable to great mistakes; but as long as he confines his story to what fell within his own observation, he can hardly fail to reward our attention. This is undoubtedly Sir Nathaniel Waxall's redeeming merit. He seldom deviates from the path which he trod himself; and though he is frequently prolix, sometimes coarse, and altogether innocent of any thing in the shape of wit, and of epigrammatic point in his mode of telling an anecdote, still we must admit, that these posthumous memoirs are well entitled to a conspicuous place in every historical library. It is the good fortune of all such productions, that each successive year adds materially to their importance. How highly should we not prize a legible scroll from Pompeii or Herculaneum, or a newly discovered manuscript in the Vatican, containing personal memoirs of men and manners, as exhibited in Italy or Greece twenty or thirty centuries ago!

The present volumes commence with the early part of 1784; producing, at the outset, before us, two highly distinguished patriots, Coke of Norfolk and George Byng, who still live, enjoying a green and an honourable old age, sanctioning by their authority, and supporting, with unabated energy, every useful measure of sound constitutional reform. At that period, the attention of the country was engrossed by the general election, and the violent political contests to which the return, and the subsequent scrutiny, for Westminster, gave birth. The agitation produced by these events, naturally led to that degree of excitement in the public mind, which required to be fed by such a dramatic spectacle as the impeachment of Mr. Hastings,—the most striking instance of time wasted, of the most splendid eloquence absolutely thrown away, of rhetorical exaggeration, passion, and puerility, recorded in the archives of any country.

The still-vexed question about Junius, seems to have frequently excited Sir Nathaniel's inquisitive faculties. In his former work, he assigned the celebrated compositions written under the shadow of that name, to Gerard Hamilton. He appears subse-

quently to have made up his mind quite as strongly, that they ought to be ascribed to Sir Philip Francis. It is supposed that the secret is deposited with the Grenville family; but we doubt whether it will ever be unveiled. The extraordinary success with which Junius fortified himself against discovery, while he was engaged in the publication of those letters, shows that his motives for remaining unknown were paramount even to the strongest impulses of ambition. In a literary point of view, though not faultless, those productions would confer a classic splendour upon the name of the writer. But it is highly probable, considering the connexion which he must have had with some at least, of the personages whom he has so fiercely denounced, that the reputation of the author must have been purchased by the honour of the man.

Sir Nathaniel thus states the cause which led to the present style of franking letters by members of Parliament.

“ Among the abuses that then loudly demanded correction, was the privilege of franking letters; and Pitt judiciously selected it for an object of taxation. As neither the *date* of the letter, nor the *place* from which it was sent, was then necessary to be inserted, in order to render it free of postage, when directed by a member of either house of parliament; the number of franks exacted, and the improper use made of those vehicles of intelligence or correspondence, required ministerial interposition. Not only were covers transmitted by hundreds, packed in boxes, from one part of the kingdom to another, and laid up as a magazine for future expenditure; far greater perversion of the original principle, for purposes very injurious to the revenue, took place. I was acquainted with a member of the House of Commons, a native of Scotland, decorated with the order of the Bath, who sent up to London from Edinburgh, by one post, thirty-three covers, addressed to an eminent banking house in the Strand; many or most of which contained, not letters, but garden-seeds. So scandalous a violation of the right claimed and exercised under the privilege of parliament, induced the postmasters-general of that time to order the covers, instead of being delivered according to the address, to be instantly carried up to the speaker's chair, as a fit subject for public notice and animadversion. Timely application having, however, been made to Lord North, then first minister, by the friends of the gentleman who had so acted, and who was a steady supporter of government, the business never came before the house, or acquired publicity. In 1784, it was thought sufficient to enact, that the *place, day, month, and year*, where and when the frank was dated, should be henceforward written on the cover: but subsequent regulations have still farther reduced the privilege, by diminishing to one half the *weight* antecedently allowed; namely, to one ounce, instead of two; and by restricting the *number* which can be issued, or received free of postage on the same day: thus, very properly contracting to narrow limits the facility of sending letters many hun-

dred miles, without paying for their transport, in this commercial and corresponding country. It still constitutes, nevertheless, a distinction to the members of the legislature, though now diminished to the shadow of its pristine usage; for I am old enough to remember the time when only the *name* of the member, with the word *free*, written on the outside of a letter, constituted a frank. I have indeed heard that they were then sold by the waiters of coffee-houses, and exposed for sale in the windows. Such abuses, which were dishonouring to the two legislative assemblies, have happily produced, though slowly, their own remedy."—Vol. I. pp. 38-40.

Similar abuses have been known to prevail in public offices to a very great extent, which, however, have been recently redressed, or at least diminished, by a peremptory mandate from the treasury. We once heard of a young clerk in the king's service, sending his brother, who was on a tour in the Orkneys, a London beefstake, under an official frank. Another is reported to have transmitted a saddle, through the post office, under the same sort of license.

At the conclusion of the memorable session of 1784, our author transferred himself and his note books to Paris. He does full justice to the character of Louis XVI. and of his amiable consort, the ill-fated Marie Antoinette.

"Her beauty, like the mother of Æneas, '*incessu patuit.*' It consisted in her manner, air, and movements, all which were full of dignity as well as grace. No person could look at her, without conceiving a favourable impression of her intelligence and spirit. The king was heavy and inert, and destitute of activity or elasticity; wanting all the characteristic attributes of youth; who, though not corpulent, yet might be termed unwieldy; and who rather tumbled from one foot to the other, than walked with firmness. His queen could not move a step, or perform an act, in which majesty was not blended. She possessed all the vigour of mind, decision of character, and determination to maintain the royal authority, which were wanting in Louis. Her understanding was not highly cultivated, nor her acquaintance with works of literature extensive; but, her heart could receive and cherish some of the best emotions of our nature. Friendship, gratitude, maternal affection, conjugal love, fortitude, contempt of danger and of death;—all these, and many other virtues, however they might be choked up by the rank soil of a court, yet manifested themselves under the pressure of calamity."—Vol. I. pp. 183, 184.

This medal, however, has its reverse. It is well observed of her, that like the wife of Germanicus, Marie Antoinette, wanted caution, and that both in word and action, she betrayed great imprudence on more than one occasion. She seemed not at all to have been aware that the prejudices of the *canaille* were at all times easily excited against her, on account of her descent

from a dynasty which had long been the most unrelenting, as well as the most formidable enemy of the country whose queen she had become—a dynasty, too, from which she inherited a high and haughty temper, little fitted to contend with the force of events in which it was her destiny to take a part. Her personal beauty, the vanity of which it was the parent, the perpetual desire of display by which she was actuated, and the lapses into coquetry, of which she was guilty, afforded ample margin to her enemies for the calumnies which they circulated, with the most wicked industry against her. Sir Nathaniel produces direct proof that some of these rumours, at least, were without any foundation; and various authentic memoirs which have been published since that period, fully vindicate her name from all aspersions injurious to her conjugal fidelity.

Our author spent also the recess of 1785, in Paris, then undoubtedly the most attractive capital in Europe. At that period, the memorable affair of the “diamond necklace,” came upon the royal family like one of those sudden and transitory whirlwinds which sometimes usher in a prolonged and calamitous tempest. Sir Nathaniel’s account of this transaction is, in the main, correct: but he has omitted some of the most curious particulars connected with it, which we shall endeavour to supply.

Prince Louis de Rohan, second brother to the Duke de Montbazon, was born in the year 1734. Consequently, when the affair of the necklace occurred, he had already passed his fiftieth year. The higher dignities of the Church, according to the questionable practice which then prevailed in most parts of the continent, might be considered as hereditary in his family. He was a man of a remarkably fine figure, but of an inferior intellect, that easily yielded to the ascendancy of stronger minds; his education had been superficial, and his propensity to extravagance in the pursuit of pleasure, as well as his extreme presumption, exposed him to embarrassments and improprieties which even his laborious panegyrist, the Abbé Georgel, has not attempted to justify. After the disgrace of the Duke de Choiseul, he sought and obtained the embassy to Vienna. His conduct at that court, which was in every way inconsistent with the character of a cardinal, drew down upon him the marked displeasure of Marie Thérèse, the mother of Marie Antoinette. His gallantries were undisguised; his hauteur towards the other members of the *corps diplomatique* was insufferable; he had incurred debts to an immense extent, and had treated the practice of that religion, whose ordained minister he was, with a degree of contempt which became painful to the feelings of the empress,—herself the model of a Christian sovereign, in every sense of the word. Prince

Louis, moreover, had written to his friends in Paris several letters, in which Marie Thérèse was spoken of in the most unbecoming language. At her request he was recalled, shortly after Louis XVI. ascended the throne of France.

Upon his return to Paris, the young queen refused to see him. He occasionally attended at court, but she never spoke to him. He kept open house for all sorts of adventurers; he easily surrounded himself with troops of parasites, who persuaded him that he ought to be the prime minister. Among his most familiar guests, were the renowned charlatan Cagliostro, and the equally celebrated swindler, Madame de la Motte Valois. To the former the credulity of the age had, for a season, ascribed extraordinary powers. He was supposed to have lived three or four hundred years or more; he spoke of princes and prelates long dead, as persons with whom he had been intimately acquainted. He affected entire ignorance of the country in which he was born, and of the parents to whom he owed his birth. His infancy was spent at Medina, in Arabia, where he was brought up under the name of Acharat, in the palace of the muphti. He had a tutor named Althotas, who instructed him in religion, botany, medicine, animal magnetism, and the oriental languages. After travelling through many parts of Asia and Africa, he proceeded to Malta, where he assumed the name of Count de Cagliostro. He was then in the twenty-second year of his age. From Malta he sailed to Italy, sojourned for a while at Rome, obtained access to all the higher circles of society, and married a young lady of rank, to whom he appears to have been sincerely attached. He subsequently appears to have visited almost every country in Europe, gained admission to every court, and attracted the notice of many persons of distinction. He pretended, by means of animal magnetism, to cure all disorders, and by means of magical operations, to work miracles. More than one mysterious ceremony was performed by Cagliostro, at the hotel Soubise, where Prince Louis resided, the object of which was to work a preternatural change in the mind of the queen towards the cardinal.

Madame de la Motte appears to have been descended from Henry II. of France, by a noble lady of Piedmont, named St. Rémy. In consequence of this circumstance a small pension was allowed her; she was married to one of the body-guards of the Count de Provence, (afterwards Louis XVIII.) and resided in the purlieu of the palace at Versailles. She persuaded the cardinal that she had free access to the queen, and great influence over her, which she was exercising constantly in his favour. She was a woman of no pretensions to beauty, had already passed the limits of youth, and aspired to live in princely state, the expenses

of which she contrived to sustain by the presents she extorted from the cardinal, or the resources with which she provided herself by means of a less equivocal character.

Messrs. Bohmer and Bassanges, jewellers in Paris, happening to have become possessed of a necklace composed of diamonds, several of which were remarkably large and of the purest water, endeavoured to find for it, if possible, a royal purchaser. They accordingly sent it to the queen for inspection; but the price, about 50,000*l.*, and the aspect of the times, which looked rather alarming, deterred her from making such an acquisition. Madame de la Motte heard of the circumstance at a moment when her necessities had reduced her to extreme distress. She resolved to obtain the necklace, and to convert it into money, for her own purposes. She accordingly went to the cardinal, told him how much the queen admired the necklace, how anxious she was to become mistress of such an unrivalled ornament, but that the sum demanded was too large, and that she had fixed upon the cardinal to negotiate the affair for her with the jewellers. Prince Louis, overjoyed on receiving such intelligence, never stopped to inquire into its probability. The great object of his ambition, the favour of the queen, the smiles of the then "observed of all observers," and the possession of supreme power, were brought, as he conceived, all at once within his grasp. He entered into the negotiation with all the ardour of a restless, and hitherto a disappointed ambition. He went at once to the jewellers, saw the necklace, agreed to purchase it for one million six hundred thousand livres, to be paid by instalments; said at first that it was not for himself, afterwards declared that it was for the queen, and desired that it should be sent to his hotel. It was accordingly delivered to the cardinal, upon his placing in the hands of the jewellers, a paper stating the amount of each instalment, and signed "Marie-Antoinette de France."

This transaction took place in January, 1785. The first instalment became due in the August following; it was not paid. Messrs. Bohmer and Bassanges made an application to her majesty on the subject, by which she was informed, for the first time, of the unauthorized use which was made of her name. An inquiry was immediately instituted, from which it appeared, beyond all doubt, that Madame de la Motte had prevailed on a person named Vilette to draw up the paper signed, "Marie-Antoinette de France," and to affix to it that signature; that Prince Louis after receiving the necklace, proceeded with it to the palace, delivered it to a person whom Madame de la Motte pointed out as charged to take it to her majesty; that Madame de la Motte obtained it from that person a few minutes after; that she gave it

to her husband, who immediately quitted Paris for London, where he sold as many of the diamonds as he could; and that, with the money so procured, Madame de la Motte purchased a hotel, which she furnished in the most costly style. It turned out that the cardinal was, throughout, the unsuspecting dupe of this abandoned woman.

On one occasion, indeed, some doubts appear to have crossed his mind, for which, however, Madame de la Motte was fully prepared. The cardinal naturally thought, that if he were in such high favour as she represented, with the queen, he ought to be permitted to have an assurance of it from her majesty's own lips. The machinery of deception was already arranged. A young woman of genteel appearance, named Le Guay d'Oliva, was engaged to personate the queen. The girl herself seems to have had no knowledge whatever of the purpose for which she was employed. She was offered a certain sum of money if she would appear in the park of Versailles, in a particular place, about midnight, and deliver to a person who would approach her, a rose and a letter, saying to him at the same time, "Vous savez ce que cela veut dire." She went through the part assigned her, delivering, however, only the rose; the letter, which she had forgotten, remained in her pocket. At least such is her account of the matter.* The cardinal says, that the words were, "Vous pouvez espérer que le passé est oublié."

The parties were all brought to trial before the parliament of Paris, and eventually the De la Mottes and Villette were found guilty of the fraud, and Mademoiselle d'Oliva, Cagliostro, and Prince Louis, were acquitted. The latter lived to repent of many of the errors into which he had fallen, both before and during the revolution. He died at Ettenheim, in 1803.

Sir Nathaniel gives a full account of a romantic episode, in which he was personally engaged, relating to an attempt that was made by some of the Danish nobility, to extricate Caroline Matilda, consort of Christian VII. from the imprisonment to which she was subjected in the castle of Zell. The towers, moat, drawbridge, long galleries, and Gothic features of this castle, realized the descriptions of those fortresses in which the Troubadours usually placed their captive heroines. It was indeed the age (1774), of such exhibitions. About the same period, Elizabeth Christina of Brunswic-Wolfenbuttel, first wife of Frederic William II. of Prussia, was under duress at Stettin, for her gallantries. It is said that Robert, Marquis of Lindsey, afterwards

* See her Memoir in the "Recueil de pieces authentiques, secretes, et interessantes, pour servir d'éclaircissement à l'affaire concernant le Cardinal Prince de Rohan."

Duke of Ancaster, a young nobleman of great eccentricity of character, was so touched with her misfortunes, that he planned her liberation, but that his design was discovered and frustrated. Augusta Elizabeth, Princess of Tour and Taxis, was also about the same period immured by order of her brother, the then reigning Duke of Wirtemberg. The case of Caroline Matilda had a precedent in that of Sophia of Zell, consort of George I., from whom she was lineally descended. "It was, in fact," says Wraxall, "the same story in the same family, acted over again at the distance of eighty or ninety years. Sophia suffered, indeed, a much severer and longer captivity, for very problematical offences; but both expired under a dark cloud; and both now repose side by side, in the great church of Zell, without any monument to commemorate their existence."

Our author, on returning from a tour in Pomerania, visited Zell, and paid his respects to the exiled queen, who received him in the most courteous manner. He felt a great interest in her cause. Upon arriving at Hamburg, he fell in with several of the Danish nobility, who had emigrated from Copenhagen to Altona, on account of their attachment to the queen, and the persecutions they had experienced from the party by whom she had been dethroned. These persons had already engaged in a plan for her restoration, the conduct of which was entrusted to the young Baron de Schimmelman, eldest son of one of the most wealthy and powerful individuals in Denmark. It was of essential importance that he should know whether the queen would consent to return to Copenhagen, and assume the supreme authority during the incapacity of the king and the minority of her son. Sir Nathaniel offered his services for that purpose, and received his instructions from the Baron Bulow, a Danish subject, though of Hanoverian extraction.

"Our first objects," observed he, "are limited to knowing that she is disposed to return to Copenhagen; where, during the king's incapacity, and the minority of her son, she must be invested with supreme authority. It would be attended with too great risk to commit any matters to paper, as you might be intercepted on your road to Zell. We must therefore leave you to draw up a proper letter for her majesty, conformable to our ideas, subsequent to your arrival there. The mode and time of effecting its reception by the queen, must likewise be submitted to your own judgment. But every possible precaution should be adopted to prevent suspicion. In particular, beware of the Princess of Brunswick, who, though sister to the queen, is attached to the interests of the family with which she is allied by marriage. Her husband's aunt, Juliana Maria, Queen Dowager of Denmark, now governs that country, in conjunction with her son Prince Frederic. The only credentials which I can venture to give you, are the impression in wax, of a seal: but,

the instant that her majesty sees it, she will know that you are come from me, and she will lend implicit confidence to all you lay before her. If she consents to co-operate with us, she will of course endeavour to interest her brother in the cause. Without his approbation, if not his aid, we cannot long maintain, though we may effect, a revolution. These points constitute the outline of your instructions: but, in a negotiation of such difficulty, as well as peril, much of the execution must depend on circumstances, and your own discretion.”—Vol. I. pp. 380, 381.

Sir Nathaniel reached Zell on the morning of the 9th of October, where he learned that the hereditary Princess of Brunswick was then on a visit to her sister. Having, however, adopted all necessary precautions, he communicated with the queen, who declared that she was not only ready to co-operate with the Danish nobility in every effort for accomplishing the great object in view, but would also solicit the support of her brother for the purpose. Sir Nathaniel having put Bulow in possession of this intelligence, was again dispatched to Zell, with the view of being commissioned by the queen to proceed as her agent to England.

“My arrangements being now completed, I commenced my third visit to Zell; but, apprehensive of exciting observation, if I should be seen so frequently to take the same road, I made a circuit by the city of Lunenburgh. Arriving in the middle of the night at Zell, on the 24th of October, I gave a French name to the centinel at the gate, describing myself as a merchant. Then proceeding round the walls, I drove, not as before, to the great inn in the principal street of the place, but to an obscure public-house, situate in the suburb of Hanover, denominated the ‘Sand Krug.’ The Baron de Seckendorf having gone on the preceding day to Hanover, I dispatched an express to hasten his return. I learned, however, with no small satisfaction, that the Princess of Brunswick was not at Zell; and before I awoke on the ensuing morning, Seckendorf presented himself at my bedside. I delivered him the letter which I had drawn up for the queen, communicating to her the wishes and opinions of the Danish nobility engaged in her cause. Scarcely four hours afterwards, Seckendorf came again to me. ‘The queen,’ said he, ‘having thoroughly weighed the contents of your dispatch, is determined to see you without delay. Her sister’s absence favours her design. Go instantly to the ‘Jardin Français,’ not distant from hence. In the centre stands a small pavilion. Her majesty, attended only by one lady, who is wholly devoted to her interests, will be there in a very short time. You may then converse unreservedly upon every point.’ I followed his directions, and had not been more than ten minutes in the pavilion, when I saw the royal coach drive up to the garden-gate. The queen alighting, sent it away, together with her domestics; but, the weather being fine, she preferred walking, rather than remaining in the pavilion. She then entered on business,

having first assured me that she could rely on the fidelity of her attendant; while, as she was entirely ignorant of the English language, her presence would not interpose any restraint on our conversation.

“ ‘I was,’ proceeded she, ‘perfectly prepared for the contents of your letter, and I am ready to comply with every demand made in it. To the king, my brother, I will write in the most pressing terms, laying before him the plan for my restoration, expressing at the same time, my conviction of its solidity; and urging him to contribute towards its success, not only by his consent and approbation, but, if necessary, by extending to it pecuniary assistance. I trust his Britannic Majesty will receive you graciously, and admit you to his presence. But, as there must be intermediate persons to whom the negotiation will necessarily be committed, I shall address letters to two noblemen in London. The first is the Earl of Suffolk, who, besides that he fills the post of secretary for the foreign department, has always shown me distinguishing marks of attention. He is the only member of the cabinet from whom I have received any such proofs of regard. I have no doubt that he will give you a favourable reception. But I shall likewise write to another individual, who is at this time in England, and warmly devoted to my interests. I mean, the Baron de Lichtenstein, marshal of the court of Hanover. He enjoys not only the king’s personal favour, but is admitted constantly to the private parties at the queen’s house, which afford him facilities of approaching his majesty, not open to any of the ministers. Nevertheless I shall not disclose the affair, either to Lord Suffolk or to Lichtenstein; simply stating to each that you will wait on them from me, on a matter of consequence; adding, that they may give implicit confidence to every fact which you shall lay before them in my name, and on my behalf. As, however, the composition of my letter to the king demands time and consideration; being likewise well aware of the danger which may arise from your remaining here; I have resolved on not detaining you. My three letters shall be transmitted to England, by the regular Hanoverian courier, in the course of a few days; and on your arrival in London, you will find the ground prepared for your appearance. Assure the Baron de Bulow, that I will exert every effort to accelerate the happy conclusion of the enterprize.’ The queen finished by giving me some secret instructions, in case of my being admitted to an audience of George the Third. She then allowed me to withdraw. Our conversation, which lasted about an hour, impressed me with a strong conviction of her capacity.”—Vol. I. pp. 389-392.

The affair in London was conducted exclusively through the Baron de Lichtenstein, the king not wishing, from proper motives of political prudence, that the Earl of Suffolk should have any knowledge of what was going on. Sir Nathaniel gave a minute detail of every thing that had taken place to the Baron, for the perusal of his majesty, who for some time expressed an insuperable reluctance to commit himself by any act which, if it became known, might be considered as a violation of the treaties subsisting between the courts of London and Copenhagen.

"Towards the middle of January 1775, the affair however assumed a more auspicious aspect; and on the 3rd of the following month, the baron delivered to me, in Chudleigh-court, a paper containing *four* articles. They were drawn up in French, by the king's permission, and with his sanction.

"By the *first*, his majesty declared that the attempt to restore the queen his sister to the throne of Denmark had his approbation and consent; only annexing to it a stipulation, that in case of its successful issue, no act of severity should be exercised against any of the individuals who were actually in possession of power. They were simply to be ordered to retire, to their respective palaces, or places of residence. By the *second*, his majesty promised that as soon as the revolution was effected, his minister at Copenhagen should be directed to declare that it had been done with his co-operation. By the *third*, though he refused to make any pecuniary advances for facilitating the enterprize, yet he guaranteed the re-payment of such sums as should necessarily be expended in procuring the Queen Caroline Matilda's return to Denmark. By the *fourth*, he engaged that when the revolution should be completed, he would maintain it, if requisite, by the forces of Great Britain.

"This paper the Baron de Lichtenstein signed, and having enclosed it in a cover, sealed the packet with his coat of arms. I was then directed to carry it, first to the queen at Zell, who would instantly recognize his signature and seal. Her majesty was empowered to open and peruse the articles; after which they were to be sealed up anew by her, and committed to my care. Finally, I was commissioned to convey them to the Baron de Bulow at Altona."—Vol. I. pp. 395-397.

The particulars of Sir Nathaniel's last interview with the queen are thus related. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the project for her restoration was eventually defeated, by her untimely death of a spotted fever.

"I set out before eight, at which hour Mantel engaged to meet me. The weather was most tempestuous, accompanied with rain, and such darkness as rendered it difficult to discern any object. When I got to the drawbridge, no valet appeared; and in a few moments afterwards, the guard being relieved, passed close to me. Wrapped in my great-coat, I waited, not without considerable anxiety. At length Mantel arrived. He said not a word, but, covering me all over with his large German cloak, and holding an umbrella over our heads, he led me in silence through the arch, into the area of the castle, from whence he conducted me to the queen's library. There he left me, exhorting me to patience, it being uncertain at what hour her majesty could quit her company. The room was lighted up, and the bookcases opened. In about thirty minutes the queen entered the apartment. She was elegantly dressed in crimson satin, and either had, or impressed me as having, an air of majesty, mingled with condescension, altogether unlike an ordinary woman of condition. Our interview lasted nearly two hours. She assured me that she would write the letter demanded by the Danish nobility, to her brother, before she retired to rest; and would urge in the most pressing

terms a compliance with the request made to him by Bulow in the name of his party. 'As to the question which he puts to me,' added she, 'whether I would be ready to set out for Copenhagen on the first intimation of their success; assure him that I am disposed to share every hazard with my friends, and to quit this place at the shortest notice. But he must remember that I am not mistress of my own actions. I live here under the King of England's protection, in his castle, and in his dominions. I cannot leave Zell without his consent and approbation. To obtain that permission, shall form one of the principal objects of my letter to him.' She then mentioned to me, for the first time, a circumstance which gave her much concern, as she apprehended it might retard, or wholly impede, the success of my negotiation in London. 'The Baron de Lichtenstein;' said the queen, 'informs me that he is about to quit England, on his return to Hanover. I fear he may be gone before you arrive. His absence must be injurious to my interests; as, besides his attachment to me, his access to the king gave him opportunities of aiding my cause, which no individual enjoys, or can supply. I shall nevertheless write to him; and he has promised me, that in case of his departure before you reach London, he will take care to leave instructions for regulating your conduct.'

"These material points being settled, our conversation took a wider range; and as her majesty manifested no disposition to terminate it we remained together till near eleven, when I ventured to ask her if it was her pleasure that I should retire. She acquiesced, having first enjoined me to keep her constantly, as well as minutely, informed, upon every occurrence that arose; though she hoped that my absence would be of short duration. When ready to leave me, she opened the door, but retained it a minute in her hand, as if willing to protract her stay. She never perhaps looked more engaging than on that night, in that attitude, and in that dress. Her countenance, animated with the prospect of her approaching emancipation from Zell, (which was in fact only a refuge and an exile,) and anticipating her restoration to the throne of Denmark, was lighted up with smiles; and she appeared to be in the highest health. Yet, if futurity could have been unveiled to us, we should have seen behind the door which she held in her hand, the "fell anatomy," as *Constance* calls him, already raising his dart to strike her. Within seven weeks from that day she yielded her last breath."—Vol. I. pp. 406-408.

In the Spring of 1784, the queen's party succeeded, without bloodshed, in investing the young prince royal, then only sixteen years of age, with supreme power. It is due to Sir Nathaniel to observe, that although employed in a mission which was calculated to render him the advocate of Caroline Matilda, he in no instance attempts to justify or even to palliate the errors of her conduct, especially with respect to Struensee.

The finale of Sir Nathaniel's mission is characteristic of the mode in which parliamentary interests were managed at that time. He of course expected to be rewarded for the labour he underwent, in the performance of the confidential office which had

been assigned to him. After the death of the queen, the Barons de Bulow, Seckendorf, and Lichtenstein, exerted themselves strenuously to procure for him some remuneration for his services from George III. For five years their efforts were wholly unavailing. Their letters remained unanswered. In 1780, however, Sir Nathaniel came into Parliament, and some months after, as he was seated one evening nearly behind Lord North, the minister turned round suddenly, and speaking in a low tone of voice, so as not to be overheard; "Mr. Wraxall," said he, "I have received his majesty's commands to see and talk with you. He informs me that you rendered very important services to the late queen of Denmark, of which he has related to me the particulars. He is desirous of acknowledging them. We must have some conversation together on the subject. Can you come to me to Bushy Park, dine, and pass the day?"

"I waited on him there, in June 1781, and was received by him in his cabinet alone. Having most patiently heard my account of the enterprize in which I engaged for the Queen Matilda's restoration, he asked me what remuneration I demanded? I answered, one thousand guineas, as a compensation for the expense which I had incurred in her majesty's service, and an employment. He assured me that I should have both. Robinson, then secretary to the treasury, paid me the money soon afterwards; and I confidently believe that Lord North would have fulfilled his promise of employing me, or rather of giving me a place of considerable emolument, if his administration had not terminated early in the following year, 1782."—Vol. I. pp. 417-418.

Lord Chesterfield, collaterally related to the nobleman whom Johnson sarcastically styled "a Lord among wits, and a wit among Lords," has earned an unenviable celebrity as the prosecutor of his tutor, Dr. Dodd, whose fate excited at the period universal commiseration. The feeling indeed may be said to have continued down to the present day, thus evincing the strong sympathies which the literary character almost uniformly awakens in its favour. The late Earl of Berkeley happened to have killed one or two highwaymen who attempted to rob him. Lord Chesterfield jocosely observed to him, "Berkeley, when did you last dispatch a highwayman?" "Chesterfield," he asked in his turn, "how long is it since you hung a parson?" No doubt Dodd's crime was inexcusable: but the public feeling had already ceased to countenance such a severe visitation for transgressions such as that of which the Doctor was found guilty. Sir Nathaniel gives a short account of his intercourse with Dodd, and of the attempt made to resuscitate him after he was hanged.

"With Dodd I was well acquainted. Some time during the month of November 1776, dining at the house of Messrs. Dilly, the booksel-

lers, not far from the Mansion House, who were accustomed frequently to entertain men of letters at their table, I there found myself seated very unworthily among several distinguished individuals. Wilkes, Jones, afterwards so well known as Sir William Jones, De Lolme, Dr. Dodd, with three or four others, composed the company. We were gay, animated, and convivial. Before we parted, Dodd invited us to a dinner at his residence in Argyle-street. A day was named, and all promised to attend. When we broke up, Dr. Dodd, who had shewn me many civilities during the evening, offered to set me down at the west end of the town, adding that his own carriage was waiting at the door. I readily accepted the proposal, and he carried me back to the St. James's Coffee-house. The company accordingly met again on the evening fixed, when a very elegant repast was served, with French wines of various kinds, Mrs. Dodd presided, and afterwards received in her drawing-room a large party of both sexes. Dodd was a plausible, agreeable man; lively, entertaining, well-informed, and communicative in conversation. While in prison, he wrote to me, urgently requesting my exertions with the late Lord Nugent to procure his pardon. If it could have been extended to him, without producing by the precedent incalculable injury to society, his majesty would undoubtedly have exercised in *his* case the prerogative of mercy. He felt the strongest impulse to save Dodd, not only on account of the numerous and powerful applications made in his favour, but as a clergyman who had been one of his own chaplains. The Earl of Mansfield, however, prevented so pernicious an act of grace. I have heard Lord Sackville recount the circumstances that took place in the council held on the occasion, at which the king assisted. To the firmness of the lord chief-justice, Dodd's execution was due; for, no sooner had he pronounced his decided opinion that no mercy ought to be extended, than the king, taking up the pen, signed the death-warrant. He died penitent and pusillanimous. The weather on the 27th of June 1777, when he suffered, was most variable, changing perpetually from bright sunshine to heavy storms of rain; during one of which latter pelting showers he was turned off at Tyburn. His body, conveyed to a house in the city of London, underwent every scientific professional operation which, it was hoped, might restore animation. Pott, the celebrated surgeon, was present to direct them. There were even found persons sufficiently credulous to believe that Dodd had been resuscitated, and privately transported to Aix in Provence."—Vol II. pp. 24-26.

The second volume of these memoirs is almost wholly occupied in what we may call the "scenes" connected with the impeachment of Warren Hastings, for which we must refer the reader who is desirous of seeing very graphic representations of them, to the work itself. In the third, we find several interesting anecdotes of the private life of George III. who appears to have laboured under a secret consciousness of the privation of reason which awaited him, long before that event took place. With a view to avert it, as well to prevent corpulence, of which he had a parti-

cular dread, he adopted, at an early age, the habits of an ascetic, living on the most simple food, and limiting himself to a very moderate quantity. For the German dish, sour crout, he always evinced a strong predilection. His usual beverage at table was a compound of a sort of lemonade, which he called "cup." He usually eat so little and so rapidly, that those of his suite who dined with him found it difficult to satisfy their appetite, without persevering after the king had finished—an embarrassing necessity, even if it were not against etiquette. "We know so well," said one of these gentleman, "how soon the king has finished, that after we have all sat down at table, not a word is uttered. All our attention is devoted to expedition. Yet, with the best diligence we can exert, before we have half dined, his Majesty has already thrown himself back in his chair, and called for his *cup*, with which he concludes his meal." The dinners of George III. appear to have consumed less time than even those of Napoleon, which seldom exceeded forty minutes. The queen, on the contrary, was rather fond of a good table, and had some taste in the selection of her wines.

Junius was well aware of one of the motives, at least, which led to the king's rigorous habits of abstinence. Sir Nathaniel misquotes the passage, when he says that the king's agitation in consequence of the remonstrance addressed to him by the city of London, in the month of March 1770, was the cause of his having been "obliged to live upon potatoes for three weeks, to keep off a malignant fever." The note to the letter dated 3d April 1770, after stating that the courtiers having made a bluster about moving a bill of pains and penalties, or, at least, an impeachment against the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, were ultimately obliged to abandon their intentions, and content themselves with "a ridiculous vote of censure, and a still more ridiculous address to the king," adds, "*this shameful desertion so afflicted the generous mind of George the Third, that he was obliged to live upon potatoes for three weeks, to keep off a malignant fever.*" It ends with a quotation, which it would be no longer good taste to transcribe.

It is very well known that George the Third was not given to sedentary occupations, and that he never enjoyed himself so much as when in the open air, especially on horseback, following the hounds, or presiding at a review, the military bustle of which filled him with animation. His farms, and the improvements which he directed at Windsor, also engaged agreeably much of his attention. He rode out in all weathers; indeed, so little of the character of a sinecure attached to the office of equerry in his household, that the king used jeocosely to remark, that he had fewer applications for that employment than any other in his gift.

The following picture of his life at Cheltenham, where he so frequently relaxed from the labours of state, presents him in a very amiable point of view.

“No minister or secretary of state attended him. During near eight-and-twenty years of a stormy and calamitous reign, marked with the greatest national disasters, though set off by some days of glory, he had scarcely seen any part of his dominions. The Nore, Coxe Heath, Portsmouth, and Oxford, formed almost the extent of his travels. At Cheltenham, he had left a hundred miles behind him the

“*Fumum et opes, strepitumque Romæ.*”

His mode of living might be deemed patriarchial; more suited to the first ages of the world, than to the dissipated state of society towards the eighteenth century. He visited the spring at so early an hour, that few of his subjects were found there to meet him. Constantly on horseback, when the weather permitted, from eleven till three, he sat down at four to dinner; strolled out, like a citizen, with his wife and daughters, on the public walk soon after seven; and by eleven at night every thing was as completely hushed at Bays Hill Lodge as in a farmhouse.

“The king was not even accompanied on this excursion by any of his usual attendants; neither by a lord of the bedchamber, nor by an equerry. The Earl of Courtown, an Irish nobleman, who held the office of treasurer of the household; himself a man of very moderate faculties, but of polite and pleasing manners, followed his Majesty to Cheltenham, by special invitation. So did the Honorable Stephen Digby, vice-chamberlain to the queen. They usually were his companions when he rode; but he delighted to emancipate himself from all restraint, to walk out alone in the fields, and to enter into conversation with the persons who accidentally fell in his way. He made likewise some excursions of pleasure and curiosity; particularly to Gloucester, where, when visiting the cathedral, he appeared to contemplate with much interest the tomb of one of his unfortunate predecessors, on which is extended his recumbent figure. I mean Edward the Second; who, after his inhuman murder at Berkeley Castle, was conveyed for interment to Gloucester. The king, queen, and princesses, drove over likewise, on a morning visit, to the classic seat of Lord Bathurst, the friend of Pope, at Oakley Grove. But on that occasion, as on every other, the king invariably declined all dinners or entertainments.”—Vol. III. pp. 39-41.

We had not been aware, until we found it stated in these memoirs, that Prince William (his present gracious Majesty) was at one period of his life anxious for a seat in the House of Commons. It is stated, that when he reached his twenty-third year, he expressed much impatience to become a peer, his elder brother, the Duke of York, having been invested with that dignity as soon as he attained his majority. The influence, however, which the Prince of Wales exercised over the mind of Prince

William, would have most probably placed him in the ranks of the opposition, to which the king was unwilling to add another vote. He was, moreover, reluctant to augment the pecuniary pressure of the royal family on the nation. Mortified at the denial, the young Prince, it is said, took measures for procuring his return as one of the members for Totness. Sir Nathaniel doubts whether such an election, if it had taken place, would not have been invalidated by the House of Commons.

We have here a very succinct account of the king's malady in 1788, which gave rise to so many constitutional questions of the utmost delicacy, and to discussions conducted not always with the best temper on either side of the house. It is well known, that Dr. Willis generally exercised a peculiar degree of control over his patients. A daring proof of his animal-magnetic power in this respect, if such it may be termed, was exhibited in his permitting the king to shave himself. "Your Majesty," said he, "is desirous to get rid of your beard, you shall have a razor given you for the purpose." He instantly put the instrument into the king's hand, who went through the process with perfect success, Willis governing him by the eye throughout the whole performance!! From the commencement of the disease, Willis expressed his confident expectation that a recovery would be effected within the period of three months. He ascribed the attack to weighty business, severe exercise, too great abstemiousness, and little rest, which pressed with united force upon the royal patient's constitution. He insisted, that as soon as the irritation produced by these causes should subside, convalescence would follow. This description of temporary incapacity for public functions, was calculated to give rise to great embarrassment as to the most expedient mode of supplying the defect. The state maxim, however, seems to have been then settled by Parliament, that when the throne is vacant by reason of the intellectual incapacity of the sovereign, the heir-apparent has no more *right* to assume the functions of government than any other subject in the realm. The two houses of the legislature constitute the only authority competent to name the regent under such circumstances, as well as to fix the time when he is to enter upon the duties of his office. The *claim*, however, of the heir-apparent to the regency is admitted to be one entitled to the most serious consideration. Mr. Fox and his party, in maintaining the right of the heir-apparent to assume the regency, leaving to the two Houses authority only to fix the time for his entering upon his functions, manifestly took an erroneous view of this important question.

Sir Nathaniel has interwoven in his memoirs sketches of most

of the distinguished persons of his time. We shall extract a few of these portraits, passing over Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and others, who are well known from the accounts given of them in several recent publications. He thus delineates the late Earl Stanhope :—

“ This eccentric nobleman, who, as Earl Stanhope, has acted a conspicuous as well as useful part in the discussions of the house of peers during a long period of time, and whose recent death may, in my opinion, be considered as a public misfortune, was brought up by his father principally at Geneva. He had there imbibed very strong, republican, or rather levelling, principles; ill adapted to a man whose high birth and prospects should naturally have inspired him with sentiments more favourable to monarchy. If he had flourished a century and a half earlier, under Charles the First, instead of under George the Third, he would unquestionably have rivalled Ludlow, or Algernon Sydney, in their attachment to a commonwealth. His person was tall and thin, his countenance expressive of ardour and impetuosity, as were all his movements. Over his whole figure, and even his dress, an air of puritanism reminded the beholder of the sectaries under Cromwell, rather than a young man of quality in an age of refinement and elegance. He possessed stentorian lungs and a powerful voice, always accompanied with violent gesticulation. The ‘ *Rolliad*’ describes him as

‘ Mahon, outroaring torrents in their course.’

So strongly did he always enforce his arguments by his gestures, as to become indeed sometimes a troublesome neighbour, when greatly animated by his subject. He commonly spoke from the row behind the treasury bench. In the course of one of his harangues, respecting a measure that he had himself suggested, the object of which was the suppression of smuggling; impelled by the warmth of his feelings, just as he was commending his friend and relation, the first minister, for “ his endeavours to knock smuggling on the head at one blow,” he actually dealt Mr. Pitt, who sat below him, a smart stroke on the head. This manual application of his metaphor convulsed the house with laughter, and not a little surprised the chancellor of the exchequer; but it seemed neither to disconcert, nor to arrest, the impetuosity of Lord Mahon’s eloquence. Since the ludicrous circumstance of Lord North’s taking off Welbore Ellis’s wig on the chafe of his scabbard, no scene more comic had been acted within the walls of the House of Commons. The same satirical production which I before cited, when alluding to Lord Mahon, says,

“ This Quixote of the nation
Beats his own windmills in gesticulation.
To strike, not please, his utmost force he bends,
And all his ruse is at his fingers’ ends.”

The *Rolliad*, which Sir Nathaniel frequently quotes in his pages, was, in its day, a poem of great celebrity. It was first published in the spring of 1785. Its hero was Mr. afterwards Lord Rolle, then one of the members for the county of Devon. Pos-

essed of a good figure, and regular features, he was nevertheless wholly devoid of elegance or grace, and a complete rustic in his manners. Though not well educated, he expressed his thoughts in brief and emphatic phraseology, exhibiting good sense, and a straightforward mind. His uncle had been created a baron by George II. but the peerage expired in his own person, as he had no male issue. Mr. Rolle's great object, therefore, was to recover that dignity for his family; and, in consequence, he gave his most strenuous support to Mr. Pitt's administration. The ardour of his zeal, and the strength, or rather coarseness of his language, rendered him peculiarly obnoxious to the opposition, and brought upon him all the anger of the wits who belonged to that party. The reputed author of the "Rolliad," and of the "Probationary Odes" by which it was accompanied, was Mr. Joseph Richardson, a student of one of the inns of court. He is said to have received assistance from Mr. George Ellis, General Burgoyne, Fitzpatrick, Mr. afterwards Lord Townsend, and others of Fox's friends and admirers, who not only retouched some of the passages, but furnished whole odes. The work went through two-and-twenty editions between 1785 and 1812. It abounds in all the graces of classic allusion, and elegant composition, sparing no public character, however elevated. Pitt, Dundas, Jenkinson, were mangled in its pages without mercy. Though almost all the persons satirized in the "Rolliad" and the odes, have disappeared from the stage of life, yet these poems may be still perused with interest.

The following well drawn character of Windham may be cited as a proof of the historical impartiality which marks these memoirs.

“ Mr. William Windham had been chosen member for the city of Norwich, at the late general election, notwithstanding his well-known predilection for Fox, and his slender patrimonial property, which then scarcely exceeded twelve hundred pounds a-year. His person was graceful, elegant, and distinguished; slender, but not meagre. The lineaments of his countenance, though they displayed the ravages of the small-pox, were pleasing, and retained a character of animation, blended with spirit and intelligence. Over his whole figure, nature had thrown an air of mind. His manners corresponded with his external appearance; and his conversation displayed the treasures of a highly cultivated understanding. Ardent in his love of civil liberty, for the preservation of which blessing, I believe, he would as cheerfully have shed his blood as did Hampden or Sydney; it was constitutional freedom that he venerated, not a republican and impracticable emancipation from limited monarchical government. Strongly attached to Fox by private friendship, as well as by political ties, he nevertheless quitted his leader, when Fox persisted to justify and to panegyrize the sanguinary republic of France, in defiance of its enormities and excesses.

“ To Burke, Windham unquestionably bore some analogy ; and on *his* shoulders may be said to have descended the mantle of Burke, when he finally quitted the House of Commons. If Windham fell below him in general or classic knowledge, he might be esteemed Burke's equal in the splendour and variety of his imagery, his command of language, and his wild but finely sustained flights into the regions of fancy. In suavity of disposition, and control over himself, Windham was his superior :— for, either from irritability of temper, intensity of feeling, strength of prejudices, or violence of party spirit, Burke frequently became unmanageable, and exhibited a spectacle distressing to his friends. There was in Windham's eloquence, an eccentricity and originality of phrase peculiarly his own ; picturesque, but full of energy : as, for instance, when in 1809, after the battle of Talavera, Sir Arthur Wellesley having been raised by ministers at once to the dignity of a viscount, Windham observed upon it, that ‘ he disapproved of Sir Arthur's being thus elevated over a whole gradation of the peerage, because, if he made two more such leaps, the *Red Book would not hold him.*’ Windham's talents, brilliant and various as they were, always, however, appeared to me more adapted to speculative than to practical life ; rather fitted for the university, than for the cabinet ; better calculated to excite admiration in the House of Commons, than formed, by wise counsels and measures, to sustain, or to extricate, an embarrassed empire. The ill-fated expedition under Sombreuil, sent to perish at Quiberon, in 1795 ; and the unfortunate selection of General Whitelocke for the command of the troops against Buenos-Ayres some years later ; are both to be imputed, eminently, if not exclusively to Windham. I am of opinion, that if Burke had ever been admitted to the cabinet, he would have displayed a similar want of judgment. Neither the one nor the other were statesmen, though they abounded in genius, learning, fancy, and prodigious powers of declamation.”—Vol. I. pp. 241-243.

Here is Sir Nathaniel's portrait of the celebrated Duchess of Gordon.

“ Few women have performed a more conspicuous part, or occupied a higher place than the Duchess of Gordon, on the public theatre of fashion, politics, and dissipation, between the period of which I am writing, and the close of Pitt's first administration ; a term of about fourteen years. I shall speak of her with great impartiality, from long personal acquaintance. She was one of the three daughters of Sir William Maxwell of Monteith, a Scotch baronet ; and the song of “ Jenny of Monteith,” which I have heard the present Duke of Gordon sing, was composed to celebrate her charms.

“ In *my* estimate of female attractions, she always wanted one essential component part of beauty. Neither in her person, manners, or mind, was there any feminine expression. She might have aptly represented the Juno of Homer ; but not Horace's “ O, quæ beatam Diva tenes Cyprum !” Her features, however noble, pleasing, and regular, always animated, constantly in play, never deficient in vivacity or intelligence, yet displayed no timidity. They were sometimes overclouded

by occasional frowns of anger or vexation, much more frequently lighted up with smiles. Her conversation bore a very strong analogy to her intellectual formation. Exempted by her sex, rank, and beauty, from those restraints imposed on woman by the generally recognized usages of society, the Duchess of Gordon frequently dispensed with their observance. Unlike the Duchess of Devonshire, who, with the tumult of elections, faro, and party triumphs, could mix love, poetry, and a passion for the fine arts; the Scottish duchess reserved all the energies of her character for ministerial purposes. Desirous of participating in the blessings which the treasury alone can dispense, and of enrolling the name of Gordon, with those of Pitt and of Dundas; if not in the rolls of fame, at least in the substantial list of court favour and benefaction; the administration did not possess a more active or determined partizan. Her discernment enabled her to perceive that Fox, whatever dignities or employments might be reserved for him by fortune under the reign of George the Fourth, would probably remain excluded from power so long as the sceptre remained in the possession of George the Third. This principle or conviction seemed never to be absent from her mind.

“Her conjugal duties pressed on her heart with less force, than did her maternal solitudes. In her daughters centered principally her ambitious cares. For their elevation, no sacrifices appeared to her to be too great, no exertions too laborious, no renunciations too severe. It would indeed be vain to seek for any other instance in our history, of a woman who has allied three of her five daughters in marriage to English dukes, and the fourth to a marquis. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, so powerful under the last queen of the Stuart race, and who had likewise five daughters, obtained for them only two dukes and three earls in marriage. Yet *they* were the children of the illustrious John Churchill, and on *them* was respectively settled, by act of parliament, the dukedom, and Blenheim.”—Vol. II. pp. 297-299.

Among the faculties by which Pitt was so much distinguished from most of his contemporaries, that of sleeping soundly, may be certainly looked upon as not the least enviable.

“Dundas possessed a villa near London, at Wimbledon, where he was accustomed to repair after debates, for the purposed of sleeping out of town. Pitt, on quitting the treasury bench, used to throw himself into Dundas's post-chaise, and to accompany him. At whatever hour they arrived, they sat down to supper; never failed to drink each his bottle; and the minister found his sleep more sound, as well as more refreshing, at Wimbledon, than in Downing-street. However violent might have been the previous agitation of his mind, yet in a very few minutes after he laid his head on the pillow, he never failed to sink into profound repose. So difficult, indeed, was it to awaken him, that his valet usually shook him before he could be roused from sleep. One of his private secretaries used to affirm that no intelligence, however distressing, had power sufficient to break his rest. On that account, he never locked or bolted the door of his bed-chamber. I recollect a cir-

cumstance which took place, several years subsequent to this time;—it happened in 1796;—strongly corroborative of the above facts. Pitt having been much disturbed by a variety of painful political occurrences, drove out to pass the night with Dundas at Wimbledon. After supper, the minister withdrew to his chamber, having given his servant directions to call him at seven, on the ensuing morning. No sooner had he retired, than Dundas, conscious how much his mind stood in need of repose, repaired to his apartment, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket; at the same time enjoining the valet on no consideration to disturb his master, but to allow him to sleep as long as nature required. It is a truth that Pitt neither awoke, nor called any person, till half-past four in the afternoon of the following day; when Dundas entering his room together with his servant, found him still in so deep a sleep, that it became necessary to shake, in order to awaken him. He had slept uninterruptedly during more than sixteen hours.”—Vol. II. pp. 301-302.

The appendix to these volumes contains several letters and papers relating to the secret enterprise for the liberation of Queen Caroline Matilda. The conventional names under which the parties engaged in this affair designated the personages and places they had most occasion to speak of, have undoubtedly all the merit of inscrutability. George III. was called Abel, the Queen of Denmark Agujari. Copenhagen was turned into Montpellier, Altona into Toulon, Hamburgh into Avignon, and Zell into Bordeaux!

ART. IV.—1. *Bibliographical Appendix to the Second Volume of an Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures.* By the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, B.D. *Containing a concise account of the principal Editions of the Scripture, and of the principal Philologists, Critics, and Commentators, who have elucidated the Text, History, and Antiquities of the Bible.* Seventh Edition. London. 1834.

2. *La Biblia Sacra, tradotta da Giov. Diodati.* 12mo. London. 1836.
3. *Die heilige Schrift, nach den deutschen uebersetzung D. Martin Luthers.* 12mo. London. 1825.
4. *La Sainte Bible, d'après la version d'Ostervald.* 12mo. London. 1833.
5. *Ἡ καινὴ διαθήκη διγλωττος, τούτ' ἐστὶ, τὸ θεῖον ἀρχετυπὸν, καὶ ἡ αὐτοῦ μεταφρασίς ἐς κοινὴν διαλεκτὸν.* London. 1810.

IF the meaning of an author be obscure or doubtful in the original, the ordinary course, when every other expedient has failed, is to consult his translators. Should we ever feel disposed to make this plan available to the interpretation of the Scriptures,

we cannot, at least, complain of any want of materials for the experiment. In the old Dispensation, while the true Religion was confined to the children of Abraham, the number of translations was very limited, even so late as the coming of our Redeemer. The Targumim, or Chaldee Paraphrases, (even, for a moment, supposing them anterior to Christianity,) could have been intended solely for the use of the Hebrews, who, during their residence in Babylon, had become unfamiliar with their ancient language; and the Greek septuagint, seems, for a long time, to have been but little known in the Gentile world. But, by the will of Jesus Christ, the founder of the New Law, the Holy Scripture, like the religion which it proclaimed, became the inheritance of all nations. The New Testament was written in a tongue almost universally understood, and, before long, it was translated into the language of Rome, which, with her victorious arms, had been carried to the ends of the earth. As Christianity continued to advance, the number of versions, Greek—Syriac—Latin—kept pace with its progress. “The Holy Scripture, diffused far and wide, through the various languages, was made known to the nations unto salvation.”* In the Western Church, however, they appear to have been far more numerous than elsewhere. For, although the publication of the Greek versions of Aquila and Theodotion, at the instance of the Jewish party, had stimulated the zeal of many among their Christian countrymen, yet they were far exceeded in number by the Latin translators, who in the time of St. Augustine, “had multiplied beyond the possibility of enumeration.”†

This zeal for translation seems to have been checked for awhile, by the fluctuating and unsettled state of languages throughout Europe,‡ which succeeded the invasion of the Northern tribes,

* “Ex quo factum est, ut etiam Scriptura divina, per varias interpretum linguas, longe lateque diffusa, innotesceret Gentibus ad salutem.”—S. Aug. De Doctr. Christ. lib. ii. c. 5

† “Qui enim Scripturas ex Hebraica lingua in Græcam verterunt numerari possunt; Latini autem interpretes, nullo modo.”—Ibid. lib. 2, c. 11.

‡ A curious illustration of the state of language produced by the causes to which we allude, and its influence on literature generally, will be found in the origin of the name “Romance,” as applied to works of imagination and fiction. It is formed from *Romane* or *Romançe*, the name of the vulgar dialect prevalent in France, when the Latin had ceased to be generally understood. Among the educated classes the Latin retained its place, after it had ceased to be spoken; and, for a long time, it was exclusively employed in all writings of a serious character. The Troubadours, however, gradually introduced the other. At first small ballads, and eventually larger pieces, were composed in it, and as, for a considerable time, it was not applied to any other subject, a “*Romançe*,” or, a book-written in the vulgar language, became synonymous with a tale of Imagination. Rivet refers the origin of these light productions to the tenth century, though Calmet and Fleury look upon them as of a later date. This observation, applied directly only to the French language, is obviously applicable to every language similarly formed—a medium, as it were, produced by the amalgamation of two distinct dialects.

and the dismemberment of the Western Empire. But in process of time, it began gradually to revive, as the language of each nation, along with its constitution and laws, acquired something of a fixed and decided character. Long before the invention of printing, the Bible was translated into most of the European languages. The application of that invaluable discovery rendered the undertaking comparatively easy; and before the Reformation, many editions were printed in Italy, Spain, France, Germany, Holland, and Bohemia. Since that time, many causes have combined to keep it constantly on the advance, and, at present, we might almost apply to the versions of every country, what St. Augustine said of the Latin versions of his own day. According to Mr. Horne,—

“The total number of dialects spoken in every part of the world, is computed to be about five hundred; and, of these somewhat more than one hundred seem to constitute languages generically distinct, or, exhibiting more diversity than resemblance to each other. Into upwards of one hundred and fifty of these various dialects, the sacred Scriptures have been translated, either wholly, or in part, and not less than sixty of these are versions in the languages and dialects of Asia.”—*Bibliographical Appendix*, p. 59.

It has long been the fashion with Protestant controversialists of every class, to decry the illiberal policy of the Catholic Church, in withholding the Scriptures from the people. They have seldom been content, however, to argue against the doctrine as it is professed by Catholics, finding it more satisfactory, and, doubtless, much more convenient, to represent it in the light most favourable to themselves. Instead of fashioning the argument to meet the circumstances, they prefer bending the fact—though facts are proverbially stubborn things—to suit the convenience of their argument; and many a time, while we marked the dexterity with which some obnoxious tenet is thus prepared for refutation, we could not help recollecting the malicious care with which, before he ventures to fling the first stone, the school-urchin fixes in the most advantageous position, the unfortunate animal he destines for his mark.

Every one recollects the great Protestant Anniversary, which was held last year, to celebrate the publication of the first English Bible printed in these countries. From the parade with which it was announced, and the assertions current in the periodicals of the time, the public might naturally infer,—what indeed has been repeated time after time by Protestant writers—that the world is indebted solely to the Reformation for the translation of the Scripture into the vernacular languages—that it was the policy of the old Church to preserve, if not to deepen, the darkness which

hung over the minds of men, and, in order that this object might be more securely attained, to conceal under cover of the unknown tongues, the light of Scriptural evidence in which her superstitions could not fail to be detected. In truth this seems to be the meeting-point of all, who dissent from the Catholic Church. In almost every other tenet she can find some to coincide—Lutheran or Calvinist—Churchman or Presbyterian—and a dexterous controversialist might compile a curious volume of Catholic controversy from the writings of Protestants against each other. He might refute the Sacramentarian by the arguments of the orthodox Lutheran—he might place the Lutheran against the Calvinist, and array the Calvinists against each other—he might use the arms of the Baptist against the Quaker, and level the “independence” of the Baptist with the “authority” of the Church of England; demolish in turn her unsubstantial claims beneath the sturdy stroke of the Presbyterian, and turn simultaneously against the Socinian, the common enemy of all—the weapons which none else can consistently wield. But here, they are all impracticable. Adopting as their common battle-cry, the motto of Chillingworth, “The Bible, the Bible is the religion of Protestants,” they unite in one body, (*concordia discors*) in defence of the so-named palladium of Protestantism. This is the true touch-stone, the Shibboleth, by which the sons of Ephraim are distinguished. It seems to possess a sort of religious electricity. No matter how close they may have come—no matter how powerfully they may have been attracted; the very moment they approach to actual contact at this fatal point, they are repelled, irresistibly—never to be united.

A statement such as that to which we refer, if met in a work of a general character, might be regarded with caution, perhaps even with distrust. But where the very subject is treated professedly, and the matter-of-fact proof made to tally with the obnoxious assertion, the chances of its proving mischievous are much greater. It is impossible for an ordinary reader even to suspend his assent; it is absolutely extorted from him by this artificial evidence. We have long regretted, therefore, that the learned work of Mr. Horne on the Study of the Scriptures, should have become the vehicle of this worn-out misrepresentation. It has been carried already through seven editions; but we trust it is not yet too late to correct, at least some part, of the false impressions it may have created. The “Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures,” in itself, is too voluminous, and too much diversified in matter, to admit a regular notice. The merest analysis would occupy more space, than we could possibly devote to it. In the present paper therefore, we have confined ourselves to a

bibliographical review of every thing connected with the publication of the Scriptures, which was before mixed up with the work, but which, in this seventh edition, the author has collected, and attached, in the form of an Appendix, to the Second Volume. It contains a great deal of useful and interesting information, not to be procured elsewhere without a degree of labour and research of which few are capable, and which still fewer would willingly undertake.

The Appendix is divided into two parts. The first contains an account of the principal Editions of the Scripture, both* the text itself, and the versions, whether ancient or modern; the second, of the principal works of commentary and criticism which its difficulties have called forth, and which may assist the student in its interpretation. His notice, as far as it regards the original text, as also the ancient versions, is concise, but satisfactory. Here, there was nothing to bias his judgment—nothing to awaken his prejudices. We would willingly say as much of his history of the modern versions; but in this, particularly the part which regards those in the European languages, we have been greatly disappointed.

It opens with a general chapter on the circulation of the Scriptures, in which, in a tone apparently moderate, many of the old calumnies against the “Romish” Church are, not to be sure openly advanced—but, what is still more effectual, quietly insinuated—the premises, as it were, dispassionately stated; the conclusion left to the common sense of the reader. The author adopts, as his own, a passage from “Hallam’s View of Europe during the Middle Ages,” which, with one or two more, we shall now proceed to examine.

“In the eighth and ninth centuries, when the Vulgate Latin had ceased to be generally understood, there is no reason to suspect any intention in the Church of Rome, to deprive the laity of the Scriptures. Translations were freely made, although the acts of the saints were generally deemed more instructive. Louis le Debonnaire is said to have caused a German version of the New Testament to be made. Otfred, in the same (that is the ninth,) century, rendered the Gospels or rather abridged them into German verse: this work is still extant, and is, in several respects, an object of curiosity. In the eleventh, or twelfth century, we find translations of Psalms, Job, Kings, and the Macchabees, into French. But, after the diffusion of heretical principles, it became expedient to screen the orthodox faith from lawless interpretation. Accordingly, the council of Toulouse,* in 1229, prohibited the Laity from possessing the Scriptures, and

* Throughout this Article on the translations of the Bible, we have avoided advert-
ing to the very distinct question of its circulation. It would be improper, however,
to pass this flippant statement without some remark. “The council of Toulouse
prohibited the Laity from possessing the Scriptures,”—True. But what was this

this prohibition was frequently repeated upon subsequent occasions."—*Bibliographical Appendix*. pp. 55, 56.

"The discovery of the art of printing, however, in the fifteenth, and the establishment of the glorious Reformation throughout Europe in the following century, facilitated the circulation of the Scriptures. Wherever its pure doctrines penetrated, the nations, which embraced it, adopting its grand principle, that the Bible contains the religion of Protestants, were naturally desirous of obtaining the Sacred volume in their respective languages. Even in those, into which the doctrines of the Reformation were but partially introduced, it was found necessary to yield so far to the spirit of the times, as to admit, in a limited degree, vernacular versions among the people."—*Ibid*. pp. 58, 59.

Coupling these two passages together, who can hesitate as to the conclusion which the author wishes to have drawn? "In the eighth or ninth century there is no reason to suspect any intention in the Church of Rome to deprive the laity of the Scriptures. Translations were freely made." "But after the diffusion of heretical principles, it became expedient to screen the orthodox faith from lawless interpretation." How? Does it not follow by proscribing the translation of the Scriptures into the vulgar tongue? "After the diffusion of the principles of the glorious Reformation, it became necessary to admit, *in a limited degree*, vernacular versions among the people." Therefore, before this time, they were unknown, or but little heard of. This is the obvious inference. And if, on turning to the author's own history of

council of Toulouse? or, to whom did its prohibition extend? It was a Diocesan, or, at most, a Provincial synod, and its decrees were intended solely for the government of the faithful of that district, in which the monstrous errors of the Albigenses had long been prevalent. Far from being extended to the universal Church, they did not even regard any other province of France.

What are the subsequent occasions on which this prohibition was repeated, Mr. Horne of course knew, else he would not have adopted the statement. But it is certain, that there *never* was any general decree, such as that of which Hallam speaks. In the Council of Constance, where this very matter, the abuse of the Scripture, was introduced, no decree, prohibitory, or even restrictive, was issued.

In the Council of Trent, a congregation was appointed to draw up a prohibitory Index, and the only limitation, which it affixes, is found in the fourth rule, by which, the bishop, pastor, or confessor, is empowered to withhold the Scripture from those, to whose faith, or piety, its use might prove injurious. A short experience of the evil effects of the indiscriminate reading of the Scriptures, was sufficient to convince even Protestants, of the reasonableness of its limitation. The recorded opinion of Archbishop Bramhall, and other dignitaries of the Established Church, that "the unrestrained license of Protestantism is more pernicious than the severity of the Church of Rome"—the history of the Pietist controversy among the Lutherans, the causes of which Mosheim touches but lightly—[Seventeenth Cent. Sect. 2. Part 2. Chap. 1. Sect. 27. and 28] and above all, his own individual experience, will satisfy every unprejudiced man, that it exhibits but little of that tyranny and injustice, of which the world has heard so much.

Even this restriction, such as it was, has been removed. A decree of the congregation of the Index (June 13th, 1757) permits the use of the Bible to all, provided it have an approved commentary attached.

the various editions of the Bible, the reader find, before the Reformation, only a few solitary translations, without a single word which could lead him to believe that the editions were numerous, or the circulation considerable, will he not conclude, that such an inference is correct and founded in the true history of those times ?

In page 83, Mr. Horne is still more explicit, distinctly attributing the publication of the English Version by the Catholic Divines of Douay, to their "finding it impossible, to withhold the Scriptures longer from the common people." In these days of mutual toleration, we would not willingly bring before the public mind, the true causes, which prevented the publication of a Catholic version in England. We are, however, compelled to remind Mr. Horne, of the barbarous policy, which deprived the Catholic, not of religious alone, but even of moral or scientific education, which made his religion a crime, and his exertions in its cause a treason.

But the former paragraph, as being more general, is also of more importance. We turn to it therefore at once. Opposite page 63 is inserted a "table of the principal versions into the various languages and dialects, with the dates and authors' names, where it was possible to ascertain them." We were not a little surprised, to find the German Bible of Martin Luther, occupying the first place in this table. In the earlier editions, there was one placed before it, that of Boniface Ferrier, *Valentia*, 1478. But,

Αἱ δευτεραι πως φροντιδες σοφωτεραι.

Mr. Horne could not conceive in what respect, the claims of Ferrier's Bible to this honour were superior to those of the Italian Bible of Malermi; of the Flemish Bible, which was printed at Cologne; of the Bohemian Bible published at Prague; or any one of the eighteen German Bibles, which appeared before the publication of Luther's; and seeing clearly, that it would be quite improper to introduce a crowd of old-fashioned Popish translators into the company of a respectable Reformer, he wisely determined to exclude them all, in order that he might escape the trouble of making a selection. We will not quarrel with him upon this point; although we cannot help thinking, that, if Catholic versions, at this period, were such a rarity, as he would have his readers suppose, he might have thought them worthy of insertion, at least, as curious specimens; if it were on no other principle, than that on which ugly old china is preferred to the newest and most fashionable pattern, on the very ground of its ugliness and antiquity. But he has not left them altogether unnoticed; and, without going beyond his own book, we can find enough to disturb very considerably the imposing aspect of the grave charge which he advances. We shall make a few extracts

from his more lengthened account of the translations into the various languages.

“ So early as the year 1466, a German translation from the Latin Vulgate was printed, the author of which is unknown.”—p. 88.

“ Although Christianity was planted in Britain in the first century, it does not appear that the British had any translation of the Scriptures in their own language, earlier than the 8th century. About the year 706, Adhelm, the first Bishop of Sherburn, translated the Psalter into Saxon, and, at his earnest persuasion, Egbert, or Eadfrid, Bishop of Lindisfern, or, Holy Island, soon after executed a Saxon version of the four Gospels. Not many years after this, the learned and venerable Bede, who died in 735, translated the entire Bible into that language. There are other Saxon versions, either of the whole, or of detached portions, of a later date. A translation of the book of Psalms was undertaken by the illustrious King Alfred, who died A. D. 900, when it was about half-finished, and Elfric who was Archbishop of Canterbury in 995, translated the Pentateuch, Joshua, Job, Judges, Ruth, part of Kings, Esther and Macchabees.”*

“ A chasm of several centuries† ensued, during which, the sacred Scriptures appear to have been buried in oblivion, the general reading of them being prohibited by the Papal see. The first English translation of the Bible, known to be extant, was executed by an unknown individual, and is placed, by Archbishop Usher, to the year 1290. Of this, there are three MS. copies preserved; in the Bodleian Library, and in the Libraries of Christ Church, and Queen’s Colleges at Oxford. Towards the close of the following century, John de Trevisa, vicar of Berkeley, in the county of Gloucester, at the desire of his patron, Lord Berkeley, is said to have translated the Old and New Testament into the English language. But, as no part of this work ever appears to have been printed, the translation ascribed to him, is supposed to have been confined to a few texts, which are scattered in some parts of his works, (several copies of which are known to exist in manuscript) or, which were painted on the walls of his patron’s chapel, at Berkeley Castle.”—p. 63.

“ The earliest attempt towards translating the Scriptures into French, was made by Jear de Vignay, or de Vignes, who translated the Epistles and

* From the Second Volume of the “ Introduction &c.” page 246.

† It will be recollected, that the Norman invasion occurred in the following century. The struggle of the natives, to maintain their own language and customs against those of the victorious Normans, was long and obstinate. Doctor Johnson traces the origin of the present English language to the middle of the twelfth century, and yet he says, that there was little, or no admixture of Norman, at that time. Robert of Gloucester, who lived in the 13th century, was among the first, who used, what Dr. J. calls; the “ Medium-language, half-English—half-Norman.” (*History of Eng. Lan. Pref. to Dict.*) During this period, (the chasm to which Mr. H. alludes) the Saxon versions must have been perfectly intelligible to the natives. There are several Saxon MSS. extant, which were written after the conquest, and we even find some, in which the Saxon is accompanied by an interlinear Norman translation. Is it extraordinary, that the Bible should not have been translated into English, before the language was even formed?

Gospels contained in the Romish Missal, at the request of Jane of Burgundy, Queen of Philip, King of France, in the early part of the 14th century. Later in the same century, Raoul de Presles, or de Traelles, at the command of Charles the fifth, King of France, translated the bible into French, as far as the Psalms, or Proverbs. A very fine MS. of his version is preserved among the Lansdowne MSS., (No. 1175.) in the British Museum. In 1512, J. Le Fevre of Estaples, (better known by the name of Jacobus Faber Stapulensis) published a translation of St. Paul's Epistles, with critical notes, and a commentary, in which he freely censures the vulgate; and, in 1523, he published at Paris, in a similar manner, the whole of the New Testament. This was followed by detached books of the Old Testament, and an edition of the entire Bible translated by himself. It was printed at Antwerp by Martin L'Empercur, in 1530, (again in 1534 and 1541) and was revised by the divines of Louvaine, whose edition appeared in 1550, and has since been repeatedly printed. The translation of Le Fevre is said to be the basis of all the subsequent French bibles, whether executed by Roman Catholics or Protestants."—p. 92.

"A Flemish translation of the Sacred Scriptures was made from the Vulgate, in the fifteenth century. It was printed at Cologne, 1475, at Delft, in 1477, and at other places."—p. 94.

"Four versions of the Bible are extant in the Italian language. The first is that of Nicolas Malermi, who translated it from the Latin Vulgate. It was first published at Venice in 1471, in folio."—Ibid.

"The first Bohemian translation was made from the Latin Vulgate, and was published at Prague, in 1478."—p. 97.

"Three versions of the Scriptures have been published in the Polish language. The first was undertaken for the use of the Romanists, and was published at Cracow, in 1561; reprinted at the same place, in 1577, 1599, and 1619, and at other places."—Ibid.

"The earliest edition of the Scriptures in the Spanish language was executed from the Vulgate, and printed at Valencia, in 1478. It is now of very rare occurrence. In 1553, a Spanish version of the Old Testament was made for the use of the Jews, by Edward Penel. It was printed at Ferrara."—p. 95.

"Benedict Fernandez, a Spanish Dominican Friar, vicar of Mixteca in New Spain, translated the Epistles and Gospels into the dialect spoken in that province. Didacus de S. Maria, another Dominican, and vicar of the Province of Mexico, who died in 1579, was the author of a translation of the Epistles and Gospels in the Mexican tongue, or general language of that country. The Proverbs of Solomon and other fragments of the Holy Scriptures were translated into the same language by Louis Rodriguez, a Spanish Franciscan friar, and the Epistles and Gospels, appointed to be read for the whole year, were translated into the idiom of the Western Indians, by Arnold a Basacio, also a Franciscan friar. But the dates of these latter translations have not been ascertained."—p. 120.

From Mr. Horne's own evidence, therefore, it appears, that the Reformation, however it may have contributed to the circu-

lation of the Scripture, was not at least the first cause of its translation, in any of the above-named countries. But, if the matter rested upon this evidence, it would still be difficult to dissent from the inference with which he has connected it. We will not say that it is unfair, because nothing positively false is advanced: but we must say, that it is at least extremely imperfect. Set down by itself—unaccompanied by any commentary—it might have been allowed to pass without censure, although scarcely without notice. The student would then have perfect liberty, to form his own conjecture, as to the cause of the apparent paucity of Editions, previous to the Reformation; and, unless his prejudices led him to the same conclusion which Mr. Horne has drawn, he might attribute it to some less offensive cause—to the imperfect state of the art of printing, or, the difficulty or expense with which it was necessarily attended. But as the case is, no man can stop short at this conjecture. The mind is irresistibly impelled to join the author in attributing it to the only cause to which it appears possible that it could be traced; and a statement, in itself objectionable, only because it is imperfect, becomes, for that very reason, a most dangerous instrument of misrepresentation. We shall not, therefore, offer any apology, for dragging the reader through a tedious catalogue of names and dates. Should he possess patience enough to carry him through our brief historical review of the versions of Scripture into the several languages of Europe—a notice necessarily curtailed in many interesting particulars—we would refer him for a full and satisfactory account to one of the most learned and laborious compilations in existence—the *Bibliotheca Sacra* of Le Long. Mr. Horne calls the edition of Paris 1723, to which we refer, “the best edition of a most laborious work.”

ITALIAN VERSIONS.—There is no country in Europe, with the single exception perhaps of Spain, into which the doctrines of the Reformation have been so “partially introduced,” as Italy. Judging of it, therefore, by the statement of the author, we cannot expect to find the Scriptures in its vernacular language, or at least in circulation, until after it was found necessary “to yield to the spirit of the times;” and, even then, only “in a limited degree.” Unluckily, in this instance, the fact gives a death-blow to the theory. The earliest Italian version appears to be that, which is mentioned by Sixtus Senensis, as the work of a Dominican, named Jacobus a Voragine, afterwards appointed Archbishop of Genoa*. *Utriusque Instrumenti volumina divina, primus omni-*

* *Biblioth. Sacra. Sixti Senensis. Tom. i. p. 397.* This statement has been called in question. But there is no reason to doubt it. The argument recited by Le Long is founded on a mistaken date in Senensis. It is 1290, not 1270, and it is not

um, in Italicam linguam, summa fide ac diligentia, transfudit. He lived under the Emperor Adolph, who was elected in 1292. But the translation most important for our present purpose, is that of Nicholas Malermi, a Camaldolese Monk, which was printed at Venice, 1471, and in the same year, at Rome, with considerable alterations. It was reprinted at Venice, in 1477, both in folio and 4to; and, before the year 1525—before Luther had made much progress in his translation—it had passed through no less than thirteen editions.* Some of these have become very rare; and, as specimens of typography, they are all very interesting. They were all issued *with the leave of the Inquisition*; as were also eight new editions, which appeared before the year 1567.

The version of Malermi, which was from the Vulgate, was followed, in 1532, by one which professed to be from the original text; but, in reality, was merely a transcript of Pagnini's Latin version. The author was Ant. Brucchioli. In the space of twenty years it passed through ten editions, several of which—all very inaccurate—having been formally condemned, a revision was undertaken by Santes Marmochini; but it grew under his hand into a new version, which was published at Venice in 1538, and again in 1546 and 1547. But the most finished and accurate among the Catholic translations was executed, with the sanction of Pius the sixth, by Ant. Martini, Archbishop of Florence. The New Testament was published in 1769, and the old, in 1779. Since that time, both have been very frequently reprinted.

Here, in Catholic Italy—Italy, so little favoured in the doctrines of the Reformation—Italy, the very hot-bed of Popery—we find not less than thirty distinct editions of the Italian Bible, in a period of about seventy years. Might this not satisfy all the pious cares of the most sanctified Biblical coterie in the kingdom?

SPANISH VERSIONS. The history of the Spanish versions, though they are not by any means so numerous as those of Italy, or indeed of any other Catholic country of the same political importance, will at least shew, that, to whatever cause this circumstance

said, as he supposes, that he wrote his translation in that year, but that he flourished (floruit) at that time. His translation is mentioned by many other authors.

* We subjoin a list of the editions referred to. (1.) *Vindelinius de Spina; Venetii, 1471.* (2.) *Kalendis Octobris, 1471.* Without place, or printer's name, but supposed to be at Rome. It differs very considerably, particularly in the Old Testament, from the version of Malermi. (3.) *Johannes de Rubois, Pinarolii, 1475.* (4.) *Ant. Bononicus, Venetii, 1477.* (5.) *Gabriel de Piero, Ibid. 1477.* (6.) *Octavianus Scotus. Ibid. 1481.* (7.) *Andreas de Catharo, Ibid. 1484.* (8.) *Joh. Rosso, Ibid. 1494.* (9.) *Berth. Zanni, Ibid. 1502.* (10.) *From the same press, 1507.* (11.) *Lazar. Zoardi and Bernard de Benalis, Ibid. 1517.* (12.) *Eliz. Rusconi, Ibid. 1525.* (13.) An edition without name or date, but certainly before this period.—Le Long. Tom. i. p. 354-5.

may be ascribed, at all events the principles, which directed the publication of the Scriptures in that country, were not under the influence of the Reformation. The historian Mariana mentions, that, during the reign of Alfonso the Wise, the Bible was, by his direction, translated into Castilian.* Among the productions of the celebrated poet Luis de Leon, there is not perhaps one more admired than his translation of the book of Job.† The stately solemnity of the Spanish language accords admirably with the sublime original; and the imagination of the poet, naturally vivid and perhaps extravagant, was chastened by the strong feeling of piety, which we trace, even in the lightest productions, particularly of his later days. He was not so fortunate in his translation, or rather commentary, on the Canticle. Some of his opinions were considered extravagant and irreligious. He was accused of heresy—deprived of the chair of theology, which he held at Salamanca, and committed to prison. He was at length declared innocent, and restored to all his former honours; but he never resumed the work of translation. About the year 1405, the whole Bible was given in the Valencian dialect, by Boniface Ferrier, a native of the city of that name. His brother St. Vincent Ferrier, is supposed by some to have been the author; and it is at least certain that he assisted in its preparation.‡ It was printed, *with the formal sanction of the Inquisitors*, at Valencia in the year 1478: and appears to have been reprinted about 1515. In 1512, the Epistles and Gospels were translated by Ambrosio de Montesina. The volume was published a second time at Antwerp, in 1544; at Barcelona, in 1601 and 1608, and at Madrid in 1603 and 1615. With the exception of some translations of the Psalms, Proverbs and other detached books, there was no new Catholic version, until, in 1794, Don Felipe Scio de San Miguel published, at Madrid, a complete translation of the Bible, conformable to the Vulgate, plain and accurate, though simple and unpretending in its style; his version is more admired, even by the Protestants, than any other in the Spanish language. It has been selected by Mr. Bagster, as the Spanish version of his modern Polyglott Bible.

GERMAN VERSIONS. The language of Germany has undergone less of change, particularly that which arises from foreign admixture, than any other in Europe. Indeed, the scrupulous care with which, until lately, all words of foreign extraction were

* Con el mismo intento, hizo que los sagrados libros de la Biblia se traduxessen en lengua Castellana. —Mariana Hist. d'España. Lib. 14. c. 7. Tom. i. p. 56.

† History of Spanish literature, by Boufferwek, who speaks however of a translation not of Job, but of the Psalms, p. 253.

‡ Preface to Valera's Spanish Bible. Amsterdam, 1602.

excluded, gave it, in the eyes of a stranger at least, a quaint, if not a ludicrous, appearance: and although it has suffered all those gradual variations, to which every living tongue is necessarily subject, it does not appear to have encountered any of those sudden shocks, which, in the first instance, unsettle, and ultimately revolutionize, a language. Hence, from the very earliest times, its character may be looked upon as decided, free from that fluctuating tendency, which, for several centuries, was common to all the other languages of Europe. In the middle of the fourth century, Ulphilas, a Bishop of the Mæso-Goths, who inhabited the district now called Wallachia, translated the Bible into the dialect of that province, a branch of the parent Gothic, from which the modern German has sprung.* It is said, that he abstained from translating the Books of Kings, lest he should inflame the martial ardour of his people, who had as yet imbibed but little of the mild spirit of Christianity. Another version into the Teutonic of his own age was made by order of Charlemagne; and a rhythmical paraphrase of the Gospels, under the direction of the first Emperor Louis. As the dialect continued to advance, new versions were executed from time to time; and in the numerous manuscripts of the Bible, or portions of it, with which the libraries of Germany abound, may be traced almost a consecutive history of her language.

In the country in which the art of printing was invented, it was natural that it should be applied early to the publication of the Bible. "In the year 1466, a German translation from the Latin Vulgate was printed, the author of which is unknown." In the Senatorial Library at Leipsic, two copies are preserved, neither of which has any printed date of publication. But, in one, the illuminated capitals are added by the hand, as was usual in the early specimens of printing. In the same hand is appended the date, 1467. *Before the publication of Luther's translation in 1534*, this Bible, besides these Editions, was republished, with improvements, at least *sixteen times*; once at Strasburg; five times at Nuremberg, and ten times at Augsburg.† In some instances the corrections are but verbal, but, in many others, it would be more correct to call them separate versions, than distinct editions of the same version. To the edition of Augsburg 1477, is appended the assurance, that it is superior to all the

* For an account of this version, and the curious fragment of it which has been preserved, the Codex Argenteus—see the second volume of the "Introduction," p. 240-5.

† The following are the dates: *Strasburg*, 1485. *Nuremberg*, 1477, 1480, 1483, 1490, 1518. *Augsburg*, 1477, 1480, 1483, 1487, 1490, 1494, 1507, 1510, 1518, 1524.—Le Long. t. i. p. 277-97.

German Bibles hitherto printed; and a subsequent edition, (printed by Ant. Koburger, Nuremburg, 1483) ornamented with wood-cuts, and containing the headings of the books and chapters, advances its title to that character, with still greater confidence.

Is it not extraordinary that Mr. Horne does not advert to a single one of these editions? Did he really imagine, that, in the two lines which we have extracted, he had given a fair account of the Catholic versions previous to Luther? Can it be possible that he knew not, or did not believe, their existence? The supposition is a charitable one: but a very hurried glance at Le Long, to whom he refers, would have set him right upon the subject. For ourselves, we could scarce expect even in these days of biblical enlightenment, greater activity in the publication of the Bible. When we cast our eye over this long list of editions, we can almost fancy it the "Report" of some "Foreign Bible Society:" and, while we read the pompous manifesto of old Anthony Koburger, we can hardly persuade ourselves, that it is not the card of some "Bookseller to the Home Mission," or the "Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews."

In the year 1534, a new translation from the Vulgate by John Diemberg was published at Mentz, under the auspices of Albert, Archbishop and Elector of that city. Rude and unpolished in its style,—filled with the idiomatic expressions of the author's native province—it was valued, notwithstanding, by the Catholics, on account of its fidelity—perhaps also, from the contrast with Luther's version, against which they had conceived the most violent prejudices. Within a hundred years from the date of its publication, we can trace upwards of twenty impressions—four at Mentz, and at least seventeen at Cologne. In 1537, a new German Bible made its appearance—the New Testament translated by the well known John Emser—the Old, according to Le Long, by John Eckius (or Ecken), though Moreri is of opinion that Emser was the author of both. It was reprinted several times: and, in 1630, was followed by a new version, executed by Gaspar Ulenberg, and dedicated to Ferdinand, Archbishop and Elector of Cologne.

Within the last forty years, several new translations have appeared in Germany. Some of them, particularly those of Schwarzel and Brentano, have been received with great favour, even by the Protestant party in that country.*

* During this year, has been published at Munich, the sixth volume of a new Catholic German version, by Joseph Francis Allioli, D. D. professor of Scripture and the oriental languages at the Royal University of that city. It contains a general preface by Gregory Thomas Von Ziegler, Bishop of Lintz, and is accompanied by ex-

FRENCH VERSIONS.—Mr. Horne is mistaken in supposing, that “the earliest attempt towards translating the Scriptures into French was made by Jean de Vignay, who, in the early part of the fourteenth century, translated the Epistles and Gospels contained in the Romish Missal.” There is a version of the books of Kings and Maccabees, confessedly of much higher antiquity—referred by Le Long to the eleventh century, a supposition fully confirmed by a comparison with the few relics of the French language of that period. Several MSS. of the Psalms are preserved, which Wharton places as early as the twelfth century; and a catalogue of the Library collected by Charles the fifth of France, written in the year 1373, contains a notice of a volume comprising the books of Proverbs, Psalms, Wisdom, Ecclesiastes, Ecclesiasticus, Isaias, and eighteen chapters of Jeremiah. It is extraordinary, that he did not at least recollect the passage from Hallam, which he quoted, (p. 56) and in which it is stated, in express terms, that “in the eleventh or twelfth century, we find translations of the Psalms, Job, Kings, and the Maccabees, into French.”

In the earlier editions of the “Introduction,” Guiars des Moulins, a canon of St. Pierre d’Aire, was set down as the first French translator of the Bible. But in a note, (p. 92) we are now informed, “that this opinion is common, but erroneous,” since he merely translated the “*Historia Scholastica* of Peter Comestor, a popular abstract of Sacred History.” In what sense the character “a popular abstract of sacred history” is used, we cannot of course undertake to determine. If it means an abstract or abridgment of the Scriptures, we will not quarrel with its use. But we are at a loss to see, how, in its ordinary acceptance, it applies to a work, which comprises not merely the historical books—those of Moses, Joshua, Kings, and the Gospels—but also, those which are purely doctrinal; the Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Wisdom, and, in a word, all the moral books, whether of the Old or New Testament. The “*Bible Historyale*” of Des Moulins contains them all; and, although the text is frequently interspersed with the translator’s commentary—sometimes not easily distinguished—and in many instances considerably abridged, yet, upon the whole, it contains, and generally without much verbal alteration, at least of a serious character, almost all that is of real importance, certainly far more than those who

planatory notes, on the plan of Martini’s Italian Bible, as the author tells us, “partly from the Scripture, as far as it explains itself, partly from the Holy Fathers and the decrees of councils.” (Pref. xxxii.) He “submits the entire to the judgment of the Holy Roman Church, to which it belongs to decide upon the true interpretation of the Scriptures.” (Pref. xxxvii.)

wished to "close the avenues of Scriptural enquiry," would be willing to disseminate.

The date of its earliest publication cannot be precisely determined. Archbishop Usher conjectures, that it may have been about 1478, about which time also it was published in a small 4to. size, like that to which Usher refers, without any date attached. In 1487, a new edition, corrected and enlarged by John de Rely, afterwards Bishop of Angiers, was published under the auspices of Charles the Eighth, to whom it is inscribed: and before 1546, it passed through *sixteen* impressions, four at Lyons, and twelve at Paris. In 1512, Jacques le Fevre undertook a new translation. Its history has been already given. As a whole it discovers very considerable learning; but, in many individual instances, the interpretations are arbitrary and injudicious. A revised edition was given by the Divines of Louvaine, in the year, 1550, which obtained more extensive circulation than any other among the French Catholic versions. Before the year 1700 it was printed twelve times at Rotterdam, twice at Antwerp, twelve times at Lyons, and thirteen at Paris.

The edition of Bourdeaux, 1686, has been severely censured, for accommodating the translation of some passages to the peculiar tenets of the Church of Rome. Although we are satisfied that in some of the obnoxious passages, the meaning is radically correct, and may even perhaps be fairly deduced from the text, we concur, notwithstanding, in the condemnation, in its fullest extent—the more so, that the attempt was perfectly gratuitous. It is not for the translator to go beyond the words of Scripture as he finds them. If he wish to explain, let him have recourse to the legitimate vehicle of explanation—a note. But, as a translator, he is bound to lay before his reader the plain text of Scripture, not his own deductions, however clear and consecutive they may appear to himself.

For our present purpose it is unnecessary to carry this inquiry farther. It will be sufficient barely to mention the versions of Isaac Le Maistre, more commonly called De Sacy: of Corbin, Amelotte, Maralles, Godeau, and Hurè.

ENGLISH VERSIONS.—It is very difficult to determine with certainty the author, or the date, of the first English version of the Scriptures. Archbishop Usher assigns it to the year 1290; and there certainly was one, previous to the translation from the Vulgate, by the celebrated Wicliffe in the fourteenth century. Mr. Horne throws some discredit on the fact of Trevisa's having given an English translation. But his opinion seems destitute of any solid argument: and certainly, the circumstance of its never having been printed—the only confirmation which he advances,

is bad evidence that it never was made. Wharton seems to imagine, that it was the earliest in the language—Usher mentions it as quite certain—Anthony Wood could not have used more expressive language. *Biblia sacra in linguam vernaculam injussus transfudit.** Those, who are at all acquainted with the condition of the Catholic party in England, will not be surprised that the publication of the Bible, for the use of the English Catholics, was late, when compared with the other countries of Europe. In 1582, the New Testament, translated by William, afterwards Cardinal Allen, Gregory Martin, and Richard Bristow, all of the College of Rheims, was published in that city. It was reprinted at Antwerp, in the year 1600; and the whole Bible was published, after the College was restored at Douay, in 1609, 1610. It was afterwards revised by the Right Rev. Doctor Challoner. In the year 1750, an edition, in which the phraseology was modernized, the notes abridged, and in some instances considerably altered, was published in London, under his inspection. This is the Douay Bible now current among the Catholics of these countries. It has been printed very frequently, not only at home, but also in New York, Philadelphia, and many other of the States of North America.

FLEMISH VERSIONS.—From a fragment of a manuscript Bible, written at Worcester in 1210, we are told by Usher, that the Bible had been translated into Flemish before that time, by “one named Jacobus Merland.” The number of Manuscripts does not seem to be considerable: the Bodleian Library has one of the date 1472. But, when the use of printing was introduced, they displayed considerable activity in the publication of the Bible. It was first printed at Cologne, in 1475, and, without any extraordinary research, we can discover seven new editions, before the appearance of the German translation. Two, entirely distinct, were published at Delft, in 1477—the one in folio, the other in 4to; a third, at Goude, in 1479: a fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh, at Antwerp, 1515, 1525, 1526, 1528. The edition last named, the most correct which had hitherto appeared, was reprinted eight times in the space of 17 years,† and in 1548 was published at Louvaine, with additional corrections at the hands of Nicholas Van Wingham. The New Testament, translated by Cornelius Hendricks, was published separately at Delft in 1524. Within thirty years, there seem to have been at least ten editions of it at Antwerp alone; and in the following century, there were several new versions of the entire Bible, as those of De Witt, Laemput, Schurr, and others. •

* We quote from the Latin translation. Antiq. Oxonienses, Lib. ii. p. 95.

† The dates will be found in Le Long, Tom. i. p. 409-10.

To bring this detail to a close, we shall barely glance at the few remaining countries.

A translation of the Scriptures into Polish was made by order of St. Hedwige, wife of the famous Jagellon, Duke of Lithuania,* who, upon his marriage with her, was chosen king, under the name of Ladislaus the Fourth. During the same reign, (the close of the fourteenth century) there seems to have been a second version, by And. Jassowitz. But we do not find that the Bible was printed in Poland for several years after the rise of the Reformation. And yet this fact furnishes no confirmation of Mr. Horne's theory. For here the Catholic party, though late, still were earlier than the followers of the Reform, and, of course, could not, as he would insinuate, have been influenced by their example. It was printed, for the first time, at Cracow, in 1561, and again in 1577, 1599, and 1619, *with the approbation of the reigning Pontiffs*; and, in the next century, there were two new versions, by Hieronymus Leopoldianus, (Lemberg) in 1608, and Justus Rabi, in 1657.

John Hus, in one of his controversial tracts, (Replica ad Johan. Stokes) makes a direct allusion to the New Testament in Bohemian. The entire Bible in that language was published at Prague, in 1488: afterwards at Cutna, in 1498, and at Venice in 1506, and 1511.† A new Portuguese version by Antonio Pereira was printed at Lisbon, in 1781-83. As early, however, as the reign of John the first, "the Father of his country," the historian Emanuel Sousa tells us, that the New Testament had been translated into that language. A Slavonic version of a great portion of the Bible was printed at Cracow, in the beginning of the sixteenth century; in the fourteenth it was translated into Swedish, by order of St. Brigitte, Queen of Sweden: and, even in the rude dialect of Iceland, the astronomer, Jonas Arnagrímus, one of the most distinguished among the disciples of Tycho Brahe, speaks of a version in existence at the early date, 1279. Several editions of the Syriac and Arabic Bible were printed at Rome, Venice, and Vienna, for the use of the Christian Churches of the East. A translation into Ethiopic was published at Rome 1548, and some most exquisite editions of the Armenian Bible have issued from the press of the Armenian Monks, at San Lazaro, one of the Venetian Islands. An account has been given already of the versions into the languages of South America.

The evidence which we have collected here, principally from sources to which Mr. Horne himself refers, would lead us to a

* Kortholtus de variis S.S. Edit. Apud Le Long, tom. i. p. 439.

† See Dr. Wiseman's note to the Earl of Shrewsbury's letter to Lord Bexley, page 89, and following.

conclusion very different from that which he has drawn. We discover here no desire “to take away the key of Scriptural Knowledge,”—none of that gradual and constrained submission to a necessity, which the growing “spirit of the times” had induced—that ungracious yielding, where it was “no longer possible to withhold.” Far from it, when all the circumstances are fairly considered, it may rather be matter of surprise, that so much should have been effected. Early manuscripts—early, when compared with the application of the language to serious writing, are found in every country; and, generally speaking, as soon as the art of printing was introduced, it was eagerly applied to the same purpose. Though invented several years before, it was very little used until about 1462, and, even then, its application to general purposes was very limited. The German version of Luther, the earliest among the reformed, was completed in 1534. During this short interval—though the art was still in its infancy, though the difficulty and expense of each impression was enormous, compared with the present day—yet, in a period of about seventy years, nearly as many editions of the Bible were produced in the several countries of Europe—Italy 14; Germany 16; France—Des Moulins, 17; Le Fevre 2; Holland, entire Bible, 9; New Testament separate, 6; Spain 2; Bohemia 4.

We have dwelt thus long, on a subject, which many perhaps will deem uninteresting, because it is one, on which the public has been long and studiously misled. The notices of Mr. Horne, considered in themselves, cannot properly be called unfair. It is only in connexion with his illiberal and mistaken commentary, that we look upon them as liable to censure. When he advanced such an opinion—injurious as it is to the Catholic Religion—he should, in common justice, in laying before the public the evidence upon which it is founded, have taken care to afford them the same means of judging which he himself possessed.

*Μοιραν πασι νεμειν' ισοτης δ'εν πασιν αριστη.**

The plan of his work, it is true, does not require a special enumeration of the editions in each language. But if it did not interfere with its design to state, that the Bible of Geneva “passed through very numerous editions,” that Luther’s “was printed times without number,” &c. surely he might have bestowed one or two such passing words on the Catholic versions of Italy, or Germany, in order to correct the erroneous impressions which his own representation cannot fail to produce. His account of the versions in the languages of Asia, Africa, and America, in general, is very curious and interesting. But we have delayed so

* Phocylides, *Νηθετικον*. v. 130.

long, in justice to our own feelings, on the subject which has just been dismissed, that we cannot possibly find room for an extract. We must complain, that, in some cases, his notices upon the works of Biblical criticism, which are comprised in his list, have taken a tinge from his private prejudices and feelings. But although we are far from agreeing with him in many of his opinions, it would be impossible within the limits of a paper like the present to do justice either to his views or our own. Lest, however, we should seem to coincide in the flippant and inconsiderate praise, which he lavishes upon his favourite Protestant translators of the Bible, we shall follow him through a few, beginning, as of course does Mr. Horne, with the great Reformer of the North.

“ Scarcely, however, had the Reformation commenced, when Luther meditated a new version of the Scripture, for the general use of his countrymen. His first publication comprised the seven penitential psalms, from the Latin of John Reuchlin. These appeared in 1517, and were followed by the New Testament in 1522, by the Pentateuch in 1523, by the Book of Joshua, and the remaining historical books in 1524; in which year also appeared the books of Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Songs. In 1526, were published the Prophecies of Jonah and Habakkuk—in 1528, those of Zechariah and Isaiah—in 1529, the apocryphal Book of Wisdom—in 1530, the Book of Daniel, together with the remaining apocryphal Books,—and in 1531 and 1532, the rest of the prophetic books. All these portions of Luther’s translations are of extreme rarity. In the revision of it he received very important assistance from the learned and candid Philip Melancthon, who also corresponded with eminent men, on various topics of Biblical criticism, in order to render the translation as correct as possible. Further to ensure its accuracy, a select party of learned men assembled daily with Luther at Wittenberg, to revise every sentence which he had translated from the Hebrew and Greek. Melancthon collated the Greek original; Cruciger the Chaldee, and other professors the Rabbinical writings. Justus Jonas, John Bugenhagen, and Matthew Auro-gallus, also contributed their aid. The whole Bible, thus revised, was first published in 1530, and again in 1534, 1541, and 1551.”

There must be a mistake here. We are first told, that the larger portion of the Prophets was not completed until the year 1531 and 32. How, therefore, could the whole Bible, “ thus revised,” have been printed in 1530? Le Long* cites the words of Posseltus, who has written at length upon this subject, to the effect that in 1530, a German version was published at Strasburgh, under the name of Luther: but that the books in question were not translated by Luther, but taken from some other

* Tom 1. p. 384.

version, probably that of Hetzer. Perhaps it is to this edition that Mr. Horne alludes.

“Luther made his version directly from the original Hebrew and Greek; and not one of his numerous enemies durst charge him with ignorance of these languages. His translation is represented, as being uncommonly clear and accurate, and its style, in a high degree pure and elegant.”

In the concluding clause of this panegyric all are agreed. The style of Luther's version is indeed remarkable for its elegance and perspicuity, which it would be difficult to characterize more fully, than in the words of Melancthon, “*vice commentarii posset esse ipsa Germanica lectio.*” It may be considered a strange singularity in our taste, that the very quality which is so often the theme of exaggerated praise, should appear to us one of the principal defects—or rather sources of defect—in the translation. There never can be a doubt as to his meaning—clear and concise, and at the same time, strong and expressive, every clause has its own force, every sentence is its own commentary. In original writing, nothing could be better. But where the object should be, not merely to make oneself understood, but to express fully the sense of an original, frequently obscure, it is far from being the only qualification. When a passage happens to present a doubtful appearance, and is susceptible of a variety of interpretations, it can hardly be said, that it is fairly translated, when one of those meanings is excluded in the version, no matter with what elegance or perspicuity the other may be expressed: and there is no one who will not perceive the danger to which this course is exposed, when a translator enters upon it, full of prejudice, and prepossessed in favour of peculiar opinions.

We do not know what meaning Mr. Horne attaches to the word, when he says, that not even the *enemies* of Luther durst charge him with ignorance of the Greek and Hebrew languages; nor do we conceive, that, in considering the merit of a work, it is a matter of much moment whether the author err from ignorance or malice. But we do know, that the charge of ignorance has been made—and not very unfrequently; and that while, numbers have been found to accuse Luther of wilful mis-translation, even his warmest admirers will find it very difficult, in some individual instances, to defend him from the charge of inaccuracy, whatever may have been its cause. No person, who knows the feelings which Luther and Zuingli cherished for each other, will be surprised to find Zuingli charging him with “changing and rechanging the word of God;” nor could it perhaps be expected that he should escape the censure of that unsparing and inexorable critic, Simon. But it is more remarkable that Sebastian Munster did not hesitate to accuse the all-powerful

Reformer; and it speaks badly for the accuracy of his version that the Dutch Bible, translated from his German, was formally condemned by a decree of the synod of Dort,* by which it was also enacted, that a new version from the original should be undertaken in its stead. These, however, are but general assertions, and cannot have much weight in influencing individual opinion. We prefer producing a few specimens from Luther's own work, that each may compare them with the original, and form his own judgment accordingly. We choose them from the New Testament, the original of which is more generally understood.

In the first Epistle to the Corinthians, chapter 9, v. 5, we read † “Have we not power to lead about a woman, a sister, as well as the rest of the Apostles, and the brethren of the Lord, and Cephas?”—

This is a verbal translation of the Greek text.

Μη οὐκ ἔχομεν ἐξουσίαν ἀδελφὴν γυναῖκα περιάγειν; ὡς καὶ οἱ λοιποὶ ἀποστολοὶ καὶ οἱ ἀδελφοὶ τοῦ Κυρίου καὶ Κηφᾶς;

The word *γυνή*, as every one knows, sometimes means “woman” in general; sometimes is restricted to the signification “wife.” Its meaning, therefore, must be determined by circumstances; but here it is sufficiently evident. St. Paul asks the question obviously in reference both to Barnabas and himself. He has commenced the chapter in the singular number, and he resumes it in the thirteenth verse. If there could be a doubt, as to the force of the plural here, it would be removed by the following verse, in which, the “have *we* not power” is resolved by the unequivocal words, “*Barnabas and I alone* have we not power?” Speaking there of *two husbands*, surely he would have introduced two wives also; and does it not follow, for a contrary reason, that when he spoke not of two, but one, *γυναῖκα*, he means not a wife, but an attendant matron, who was to provide for the necessities both of the Apostle and his companion? From this single observation — but still more from the general tone of the argument, by which the Apostle enforces this right, it appears to us all but evident, that the meaning of *γυνή* cannot be “wife.” There is nobody, at least, who will not acknowledge that it is extremely doubtful. The authorised version, notwithstanding, following in the steps of *Beza*, has rendered it, “a sister a wife.” But this was not enough for Luther. Doubtless, he looked upon it as still obscure, and he relieves his readers from all uncertainty, by rendering it

“Haben wir nicht Macht eine Schwester zum Weibe mit umher zu führen, wie die andern Apostel, und des Herrn Brüder, und Kephas?”—

* A. D. 1618-19.

† Douay Version.

Weibe by itself was not sufficiently defined. He settles the point, by adding *zum Weibe* "for a wife," or "as a wife."

"Have we not power to lead about a sister as a wife like the other Apostles," &c. Fortunately the state of life from which he chose his own helpmate rendered any further change in the text unnecessary. The character, *Schwester-weibe*, without the smallest alteration, is perfectly applicable to the professed nun, sister Catherine.

After such an instance as the preceding, we can appreciate the motive, from which he translated the following text, 1st Tim. iii. 12.

Διακονοι ἐστῶσαν μιας γυναικος ἄνδρες, τεκνῶν καλῶς προϊσταμένοι καὶ τῶν ἰδίων οἰκῶν.

"Let the deacons be the husbands of one wife, who rule well their children and their own houses."—

The obvious tendency of this precept — one, which is also applied to the bishops—is, to exclude from the ministry those who had been twice married, and to make it a "sine qua non" that they should be "husbands of but one wife." Not that they should be married. It is not there the precept lies, but, that they should not have entered that state a second time. But Luther's version is more conformable to his own views.

"Die Diener, lass einen jeglichen seyn eines Weibes Mann, die ihren Kindern wohl vorstehen und ihren eigenen Häusern."—

"Let the deacons be (einen jeglichen) *each* the husband of one wife," &c.

Thus he changes a mere negative condition into a direct precept — the precept which he so often repeated, and which he illustrated so well in his own person.

In the verse immediately preceding, (11th) there is another instance of the dexterity with which he avails himself of the words of Scripture to bear out a favourite point: It is a small matter, but a straw will point the direction of the current. St. Paul had been giving instructions as to the qualifications of the deacon. In the 11th verse he adds:

Γυναικας ὡσαυτως σεμνας, μὴ διαβουλες, νηφαλεους, πιστας ἐν παντι.

"The women in like manner chaste, not slanderers, but sober, faithful in all things."

This was a favourable opportunity; and, accordingly, he translates it,

"Desselbigen gleichen, ihre Weiber sollen ehrbar seyn, nicht Lästerrinnen, nüchtern, treu in allen Dingen."

"*Like themselves their wives shall be,*" &c.—(Ihre Weiber.)

Granting that St. Paul, conformably with the early discipline, might have given a precept, such as that which Luther translated, is that enough to warrant the translator in affixing to the words a meaning which they do not bear? Had he said *τας γυναικας αυτων*, or even *τας γυναικας*, there might have been some colour for the translation. But *γυναικας*, without the article, undefined and indeterminate, even granting that it might signify "wives," does not mean, nor should it be translated, "their wives."

But the most remarkable case of all is that, with which he has been so often charged: (*Romans* 3. 28.)

Λογίζομεθα ούν, πιστει δικαιοσθαι άνθρωπον χωρις έργων νομου.

"For we account a man to be justified by faith without the works of the Law."

This text was the stronghold of his favourite doctrine—Justification by faith alone.* But it would appear, he did not look upon it as sufficiently strong, for he renders it

"So halten wir es nun, dass der Mensch gerecht werde, ohne des Gesetzes Werke, allein durch das Glauben."

"Hence we maintain that a man becomes righteous without the deeds of the law, through faith alone"—or, to follow the order of the German words "alone through faith."

The particle *allein* is utterly destitute of foundation in the text. In itself it is sufficiently unequivocal. But when it is recollected, that it was used by Luther in opposition to the clause, *ohne des Gesetzes Werke*; and as he himself professes, with the full knowledge that it is not found either in the Greek or Latin,† there cannot be the smallest doubt as to its tendency, and the intention of the translator scarcely admits of more.

In the sixth verse of the next chapter, there is an addition to the text, not less palpable, if it be less important.

Καθαπερ και Δαβιδ λεγει τον μακαρισμον τε ανθρωπω, φ' ο θεος λογιζεται δικαιοσυνη χωρις έργων.

* For a most satisfactory account of Luther's doctrine upon this subject, and all its extraordinary consequences, extracted from his own works, see Mühler's *Symbolik*, oder *Darstellung*, u. s. w. Buch i. s. 16. p. p. 150-60.

† "Satis sciens vocabulum illud neque in Latino, neque in Græco textu extare. Si enim *purè et perspicuè, et quidem Germanicè*, loqui aliquis velit, eam addere debere. (See the entire matter in his apologist Scekendorf. Lib. I, Section 52, page 210.) The reason, which he himself assigns for his deviation from the original, is a remarkable confirmation of the character which we have given of his translation. His interpretation of this passage is intended to support the monstrous doctrine, *Homo Christianus, etiam volens, non potest perdere suam salutem, quantiscumque peccatis, nisi nolit credere. Nulla enim peccata possunt eum damnare, nisi sola incredulitas.* "A Christian, even though he wish it, cannot lose his salvation, by any sins, however enormous, unless he refuse to believe, for no sin, but want of faith, can cause his damnation." [Luth. de Capt. Babyl. Tom. 2, page 284.] See Mühler in the article referred to above.

“As David also termeth the blessedness of a man, to whom God reputeth justice without works.”

Luther's translation is very different.

“Nach welcher weise auch David sagt, dass die Seligkeit sey allein des Menschen, welchem Gott zurechnet die Gerechtigkeit, ohne zuthun der Werke.”

“As also David saith, that happiness is that man's *alone* to whom God reputeth justice without *performing* works.”

For the restrictive adverb, or adjective *allein*, we are indebted to the translator here also. When it is said, that “a man is justified without works,” the meaning, if we attend to the words merely, may be, that works have no share in procuring his justification. But even in this erroneous interpretation it does not immediately follow, that they are unnecessary. Hence, they may be required as a condition, although excluded as a cause. In order, therefore, to obviate the possibility of this interpretation, it became expedient, to add *ohne zuthun*—thus, not only excluding good works from all share in effecting our justification, but pronouncing them of no importance towards its attainment.

A few such examples—even if they were but a few—do not seem calculated to make a favourable impression with regard to his accuracy, to whatever cause we may be disposed to attribute the defect. The truth is, that from a man of such violent prejudices, as all his writings betray, it would be useless to hope for a translation without some colouring from the predominant views of the author; and the system of paraphrasing, rather than translating, which, as even his apologists allow he generally pursued, enabled him to adopt with more security, the meaning best suited to his own principles. On the whole, therefore, we think, that Mr. Horne acted wisely, in offering the observations with regard to Luther's accuracy on the “representation” of others, rather than on his own authority.

We pass without further preface, to the notice of Diodati's Italian version.

“A Protestant Italian version of the New Testament was published at Geneva, in 1561, and of the whole Bible in 1562, which is usually considered as a revision of Bruce's. But Walch asserts, that it is altogether a new translation. It has however been long superseded by the elegant and faithful version of Giovanni Diodati, published in 1607.”—p. 94.

Born at Lucca in 1576, and educated probably for the Calvinist pulpit, Diodati appears to have become perfect master of his native language. His version of the Bible is written in a pure and elegant style, and, as such, is admired even by those who

differ from him in creed,* and perhaps acknowledge in it no other excellence. We have always been of opinion, that no translation of the Bible into any modern language can acquire the praise of elegance, without at least risking its claim to that of fidelity. The genius of the original languages differing *toto caelo* from the modern—the text, in many instances, corrupt or obscure, and not being relieved from either unless by the dangerous expedient of conjectural emendation, it is impossible to give a version the appearance of freedom or elegance, without taking a liberty with the text, which is always open, and naturally leads to abuse. The highest praise appears to be that of chaste, dignified simplicity, removed alike from carelessness and affectation. Beyond this limit Diodati aspired. And when we open his Bible, and see every page crowded with explanatory additions to the text, printed in Italics, we cannot help thinking it a limitation of the original, frequently unnecessary, and very often exposed to danger. Our meaning will be best illustrated by a few examples.—*Hebrews* x. 10.

Ἐν ᾧ θελήματι ἡγιασμένοι ἐσμεν ἡ διὰ τῆς προσφορᾶς τοῦ σώματος τοῦ Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ ἑφάπαξ.

“In which will we are sanctified by the oblation of the body of Jesus Christ once.”

The Italian is

“E per questa volontà siamo santificati, noi che lo siamo per l'offerta del corpo di Gesu Christo *falla* una volta.”

“And by this will we have been sanctified, we who have been, by the oblation of the body of Jesus Christ, *which was made* once.”

The sentence might not have been so *elegant* perhaps, had he translated it, “Per l'offerta del corpo di Gesu Christo una volta,” but no one will say, that it would not have been more *faithful*. There is a favourite, though feeble, argument against the sacrifice of the mass—an argument, in truth, founded in ignorance of the Catholic doctrine—drawn from the *one* oblation of Christ upon the cross. This is not the place to examine it. Calvin, Beza, and the other reformers used it freely and frequently; and this is one of the strongest texts on which it rests. The adverb *εφάπαξ* in the original, naturally, and by the grammar rule, would qualify the verb *ἡγιασμενοι ἐσμεν*, and so it would have been with the adverbial phrase *una volta*, had the text been literally translated. What then would become of this famous argument? Perhaps it would in reality be little altered; but they all seem to

suppose that it would. Hence, it was necessary to take some means for the purpose of saving it. Luckily the never-failing *Italics* come to his assistance—he inserts *fatta*; and thus restricts to the oblation the adverb, which naturally applies to the sanctification.

There is another case, which is of more importance, and in which the corruption—we cannot use a milder term—pervading, as it does, almost all the Protestant versions, cannot be considered as other than intentional. We say “important,” because it tends to destroy free-will in the observance of celibacy—a virtue which it was the favourite object of the first Reformers to decry. In answer to a question from his apostles, relative to marriage and virginity, our Redeemer says, Matthew xix. 11.

‘Ου παντες χωρησι τον λογον τειον’ ἀλλ’ οἱς δεδοται.

“All men take not this word, but they to whom it is given.”

The verb *χωρω*, as indeed its etymology implies, naturally signifies to *make place* for, to contain, to receive, and sometimes to receive favourably. But the authorized version gives it another signification here: “All persons *cannot receive* this saying.” It is obvious enough, that, whatever be the idea conveyed by the the verb *χωρησι*, it refers to the act, and not the power. But it is utterly impossible to hesitate, if we attend to its use, in the following verse, where our Redeemer intends directly to convey the power.

‘Ο δυναμενος χωρεῖν, χωρεῖτω. “He who can receive, let him receive.”

If *χωρω* means to be able to receive, *ὁ χωρῶν* must mean “he who is able to receive.” And yet, our Redeemer, when he wishes to convey that meaning, thinks it necessary to use *ὁ δυναμενος χωρεῖν*. The authorized translators displayed great inconsistency when they rendered *χωρεῖτω*, “let him receive,” and not, as above, “let him be able to receive.” But the translation of Diodati is still more pointed.

“Non tutti sono capaci di questa cosa; ma sol coloro a cui è dato.”

“Not all are capable of *this thing*, but *only* those to whom it is given.”

Not literally, as one might expect, *di questa parola*, but, “di questa *cosa*,” thus determining it to the particular virtue in question. What is meant by the translation of *ὁ δυναμενος χωρεῖν*, “*chi puo esser capace*,” we confess ourselves unable to divine.

The reader acquainted with the controversies of those times, will be prepared to expect, that in the following passage (*Heb.* xi. 21) Diodati should adopt the translation of Beza.

Πιστει Ἰακωβ, ἀποθνησκων, ἐκιστον των υἱων Ἰωσηφ ἐνλογησε, και προσεκυννησεν ἐπι το ἄκρον της ραβδου αὐτου.

“By faith, Jacob, dying, blessed each of the sons of Joseph, and adored the top of his rod.”

“ Per feds Jacob, morendo, benedisse ciascuno dei figliuoli di Josef, ed adorò *appoggiato* sopra la sommità del suo bastone.”

“ By faith Jacob, dying, blessed each of the sons of Joseph, and adored, *leaning* on the top of his rod.

Without entering into a critical examination of this very disputed passage, we think it quite sufficient to say, that, whether its meaning be “bowed,” or “made a reverence,” “to,” or “towards the top of his rod,” (and the “*adorare*” of the Vulgate here means nothing more) as Luther, notwithstanding his horror of the Vulgate, translates it,—or, “adored God, turning towards the top of his rod;” it will, at all events, be difficult to shew that it can be translated “*leaning upon*.” In that signification, the preposition *επι*, is found with a genitive and dative case; but it will not be easy to produce an instance, in which, coupled with an accusative, it is clearly susceptible of that interpretation.*

And yet, with all its faults, there is not one among the reformed translations to be compared with that of Diodati; and if, where he has taken these liberties with the text, he had apprised his readers, through the medium of a judicious note, of the diversity of opinions, and the grounds on which he adopted his own, much of the objection against it would have been obviated. But the notes which he gave, now seldom reprinted, partake little of the critical character.

Great efforts have been made from time to time, by the zealous emissaries of our unwearied Bible Societies, to circulate this translation among the Catholic population of Italy. Editions have even been printed in England, without name or date, and sent out for distribution. We have ourselves seen copies as to which, in order that they might impose upon the simplicity of the people, the Italian style of “making up” had been studiously imitated. Those who are acquainted with the workings of these same societies among the Catholic peasantry of Ireland, can best conceive the means which were practised in Italy.

“The first Protestant French Bible was published by Robert Peter Olivetan, with the assistance of his relative, the illustrious Reformer, John Calvin, who corrected the Antwerp edition, wherever it differed from the Hebrew. It was printed at Neuchâtel, in 1535, in folio, and at Geneva, in 1540, in large 4to., with additional corrections by Calvin. Both these editions are of extreme rarity. Another edition appeared at the same place, in 1588, revised by the College of Pastors and Professors of the reformed Church at Geneva (Beza, Genlart, Jaquemot, Bertram, and others), who so greatly improved Olivetan’s Bible, both in correctness and diction, that it henceforth obtained the name of the Genevan

* See Stephens’s *Thesaurus*, *επι*, and Vigerus de *Idiotismis* (Seager’s) *in loco*, p. 236-7.

Bible, by which it is now generally known. It has gone through very numerous editions, the latest of which is that of Geneva, 1805, in folio, and also in three volumes 4to., revised by the College of Pastors at Geneva. This is confessedly the most *elegant* French version extant; but many Protestants have wished that it were a little more literal, and they continue to prefer David Martin's revision of the Genevan version of the French Bible (of which the New Testament was printed in 1696, at Utrecht, in 4to., and the entire Bible at Amsterdam, in 1707, in two folio volumes), or the revision of Jean Frederic Ostervald, the best edition of which is said to be that of Neufchatel, in 1772, in folio, with his arguments and reflections on the different books and chapters of the Bible. Ostervald's revised text (frequently, but erroneously, termed a version), has been several times reprinted."—pp. 91, 92.

Although, according to Mr. Horne's account, Ostervald's revision of the French bible is preferred, on the ground that it is more literal, to the Genevan revision of 1805, it does not, in our opinion, itself possess much claim to that character. Prepared in the same school, produced among the same prejudices with that of Diodati, it resembles his version in many particulars. The truth is that Diodati has followed closely the translation of Beza, who had the principal charge of the first correction of Olivetan's bible, of which Ostervald's is a later revision.

There is no greater mistake than to imagine, that the translation of the Scripture may be regulated by the same principles as that of a profane author. In the latter case it is quite allowable that the translator should adopt his own views—he alone is accountable. But where he is translating a standard of divine faith—particularly if he translate, as every Protestant does, for those who are to form their own religious creed, and whose principles do not permit them to rest upon his authority—he is strictly obliged never to give his own opinions instead of the original text; and where there is an ambiguous expression in the original, his version, to be consistent with his own principles, must either preserve the ambiguity, or, by apprising the reader of the true state of the case, enable him to form his own judgment in his own proper person.

The few observations already made on the versions of Luther and Diodati will show the inconveniences to which this false impression has led. All the passages which were cited from the latter are equally open to objection, as they occur in Ostervald. We shall merely advert to one other passage, taken from the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, c. ii. v. 10.

Ὅτι δὲ τι χαρίζεσθε καὶ ἐγὼ· καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ, εἰ τι κεχαρισμαί, ὡς κεχαρισμαί, δι' ὑμᾶς, ἐν προσώπῳ χριστοῦ.

The Douay version literally renders it,—

“And to whom you have pardoned anything, I also. For what I have pardoned, if I have pardoned anything, for your sakes have I done it, in the person of Christ.”

The Catholic believes that sins are forgiven in the sacrament of Penance, by virtue of the authority which our Redeemer committed to its ministers. He believes that this is done, not by any human authority, neither the individual power of the priest, or the bishop, or the pope, but that of Christ himself, communicated to, and exercised by, the minister of the sacrament, as his representative, and, as it were, *in his person*. The doctrine is abundantly proved by many independent arguments; but this text is naturally regarded as affording a confirmation to a certain extent. The French translators deemed otherwise.

“Celui donc à qui vous pardonnez, je lui pardonne ainsi, car, pour moi, si j'ai pardonné, je l'ai fait pour l'amour de vous, en la presence de Christ.”

“I have done it for the love of you, in the presence of Christ.”

The phrase “in the presence of,” in the Greek both of the Old and New Testaments, is generally expressed by *εναντιον, κατεναντιον, ενωπιον, κατενωπιον*. The substantive *προσωπον* is sometimes used, generally with the preposition *κατα* (Maccab. i. 3, 22; Acts iii. 14; Luke ii. 31; 2 Cor. x. ver. 1 & 7.) sometimes, though rarely, with the preposition *εις* (Job i. 7; ii. 5.) But it appears quite inconsistent with the use, no less than the etymology of the word *προσωπον*, to translate the phrase by *εν προσωπη*. Among the six examples which Stephens gives of the use of the word in this signification, it is not once found with *εν* or any analogous preposition, and there is not a single clear instance in the entire Scripture. It occurs in the fifth and fourth chapters of this Epistle. In neither place does Erasmus translate it as here—in the fifth (ver. 12.); it is clearly unsusceptible of this signification; and in the fourth, the effort of the French translators, by distorting the text, and indeed rendering it absolute nonsense, to cover their translation of it in the passage before us, has been most signally unsuccessful. It is worthy of remark, that here also Luther agrees with the Vulgate, translating it *an Christi statt*, “in the place of Christ.”

Instead of continuing farther the examination of this version, we think it better to devote the small space which remains, to a few observations on another version, the origin of which, like that of the two former, may be traced to the school of Geneva—~~we mean~~ the Romaic of Maximus Callergi. The same spirit pervades them all; but it is more clearly developed in the Romaic; because the close similarity between the ancient and modern Greek, which, by the way, Mr. Horne very much underrates, unmask more completely the prejudiced and partial

views, which might escape notice under cover of a language less nearly allied to the original. Mr Horne's notice of it is as follows:—

“The Romaic is a corruption of the ancient Greek; so great indeed, that, compared with the latter, it may be pronounced a new language. It is at present in general use, both for writing and speaking, the ancient Greek being used solely for ecclesiastical affairs. Into this language the New Testament was translated by Maximus Calliergi, and was printed at Geneva in 1638, in one large 4to. volume, in two columns; one contains the ancient, the other the modern Greek. It was published at the expense of the then United Provinces, at the solicitation of Cornelius Haga, their ambassador at Constantinople. The Greeks, however, did not receive it with much favour. This translation was reprinted at London in 1703 (in one vol. 12mo.) by Seraphin, a monk of Mitylene, who prefixed to it a preface, which gave offence to the Greek Bishops, particularly the Patriarch of Constantinople. By his order it was committed to the flames. The edition of 1703 (which, in consequence of this suppression, had become extremely rare), was reprinted in 1705, and in that edition the objectionable passages in Seraphin's preface were omitted. A more correct edition of it was printed at Halle, in Saxony, in 1710, in one volume, 12mo., under the patronage, and at the expense of Sophia Louisa, Queen of Prussia. From this last edition was printed the impression executed at the expense of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in one thick vol. 12mo., Chelsea, 1810 (the ancient and modern Greek being in parallel columns.) To this edition the Patriarch of Constantinople gave his unqualified approbation.”—pp. 97, 98.

Let us have a specimen of the Patriarch's judgment. That there may be a better opportunity of comparing, we begin with the passage which we have just noticed, as it occurs in the French text of Ostervald.—2 Cor. ii. 10.

Ὅτι δὲ τι χαρίζεσθε, καὶ ἐγὼ καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ, εἴ τι κεχάρισμαι, ἢ κεχάρισμαι, δι' ὑμᾶς ἐν προσώπῳ Χριστοῦ.

Καὶ ἐκεῖνος ὅτι εἴσεσι συγχωρεᾶτε τιποτες καὶ ἐγὼ (τῷ συγχωρῶ)· διότι ἐγὼ, ἐὰν ἐχαρίσα τιποτες, ἐκεῖνος ὅτι ἐχαρίσα, διὰ λογουςας τοῦ ἐχαρίσα ἐνώπιον τοῦ Χριστοῦ.

“I have forgiven it for your sake, in the presence of Christ.”

The translation, it will be seen, is the same as Ostervald's—but it betrays the *animus* of the author much more clearly. In Romaic, the phrases *εἰς τὸ πρόσωπον*, and *ἐνώπιον* are synonymous. What, therefore, could have been more simple than to have rendered it here *εἰς τὸ πρόσωπον*, the very phrase which he commonly uses to express “in the presence of,” (Acts iii. 14; Luke ii. 31; Gal. ii. 11.) Oh! but this would also mean *in the person*; this would leave the translation, like the text, open to the Catholic interpretation. Surely it is an indication of any thing but good faith in the translator, thus to have left his way for the purpose

of misleading. With the same prejudices, he did not possess equal craft with the authors of the French Bible; and we are at a loss whether to wonder more at the prejudice which he manifests in this instance, or the blindness with which, in the fourth and fifth chapters of this same Epistle, he renders the self-same phrase *by the very words which he so studiously avoids here, εις το προσωπον.*

We can afford room only for one more.—Matt. xix.

Ὁ δε εἶπεν αὐτοῖς ὅτι πάντες χωρησι τὴν λόγον τούτον· ἀλλ' οὐκ δεδοται. Καὶ αὐτὸς τῆς εἶπεν· ἔταρον τὸν λόγον ὅλοι δὲν ἠμποροῦν νὰ τὸν χωρῶσιν· ἀλλὰ ἐκεῖνοι εἰς τῆς ὑποῖως ἔδοθη.

“All cannot receive this saying, but they to whom it was granted.”

Like all the other Calvinist translators, he renders the old Greek *οὐ χωρησι*, by *δὲν ἠμποροῦν νὰ χωρῶσιν*, “are not able to receive.” Will it be said in his defence, that the Romaic verb *χωρῶ* has a different meaning from the same verb in the ancient Greek? Let himself answer in the following verse:

ὁ δυναμενος χωρεῖν χωρεῖτω ὅπου ἠμπορεῖ νὰ χωρῶσῃ ἅς χωρῶσῃ.
where he twice considers them as synonymous words.

If the limits of this article permitted us to follow up the comparison, the common disposition of all these translators to accommodate the words of Scripture to their own principles would become still more apparent. In every instance, even down to the most contemptible of the quibbles of Beza, they all exhibit the same disposition.

And these are the translations, to circulate which, without note or comment, such unwearied exertions have been made. The opinion may startle some of our zealous Biblical friends, but we have ever held it as certain, that no Protestant, consistently with his principles, can read the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue without note or comment; nay, without the most copious notes, indicating, in all important passages, the various readings with the authority of each—the various translations, with the reasons for and against that which he finds before him. Without these precautions, he never can form his own judgment; without these, he is exposed to frequent and gross deception. Let any educated man compare with the original the passages which we have cited—and some of them are of considerable importance—we defy him to pronounce that they present—we do not say an accurate translation—but even a fair medium through which he could himself investigate the meaning. That such interpretations, limiting the sense as they do, should be advanced in the pulpit, or explained in the private lecture—that they should even be set down in the

version, with a due notice of the other interpretations which are possible, or at least have a degree of probability—this may be tolerated. Because there is the remedy—there they have no undue weight—we know their author, and the principles on which they are founded. But that they be given to the simple people, unnoticed and unexplained—mixed up with, and, as far as possible, assimilated to, the undoubted word of God: it is this we condemn; it is of this the thinking Protestant has a right to complain. It is the union of light and darkness—the admixture of doubt and certainty; it is the placing of the feet of clay under the statue of Nabuchadonosor's vision—the statue of gold, and silver, and iron, and brass, “and a stone hewn from the mountain without hands, struck the statue upon the feet thereof. Then was the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold broken to pieces together; and they became like the chaff of a summer's thrashing floor, and were carried away by the wind, and there was no place found for them.”* No, he must examine for himself—at least he must have the means of examination in his own hands. Like the Queen of Saba he must refuse credit to those who tell him, “until he come and his own eyes have seen.” Happy, if, like her, he find, that “the report was true which he heard in his own country!”

We waive for the present the perplexing question, whether he be not bound on his own principles, to read the Scriptures in the original language.—We do not press upon his mind the harassing doubt as to the purity of the text, at the present day—a doubt which the critical researches of modern Rationalists, exercising the free principles of Protestantism, have increased for him to an alarming degree.—But we do say, that of the many inconsistencies which those principles have induced, there is scarce one so great—not one, certainly, which of latter years has been made so prominent, as the dissemination and the use of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, without any commentary annexed. The Protestant is thus compelled, in despite of himself, to take upon authority—the authority of a translator—the very foundation of all his faith. And if he find—as he must find, that he cannot make even the first step in religion, without the assistance of authority, will it not be more consistent, as well as more secure, to follow that authority—the authority of the Catholic Church—which, even considered on motives merely human, must ever, in the mind of a thinking man, rank far above all others—which unites the vigour of youth, with the majesty of age—which knows no change, and disregards, in conscious superiority, every effort that would seek its overthrow.

* Daniel ii. 32, 35.

- ART. V.—1. *Hella, and other Poems.* By Mrs. George Lenox-Conyngham, author of "The Dream." 8vo. London. 1836.
2. *The Visionary; a fragment, with other Poems.* By Lady E. S. Wortley. 8vo. London. 1836.
3. *The Birthday; a Poem in three parts: to which are added, Occasional Verses.* By Caroline Bowles, author of "Ellen Fitzarthur," &c. 12mo. London. 1836.
4. *The Story of Justin Martyr, and other Poems.* By Richard Chenevix Trench, Perpetual Curate of Curdridge Chapel, Hants.* 12mo. London. 1835.
5. *Ion; a Tragedy, in Five Acts.* By Thomas Noon Talfourd. 8vo. London. 1836.

IF we might judge from the quantity of verse which the literary market still continues to produce from season to season, we should conclude that the general taste for poetry is quite as active as it ever had been at any former period of our literary annals. But we must take leave to say, that it is a taste very easily pleased. Few books wear a more attractive appearance than those fresh looking, elegantly printed, hot-pressed volumes, duly arranged in booksellers' windows, and usually containing one long metrical romance, with an appendix of sonnets, and occasional verses. It is not until we pass the ivory folder through the leaves, and familiarize ourselves with their contents, that we are enabled to appreciate all the value of external decoration. We too often find, beneath this show of beautiful binding and gilt-edged pages, a wonderful poverty of thought, and a most courageous contempt for the most ordinary rules of composition. The candidates for poetic fame seem to have altogether forgotten the art of blotting. They write with fine steel pens, upon enamelled paper, and they fancy that lines containing a certain number of syllables—eight is still the favourite number—commencing with capital letters, and terminating in rhyme, must of necessity be poetry. The album, in which they are preserved, is shown about among friends. The verses are praised, and adjudged to be fully as deserving of publication, as Miss Landon's, or Miss Brown's, or any of the other maiden authoresses, who have of late become so multitudinous. The criticism may not be unjust. The standard with which they are compared is one not difficult to be reached—and forth goes the volume, claiming the indulgence of the public, a partial hand being already retained to trumpet it forth in some of the literary newspapers as a production of extraordinary merit.

We are of opinion, that, if all the verses which have seen the light since the publication of the last Canto of *Childe Harold*

were consigned to the furnace for refinement, and all the beauties of thought and expression which they contain were fused into one volume, it would not extend beyond one hundred pages. Even this is a generous allowance, although it has been calculated that the "poetry" issued since that period covers as much paper, as, if pasted together, would form a tolerably wide girdle for the planet on which we breathe.

The causes of this intrepid fertility of production are sufficiently obvious. The classic school of English poetry has been long superseded by a host of "annuals," the offspring of a new trade, which dealt in the sale of engravings of very moderate pretensions to excellence, illustrated by writers of the lowest order in literature, employed for that special purpose. The sketch to be explained, of course, suggested the thought which the manufacturer was to turn into verse. In this way millions of stanzas have been created, which otherwise would have had no existence. They found an introduction to our drawing-rooms and boudoirs by reason of the very splendid style in which the works containing them were finished; and they very naturally excited amongst those who happened to possess a facility for composition, an emulation of having *their* poetical bantlings decked out in similar "tinsel and brocade." The trading speculators were without difficulty prevailed upon to accept the gratuitous services of these bands of volunteers of both sexes. No model was looked to higher than the original publications of this class. Milton, Pope, and Dryden, Gray, and even Thomson, were considered as antiquated—at least they were neglected—and a slipshod style of writing became, and still continues, in consequence, so prevalent, that we almost despair of seeing the evil redressed within the age to which we belong.

A retrospective review of the compositions which have appeared under a poetical form, since the commencement of the present century, is a work much to be desired. We well remember having been ourselves among the idolators of quartos, the reciters of passages selected from new poems, which we cannot now read again without being astonished at the total want of good taste which we then displayed. In justice to ourselves, however, we must throw all the blame upon the critics of the time, who, whether from the spirit of political partizanship, or the habits of private friendship, or the influence of particular circles ruling the fashion of the hour, raised up more than one reputation to the height of greatness, which already totters to its fall. It might be deemed invidious, if not schismatical, in us, to mention names from which the gloss of fame has been brushed away by the mere lapse of years. Most persons can discover these "paling" stars

by a very little research. They have merely to go to the book-stalls, and examine for a moment some of those verses, which, when they first came out, were mouthed in every direction, but of which, even an *annualist* would now be ashamed.

For our parts, we entertain rather high notions of the office and dignity of poetry, although we are aware that a school exists which questions its utility. It is quite true that fields might be ploughed, and trees planted, and ships constructed, and power-looms invented, and steam be taught to work its prodigies, if *Hofner*, and *Dante*, and *Milton*, had never seen the light. Nevertheless, we labour under a prejudice, perhaps an unfounded one, that it is difficult to think of the men whom we have just named, without looking upon them as beings of an order very much superior to the creatures who fill up the denser ranks of life. The knowledge that such men have been, the possibility that such men may be again, give us an exalted opinion of the human race. The magnet is supposed to obey some mysterious current, which, passing over all other objects with indifference, constantly directs that index to the pole. When we listen to the *Chian* bard, or to him who has sung of the battles of the heavenly hosts, might we not believe that the intellect is subject to some such analogous power—to some electric flow of thought, which, escaping from a purer sphere, touches a few favoured spirits, and impels them, for our guidance, towards that star which never sets, the type of that glory which is to know no decay? If poetry accomplished nothing more than this—if it be capable, as we think it is, of lending material assistance to religion in preparing man for nobler stages of existence, we should not hesitate to place it, in point of intellectual rank, above all the philosophy which the *Benthamites* and their disciples have yet attempted to force upon the public ear.

About what is, and what is not, true poetry, there can hardly ever be a controversy. It comes before us in a dialect peculiarly its own—a dialect, especially in the English language, remarkable for simplicity, tenderness, picturesque gracefulness, and energy that never fails—capable of sustaining thought in its flight through the loftiest regions of inspiration, and of arraying in bridal beauty even the most familiar conceptions. The doctrine is apocryphal which teaches, that, provided the idea be in itself poetical, the form of expression in which it is conveyed is a matter of secondary importance. Diction is as essential an ingredient in true poetry as fancy. We can only become acquainted with the idea of a writer through the medium which he employs to render it apparent. Our opinion of its worth depends almost entirely upon the terms in which it is presented to our notice. A member of par-

liament may be an excellent debater, without being an orator; for oratory has also its own dialect, when, in the natural course of emotion, it succeeds in producing an irresistible effect upon those who hear it. In like manner there have been myriads of good writers—aye, and of verse too—and even of tragic and epic compositions, who have no just claim to the title of poets. Their language may be very elaborate and intelligible; but, if it be destitute of that talismanic power which finds its way at once to the soul—if it be not in keeping with the thought, and in perfect unison with the chords which that thought has struck in the heart, it is no better than prose; no harmony of rhyme, no precision of measure, can convert it into poetry.

We fear that, with these somewhat unfashionable notions of what a strictly poetic composition ought to be, we shall not prove very acceptable critics to the authors of most of the works now upon our table. Of Mrs. Lenox-Conyngham we would wish to speak indulgently. She is the daughter, we believe the only child, of a gentleman, than whom the brilliant list of the Irish bar contains not one more respected by all parties—Mr. Holmes. She is the niece of the Emmets—those martyrs to the liberties of Ireland, whose memory is precious, and will be embalmed in the history of our country. The fervent aspirations of her genius have long overwhelmed her physical strength; and yet it is among the best consolations of her existence to be allowed to commit to verse the thoughts that are constantly pressing upon her for utterance. She appears to have charmed away from her couch many hours of suffering, by employing her mind in these compositions. It would be unfeeling to examine them too closely. They teem with beautiful visions, and give us occasionally glimpses of original thoughts which only require a more polished form of expression to entitle them to unqualified admiration. Under her circumstances the severe labour of revisal was not to be expected. Should the assiduous and affectionate attentions of her family succeed in restoring her to health, it is to be hoped that she will look back upon some, at least, of these fine fragments of thought, and reconstruct them in a style more suitable to their character than that in which they now appear.

Of the longer poem, "Hella," we confess that we have not a favourable opinion. But among the verses by which it is accompanied, there are many well worth a greater degree of labour. The tale of the "Young Author," contains some excellent stanzas. That of the "Dumb Girl," exhibits also no common power of versification, and of feeling most sensitively alive to the inexhaustible charms of nature.

Her looks had language, and they could express,
 What words are poor to speak, the soul's deep sense
 Of intellectual life, and fathomless
 Resources and high powers, whose force intense
 They that have felt it not may never guess :
 Her lustrous eyes were fill'd with eloquence,—
 The eloquence of love that longs to bless
 All beings with a share of its own blessedness.

She noticed all,—the beast that treads the ground,
 The bird that skims the clouds ;—she could not hear
 The insect's hum, or river's murmuring sound,—
 The voice of nature thrilled not through her ear :
 But when she looked into her heart, she found
 Reflected there, as in a mirror clear,
 Nature's bright image ;—when she gazed around
 On Nature's works, she felt her faculties unbound.

Creation was her worship's temple. There,
 In things that breathe or bloom, she saw enshrined
 A token of their Maker : praise and prayer,
 We judged, were ever floating through her mind ;
 And she had signs acknowledging the care
 Of an Almighty : we could never find
 Whence she derived that consciousness, or where
 Its fountain lay ;—whether in earth, or sky, or air.

The peasants deemed her holy ; and they thought
 She held communion with some gentle race
 Of supernatural beings ; those who, taught
 By beauty's Spirit, leave their sportive trace
 Upon streaked flowers, when their tints seem caught
 From flitting sunbeams, or who bend in grace
 The flexile stalk ; or those by whom is wrought
 The rose's mossy couch, with richest odour fraught."—pp. 224, 5.

This last stanza appears to us remarkably beautiful ; it has all the essentials of poetry—melody and propriety of diction, and a fanciful conception, which renders the verse a kind of fairy picture.

“ With winning gestures she would oft invite
 Her aged friend to some sequestered nook,
 Where they might sit together in delight,
 And in the landscape read, as in a book
 Of universal language. There, with bright,
 Inquiring, eager glances, she would look
 Into his face, demanding, if a right
 And fully he enjoyed the privilege of sight.

This lasted not,—for in the vale of years
 He long had journeyed ; and his changing health
 And wasted strength caused the first sorrowing tears
 The mute girl ever shed. She wept by stealth,
 That she might grieve him not. He had no fears
 At leaving her : he could not give her wealth ;
 But on life's verge earth's wealth as dross appears ;
 And well he knew she had the treasure which endears.”—p. 226.

Upon the death of her adopted father, the “Dumb Girl” is removed by some over-charitable folks, from the neighbours who would have taken care of her, to an institution where she was to be taught all manner of things.

“ She went to dwell within a city ;—she,
 Whose happiness had been through wood and glade
 To wander, hand in hand with Liberty,
 From morn's first blush, till even's deepening shade :
 Or, stretch'd at rest beneath some flowering tree,
 To watch the blossoms that with Zephyr played,
 Tossing their beauteous heads about in glee,
 And scattering precious fragrance forth exhaustlessly.

At first, they told us, like an untamed bird
 She pined and fretted ; but at length, they said,
 She grew resigned. That was a strange, cold word,
 And told her spirit's joyousness was fled.
 The thousand busy instincts that had stirred
 In her young buoyant breast were quieted :
 She noted not, as once, what'er occurred :—
 No ! she appeared to see as little as she heard.

There is a sickness of the soul,—and Faith
 For those who sink beneath it can but pray ;
 There is a look, not ghastly, but which saith,
 That they who wear it soon shall pass away ;
 There is a gradual dropping into death,
 A waning of life's light, although decay
 Seems not to touch the body, while the breath,
 As gently as a morning vapour, vanisheth.

Such was her malady. Her eager mind
 Had now within its reach nought to supply
 Its natural cravings ; and to look behind,
 For ever, is not for youth's sanguine eye,
 They who have trafficked long with life, may find,
 That in the treasury of the present lie
 No joys so bright and pure as those consigned
 To the stern past, whose grasp man's force may not unbind.

But in our youth the heart is in its Spring :
 Future and present then alike are ours ;
 Hope and Enjoyment both are on the wing ;
 We think of fruit the while we gather flowers.
 Alas ! that buds should e'er be withering
 'Mid vernal sunshine and refreshing showers !
 Woe be to them who o'er that glowing thing,
 A childish heart, the gloom of disappointment fling !
 Far from her mountain haunts—from all that best
 She loved in life—the dumb girl hath her tomb.
 There, by kind Memory's careful fondness drest,
 Her wild wood blossoms are not taught to bloom :
 The birds she sported with have not a nest
 About that spot : no violets perfume
 The turf.—Enough ! her body is at rest :
 Her soul, which loathed earth's dulnesses, in Heaven is blest."

—pp. 229-31.

From the Greek and German mottoes which are prefixed to most of these poems, we conclude that Mrs. Lenox-Conyngham has made herself mistress of both those very difficult languages. Her industry, therefore, gives us the hope that should her health permit, she may yet present us with the effusions of her mind in a form more worthy of the poetic talents which she evidently possesses in a very high degree.

It will be readily believed that we can be actuated by no strong political bias in favour of the Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, when we state that she avails herself of every possible opportunity of displaying her political propensities, which are those of an ultra-Tory. She has addressed no fewer than sixteen sonnets to the Duke of Wellington, who seems to have been, at least in November 1834, when he appointed her father Lord Privy Seal, the peculiar object of her adoration. In one of these raving compositions she calls him a "rushing flame," whose

"Mind's lightnings through the darkness dart
 Of these vexed times."

Those who were in opposition to his Grace at that time—that is to say, the vast majority of the people of England, including the most intelligent classes of the community,—Lady Emmeline is pleased to designate as a faction : she tells her patron that he must

"Heed not the cry of faction's evil host,
 Their vile flagitious threats with scorn withstand."

Not content with calling on the dictator to close the yawning chasm of fierce destruction, her ladyship exalts him to the skies, and even canonizes him as a saint !

“ Oh thou ! for aye and evermore renowned—
 Thy forehead all with wreaths of victory bound,
Spreads its own light along our shadowed sky !

* * * * *

Who would aspire with clear ambition just
 To thee, oh ! *happy, high and holy name !*”

Hitherto we had been under the impression that what is commonly called “Fame” was the great dispenser of celebrity. According to Lady Emmeline this is a mistake; for “Fame” we are to read in future her “Saint,” Arthur, Duke of Wellington, who sheds glory from his own proper hand whenever he chooses so to do.

“ Thou—that hast done deeds that *had given to fame*
 An hundred thousand names !”

There is one confession in these sonnets for which we must give this poetical champion of the Peel administration due credit. Lady Emmeline seems to have been persuaded, in November, 1834, that the Duke had only to contend against a “vile” “flagitious” faction; but before the end of the year she seems to have discovered that his Grace had to battle with the whole country;

“ Great leader ! thou who, as the wide world knows,
 Preserved our England in the troublous past.

* * * * *

To thee we turn—on thee, on thee we call :
 Render the noblest service now of all—
 Save her—oh ! save her from *herself* at last !”

In the concluding sonnet of the sixteen, Lady Emmeline appears to have concentrated all her previous panegyrics, and to have exhausted all her power of—ribaldry, we were about to say, but we recall the word, leaving the reader to characterize, in such terms as he may deem fit, the following lines:—

“ First, Noblest of this world’s crowned men of Might !
 Who hath spared more blood than Asia’s Conqueror spilt—
 Chief—Statesman—Counsellor—Patriot—what thou wilt—
 For all of Good and Great thou towerest in sight
 Of the Earth’s thronged millions ! *can the envenomed spite*
Of grovelling Caitiffs, urge them to the guilt
 Of loading *thee,* whose stainless Fame is built
 On sure foundations—Champion of the Right !
With their abhorred black calumnies.”

We are not aware whether these sonnets were published at the period when they are said to have been written, or whether they were reserved for the Duke’s private perusal, to cheer him under the difficulties in which he was involved when he bore the whole

burthen of the empire upon his own shoulders. We observe that there is a sonnet for every week during which the Tories were last in office, each more ardent, more angry, than the last, in proportion as the prospect of overthrow casts its darkening shadow upon the mind of our fair authoress. What a pity it is that so much labour was lost, and that it is not in the power of even a noble, and certainly a very sturdy sonneteer, to save a falling cabinet! If her father should again hold the Privy Seal, we would take the liberty to recommend Lady Emmeline to try her hand at street ballads. A wit once defined the government of France to be an absolute monarchy tempered by song. "Let me write the ballads of a nation," said another, "and I shall direct it as I choose." Sonnets seem to have no influence whatever upon the destinies of empires—otherwise assuredly Lord Wharncliffe would still have retained possession of the Privy Seal.

Vile, flagitious, caitiffs and traitors as we are in Lady Emmeline's opinion, we shall feel, however, no hesitation in doing justice to her pretensions as a poet; and we will say at once, that there is a more decided display of genius in her "Visionary," than in any metrical production which has fallen under our notice for many years. It is certainly a most unequal performance. At one moment her muse may be seen soaring among the stars, winging her way untired through the wonders of the universe; but while the eye is still dazzled in watching her glorious course, down she falls suddenly to the earth, to talk of some personal wrong, some dire oppression of which she is constantly complaining in and out of season. We are not sufficiently acquainted with her ladyship's private biography to be able to inform the reader as to the cause of all the mental distress which she appears to have suffered. If we were told that her heart had been engaged—that her hopes had been frustrated by the intrigues of some dowager or another—that she had endeavoured to resist them, but that she exerted herself on the occasion with so much earnestness, that it became necessary to shut her up in a castle for a while,—such a story would be in every way consistent with the account which she gives of herself. There are, indeed, some who, possessing all the means of happiness which this world can afford, nevertheless contrive with great ingenuity to surround themselves with imaginary woes—woes of all others the most wasting and incurable. Of this number Lady Emmeline may, perhaps, make one. Yet we shall have occasion to see that she is very circumstantial in her "visions" upon this subject, if visions they be.

Lord Byron has written nothing more pregnant with poetical conception, or more beautiful in expression, than the opening stanzas of this poem.

“ In this cold hollow World how many live
 In a dream-wrought Creation of their own,
 And slight attention to its vexed scenes give
 Of strife and trouble—happier far alone,
 When thought doth take a more melodious tone,
 And outward things assume a lovelier guise,
 And more delightful grows the wind's low moan,
 And Earth seems nearer to the blessed skies,
 And they stand breathless, mute, as fixed in sweet surprise !

Oh ! the triumphal morning comes to such,
 For ever beautiful—for ever new,
 Dull worldly Care's benumbing cankering touch,
 Hath nothing with their waking hours to do ;
 They hear the birds' sweet matins—and they view
 Light's dawning glory—and no rankling thorn
 To pain converts their pleasure, pure and true—
 While thou, resplendent and rejoicing Morn,
 Art in a thousand ways—a thousand shapes new-born !

Or when on luminous occupation bent,
 The thrilling stars make night a glorious scene,
*Like proud ambassadors from Heaven's court sent,
 That speak to man in language most serene ;*
 When wondrous Nature doth a holier mien
 Assume—and Thought, on strong wings passes on
 To that which shall be, even from what hath been—
 And Contemplation pure, and deep and lone,
 Seeks Worlds more blest, more bright, round the Creator's throne.

They're tranced and rocked then, on Night's mighty heart,
 And thence drink Inspiration—they are led
 By their own yearning thoughts to stray apart,
 And lonely paths they brightly musing tread—
 So deep grows their delight, it pants like dread.
 But they grow ever stronger to sustain,
 And revel in the gladness o'er them shed,
 Even though it almost quickens into pain ;
 And they would feel it still, again and oft again !

They hear a mighty music deep and clear,
 Where busy careful worldlings can hear nought ;
 Oh ! many a blessed thing they see and hear
 With truth and love, and power and feeling fraught,
 Because to Nature's altar they have brought
 A watchful spirit, and a quick sense borne,
 Most willing to be led, and to be taught—
 And farthest from their thoughts are doubt and scorn ;
 Thus doubly blessed to them, come night and joyous morn !”

It cannot be questioned that this is poetry of the highest order. How natural—how sublime the idea that the stars are

“ Like proud ambassadors from Heaven’s court sent,
That speak to man in language most serene ! ”

The authoress doubts whether she is one of those enthusiasts, who keep these vigils fraught with the rapturous reveries which she has so well described. The following stanzas appear to us, however, to justify her claim to admission among that band of privileged spirits :—

“ Yet partly I *do* claim with those to feel ;
Mine is the prescient sense, the passionate dream,
The ecstatic thrill that through the frame doth steal,
Mixed with a glow that we might almost deem
Was breathed in with a noon-sun’s molten beam !
So warmly through the soul it seems to spread,
Till rosy runs life’s smoothly flowing stream ;
As though by highest, heavenliest springs ’twas fed,
As though undimmed ’twas poured from life’s great fountain head !

Mine is the passion, and at times the power,
And in a world of dreams I oftentimes stray ;
My path is strewed with many an amaranth flower,
For me ambrosial fruits load branch and spray ;
I go rejoicing on my haunted way,
And still to Nature lend an earnest ear,
For all is pure, all true, that she doth say ;
She draws all love, she banishes all fear,
’Tis well to cling to her, nearer and yet more near.

Hark—Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! saith the Morn,
With all her tones of music and of night !
And dare the sluggard sleep, the scoffer scorn,
While she so sweetly, brightly doth invite ?—
Dare they that high and happy summons slight,
To vigilant ears so palpable and plain ?
They lose they know not what of rare delight,
For Morn, emparadising Morn—doth reign ;
And splendours, witcheries, joys, shine in her shining train.

Hark—Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! saith the Morn,
And Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! doth reply
The awful Night, whom countless worlds adorn
That take up that dread chorus through the sky,
While all is power and love and harmony ;
And blest with noblest bliss—how truly blessed !
Are those who with Devotion’s rapturous sigh,
Join in the solemn strain with tranquil breast ;
Proud to confess the zeal—saints, angels have confessed !

List!—Holy! Holy! Holy! saith the Morn,
Hark! 'tis the lark's song! free and far he skims
Her paths of flame—on rapid pinions borne,
Till distance dwindles that slight form, and dims—
His song divine is like the Seraphims'—
A strain that's not of knowledge, but of love!
 And O! his joyous and exuberant hymns
 The bosom meltingly and sweetly move
 To join him in his rites, his tuneful rites above!"—pp. 4-6.

Had Lady Emmeline the tact which knows precisely where such a train of thought as this should stop with the greatest advantage—the point where the reader's imagination being fully excited ought to be left to itself—the stage beyond which he cannot be drawn without marring the effect already produced upon his feelings, her character as a poet would be at once established. Some friendly hand ought to have been near to check the exuberance—we may say the rhodomontade, into which she launches after the conclusion of the last stanza. She tells us of "sphering" and "unsphering" her thoughts; of drinking ambrosia prepared by "young Imagination" from an "enchanted cup;" of passing from one star to another in "Fancy's volant car;" of being wrapped in a sublime trance, and of doing many other prodigious things, which clearly shew that when once upon the wing she knows not where to suspend her flight. She might well have omitted all from the twelfth to the sixteenth stanza, the more especially as in the seventeenth she repeats all that she had just expressed, and in language, too, worthy of the loftiness of her theme.

"I sphered and I unsphered my thoughts at will—
 None that ne'er felt, e'er dreamt of such delight!
The soul mounts Nature like a throne; and still
Feels proud increase of joy and strength and might;
Still communing with the heavens, the winds, the night,
The world of worlds that lies spread proudly round,
While thus she bursts away on her far flight;
While thus she soars where is no bar nor bound,
 And leaves fear, trouble, care, on their own earthly ground?"—p. 9.

After this we are doomed to wade through several pages of monotonous dissertation upon the question whether the "visionary," who feeds her soul upon such meditations as these, ought not to exchange them for employment of a more practical and useful character. She maintains that she ought not to do any such thing, because these reveries, or, as she calls them, "these wild hallucinations of the brain," are innocence itself compared with the projects which agitate the mind of the statesman, the

conqueror, the free-thinking philosopher, and even the lover. In these unfortunate pages Lady Emmeline sermonizes at a terrible rate, warning mankind

“To avoid the thousand rocks that lurking hide
Their pointed perils wheresoe'er they swell—
The human tides smoothed, but fatal, false, and fell.”

Our authoress is fond of alliteration, and is sometimes lucky in the use of it. But this last line does not present us with a specimen of her good fortune in that respect. By way of illustrating the homily in which she is now engaged, after having reached her *fourthly* or *fifthly*, we forget which, she introduces Napoleon upon the scene, exclaiming in a similar strain against the world and all its transitory splendours. In her *sixthly*, she endeavours to shew that “society” is the most monstrous of all tyrannies—that it allows nobody to be happy in his own way—that it is a Juggernaut, nay a “treacherous Janus-Juggernaut,” and that it holds every body to be mad, who is not wise by the pattern it chooses to lay down.

“’Tis not alone that”

proclaims our fair preacher; but instead of telling us what further evils we are to shun, she gives us four successive lines of good asterisks, thereby warning us that there was something very dreadful indeed in her mind which she would disclose against Janus-Juggernaut, but which she was afraid to mention, lest he should reach her with one of his hundred arms, and chastize her with his rod.

“All must endure the yoke—the rod must kiss.”

This discourse ends in a very proper moral.

“Oh! very different would this World be found,
If men were bent each other still to assist,
In lieu of hindering ever—that on ground
Of vantage they themselves may high i' the list
Shine blazoned; as though each did but exist
For Self and Self-advancement—'t is even so
• They gracious Nature's pure intentions twist,
• But mixed together to work mutual woe;
Is this as it should be?—must it be thus below?”—p. 12.

One would expect after reading thus far, to hear the psalm given out, and the organ preluding. No doubt much that Lady Emmeline declares in her lecture is excellent and religious and sensible; but we may ask which of the Muses will take it under her protection? What has it to do with a poem in the Spenserian stanza? From these contemplations, which she acknowledges to be “fatiguing to the thoughts,” she turns once more to nature,

with all the extacy of a bird let loose from its prison. "Fatiguing to the thoughts"! If her ladyship so felt them, may we enquire why she gave herself the further trouble of rhyming them? We could have spared them altogether, and in doing so should have felt that we were making a very slender sacrifice.

"Go forth! for Morning comes!—in all her pride,
 And all her grace,—Go forth, for welcomed thou
 Shalt be by Nature. Man's half Deified,
 Who knows how to enjoy with fair-smoothed brow
 And calmed heart such hours, she seems to avow •
 Her Lord! his Pageantry—his Festival
 She makes her own, and while we onward plough
 Our way, 't is well to listen to her call,
 And drink that milk of love she gives instead of gall!

Ever I joyed to hold communion calm
 With her—Yea! ever 't was my Soul's delight,
 For still that Soul had need of her deep balm,
 And I, her own, still kept her in my sight—
*I loved to watch the old solemn royal Night
 That wraps her Purple round the Stars august,
 As though she called them Children, and i' the might*
 Of love maternal far from these would thrust
 All Evil—and still win, those treasures to her trust!

I loved the Sea, whose every wave becomes
 A mirror of the Firmament and Spheres;
 Do ye, oh Stars! write there the impending dooms
 Of men and nations—for that the unborn years
 Glanced from your rays, the superstitious fears
 And phantasies of dreaming Sages old
 Taught them to think—and yet despite the sneers
 Of reason more matured, can we behold
 Your Godlike aspects bright, nor own an awe untold.

Say, were not that dread main a fitting page
 For such divine transcription, such proud theme?
 Unsullied and unchanged from age to age!
 Doth it not almost seem itself to teem
 With strange oracular hints, doth it not seem
 With all its watery tongues to murmur deep
 Warnings and prophecies?—but ah! ye dream
 No more, ye Sages, wrapt in leaden sleep
 And minds of sapience now, a different creed they keep.

Yet sometimes when our soaring spirits yearn
 For nobler things—for loftier Destinies,
 To ye—ye Commonwealth of Suns! we turn,
 That look into our vision-haunted eyes

Almost a Commonwealth of Deities !
 Then the wish ushers in the fond belief,
 We dare to think in those World-peopled Skies
 Our fates, claims, triumphs, trials, joy or grief,
 Are cared for, nay that these are Heaven's first care and chief !

The very thought that what on Earth is done
 Can those high Worlds affect, must make us feel
 Our glorious Immortality begun ;
 What ! do those shape our destinies and seal,
 What ! are they conscious of our Woe and Weal,
 Those Heavens in Heaven ! those Giant hosts in space,
 Do those controul our Sympathies, and deal
 Our Fortunes and speak of us in their place,
 And shall we, can we, flag on Life's momentous race ?"—p. 20-23.

Severe criticism might censure several of the rhymes in these stanzas, and eliminate also some phrases, and even whole lines ; but such faults may be forgiven in a passage where the rush of thought is really so magnificent. We must add to these another stanza, full of the same poetic fire.

" Nothing, in Nature—Nothing—is alone,
One fine electric chain doth quickening run
Through all things—lengthening from the Eternal's throne,
All forms one mighty Whole—distinct are none—
Kindred are worm and world—the Mote and Sun,
 The least link lost might make Heaven's dread Worlds start
 Forth from their orbits—ruined and undone ;
 And man dreams all ev'n of himself a part,
Feeling the hidden God—that breathes about his heart."—p. 24.

The Sea is a fruitful theme of poetry. Lady Emmeline has devoted to it two or three stanzas, which, however, are by no means in her best style. Some reflections on a storm give rise to one of her too frequent moralizing digressions. The commonplace subjects of Fortune and her caprices, adversity and selfishness, occupy upwards of two hundred and thirty lines, the whole of which we would recommend her to expunge from her next edition. They are not merely in bad taste and wretchedly written, but they are for the most unbecoming, and we might even add unchristian. What qualifications does Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley derive from a peerage scarcely ten years old, which entitles her to speak of others in such language as the following, for instance ?

" Matter it is to make a Stoic laugh
 To watch those wretched *puppets strut and prate,*
Those things of dust and dress—and clay and chaff,
 Propped up by freakish Fortune and blind Fate !

Lo Emptiness and Nothingness in State !
 These foist their dull opinions on the deep
 But misled mind of Man—that mind shall date—
 Evil—from the hour they caught it in its sleep—
 Aye matter 't is in sooth—to make Fiends laugh or weep !
Look on them in their insignificance !
Authority into their hands consigned—
But a bald meanness in their sidelong glance,
Fatuity and falsehood in their mind.”—p. 31.

We are surprised to read such language as this, in the pages of a work professed to be written by a Gentlewoman, and brought up in a religion which certainly does not sanction the feelings expressed in these very objectionable lines. Indeed, throughout the whole of the stanzas, the suppression of which we have ventured to recommend, her ladyship seems to have descended to a most unfortunate vein of composition. Let the reader compare with the finer verses we have already quoted, the following discordant lines. They absolutely creak upon the ear like the ungreased axle of a German waggon.

“Not yet—not yet, Oh ! cruel World ! *hast forked*
 Thy deadly Lightnings through my soul—not yet,
 Hast in my Spirit Alteration *worked—*
Warped from what 't was, and 't would be ! may'st thou set,
 Star of my destiny ! without the let
 Of poisonous Exhalations *to obstruct,*
 Thy beams—though pale and few, they may forget
 Their early brightness—*I have willingly plucked*
 On earth but wholesome plants, and their pure nectar *sucked !*
 * * * * *
 Yes ! I have suffered—and let no man judge
 What others' griefs and trials may have been,
 Some may be found to doubt, *dodge, toil, and drudge*
 In this dull drudging World.”—p. 42.

Those who may be curious about Lady Emmeline's personal history, will find some traces of it toward the end of the first canto. The tone in which she there reveals her inmost thoughts is too sincere, too deeply allied to the throb of a wounded heart, to have been assumed merely for the purpose of poetical effect. The same subject is also occasionally dwelt upon in the second canto ; and although repeated somewhat too often, we very much prefer the theme to the political topics, which she has so frequently introduced into that part of her poem. If we were to yield credence to her over-wrought representations, we should conclude that the whole fabric of society was about to be turned upside down—that our temples were about to be destroyed,—nay, that

the world itself was on the eve of dissolution ! All these things we suppose are to take place because Lord Wharncliffe is no longer in the Cabinet. Her Ladyship indulges also in a very silly invective against the alliance now so happily subsisting between France and England. It is superfluous to observe, that the introduction of such topics as these into a poem is extremely injudicious, and that in the composition of a female writer they appear to the greatest possible disadvantage. From these animadversions we gladly turn to the stanzas which we have selected from the remaining portion of this canto, as entitled to unqualified praise.

“ And thou ! sweet Florence ! on thy smiling stream,
 Thy graceful Arno, thou hast many a claim
 To fondest admiration ! many a Dream
 Of joy arises at thy gentlest name—
 The Heavenly Venus of all beauteous fame
 With glorified enchantment on her brow,
 Whose sov’ran aspect might a Savage tame,
 And teach a dæmon, Love’s sweet charm to avow !
 And thou, rare pictured form—transcendant Sybil—thou !
 Looking on thee, what deep emotions dart
 Through the thrilled soul that yields to their soft might,
 What gentle throbbings heave the o’ermastered heart—
 While the air around thee grows one flood of light,
 What Spirit in thine eyes sits throned and bright ?
 We feel, we feel, from Earth’s gross bondage free,
 We rivet upon thee our raptur’d sight—
 ’T is rapture all ! for *thou* seem’st Heaven to see,
 And *we*, we are gazing thus, all breathlessly on thee !
 * * * * *
 Who would be happy must make others so,
 Or nobly work to that praiseworthy end—
 Must soothe the Sufferer’s pangs, the Wretch’s woe,
 And of the Friendless prove the unchanging friend ;
 Then, nor time nor fate from him shall rend
 The sweet calm sense of self-approval meek,
 Which shall with every hallowed feeling blend,
 And shed o’er every path—though rough and bleak,
 A glow more pure than e’er laugh’d o’er Aurora’s cheek.
 That Kindliness of feeling it shall prove
 Betwixt his heart, and light and common woes,
 A wall of Adamant—the Spirit of Love—
 A guardian Seraph dwells in the hearts of those
 Whose breast with blameless, pure Affection glows,
 The thought of Self not ever uppermost
 Reigns in their souls—and so they find repose—
 Not on the waves of cold Suspense still tost—
 But where shall these be found, on bleak Life’s sterile coast ? ”

The romance of early life is well painted in the following glowing lines.

“Ah! when I loved thee deeply—but in vain,
 If through the heavy darkness round me spread,
 One gleam of hope shot kindling to my brain,
 How seemed I then, on Air and Light to tread,
 From hard reality—too dull and dead,
 Snatched in a moment to the purple Land
 Of laughing visions—and all gently led
 Through paths of Gladness, by an unseen hand,
 How did I feel my Soul, soar, quicken, and expand.”

Now that calm reason and monotonous years,
 Have ta'en away the point and edge of pain,
 And dried the o'erflowing source of passionate tears,
 Such moments come no more! though I would fain
 Coin even my very vitals to regain—
 Those dear-bought dreams—at times! So bright,
 So glorious were they, without one dull stain
 Of Earth to lessen their supreme delight,
 Like those fair shadowless Worlds, that only shine at night.

Yes! willingly at times would I endure
 Mine own most costly wretchedness once more!—
 That lent me joys thus perfect and thus pure—
 Could I but dream as I have dreamt before,
 Could I but feel to the heart's quivering core
 That flash of rapturous Extacy, that did mock
 All common happiness—that lightened o'er
 Mine inmost being—riving the dull rock
 Of a chilled deadened heart, with its electric shock.

* * * * *

But if mysterious sorrows we endure—
 Profound unearthly raptures thrill us too—
 Ethereal—fervent—beatific—pure—
 For ever welcome and for ever new,
 And both proclaim the Soul is journeying through
 An alien Country—a far foreign Land—
 Where endless ills and miseries must pursue—
 While still the glorious Traveller's oft-times fanned
 By mighty Airs from Home—now keen—now heavenly bland.

Yea! verily we are mystically made—
 How many a link and vein, and tint and tone—
 How many a delicate trace and transient shade
 Of thought and feeling do we wondering own,
 Whose ends and sources are alike unknown;
 Not to this World seem they to appertain,
 Like precious seeds within our deep Souls sown,
 Subject awhile to dull Corruption's stain,—
 Till in Existence new—Mind bursts its wintery chain.”

We have already expressed a high opinion of Lady Emmeline's powers; if she will be just to herself, she will continue to cultivate them: we entertain little doubt that they will repay her care, and place her not merely in the first rank, but at the head of the female poets of England. There is an originality and an audacity in her thoughts, which are among the surest tokens of genius. But she will accomplish nothing worthy of the rare and vigorous intellect with which she is endowed, unless she discard politics of every kind from her future productions; they do not become her; they would spoil the best poetry that ever was written; for besides being disagreeable to those who are not of her way of thinking, they are unmanageable and awkward in every kind of verse that is not intended to be ludicrous or satirical.

It will be necessary also for this young writer to attend more strictly to the style of her composition. The poetic form of expression flows even to redundancy from her pen; but we suspect that she wants a musical ear. We might cite from the two hundred and fifty stanzas, of which her poem consists, nearly half the number as most objectionable for their harshness. She frequently passes the usual bounds of poetic license, in clipping words in order to press them into her service. These unclassic liberties occur often in the same stanza, and more than twice even in the same line. Passages such as these should have been laboured until they came out perfectly polished; and if they were found intractable, they should have been rejected. There are, as we have shown, stanzas in the "Visionary" which are in themselves gems of the most brilliant order; but they are so overlaid with the gross matter which forms the mass of the poem, that they must participate in the doom of speedy oblivion which awaits it, unless Lady Emmeline shall interweave them in some happier creation of her genius.

Miss Bowles must be the most welcome of visitors to a crowded nursery; nobody can describe with more facility, cheerfulness, and affection, the joys, and amusements, and sorrows, of that noisy region. Her blank verse is not indeed always very distinguishable from prose; but it deals with matter which possesses many attractions, under whatever form it may be produced. The comfortable fire-side, the first attempts at landscape drawing, the triumphant display of a new doll, the delights of juvenile horticulture, the elysian enjoyments of the swing, the favorite spaniel and lamb, the mysteries of tea-drinking, these and an endless variety of other topics, suited to the taste of young maidens just half-way through their *teens*, are handled by Miss Bowles with wonderful dexterity in her "Birth-day." Several of her smaller poems are distinguished by a playful fancy, of which the following lines will afford agreeable evidence:—

TO MY LITTLE COUSIN, ON HER FIRST BONNET.

“FAIRIES! guard the baby's bonnet—
 Set a special watch upon it:
 Elfin people! to your care
 I commit it, fresh and fair;
 Neat as neatness, white as snow—
 See you make it over so.

Watch and ward set all about,
 Some within and some without;
 Over it, with dainty hand,
 One her kirtle green expand;
 One take post at every ring;
 One at each unwrinkled string;
 Two or three about the bow
 Vigilant concern bestow;
 A score, at least, on either side,
 'Gainst evil accident provide
 (Jolt, or jar, or overlay);
 And so the precious charge convey
 Through all the dangers of the way.

But when those are battled through,
 Fairies! more remains to do.
 Ye must gift, before ye go,
 The bonnet and the Babe also—
 Gift it to protect her well,
 Fays! from all malignant spell,
 Charms and seasons to defy,
 Blighting winds and evil eye.

And the bonny Babe! on her
 All your choicest gifts confer;—
 Just as much of wit and sense
 As may be hers without pretence—
 Just as much of grace and beauty,
 As shall not interfere with duty—
 Just as much of sprightliness,
 As may companion gentleness—
 Just as much of firmness, too,
 As with self-will hath nought to do—
 Just as much light hearted cheer,
 As may be melted to a tear—
 By a word—a tone—a look—
 Pity's touch, or Love's rebuke—
 As much of frankness, sweetly free,
 As may consort with modesty—
 As much of feeling, as will bear
 Of after life the wear and tear—

As much of life—But, Fairies! there
 Ye vanish into thinnest air;
 And with ye parts the playful vein
 That loved a light and trivial strain.
 Befits me better, Babe! for thee
 ¶ I invoke Almighty agency—
 Almighty love—Almighty power—
 To nurture up the human flower,
 To cherish it with heavenly dew,
 Sustain with earthly blessings too;
 And when the ripe full time shall be,
 Engraft it on eternity.”—pp. 247-250.

The Verses addressed to a River remind us of the meditative moralising character, which belongs generally to Spanish poetry.

THE RIVER.

RIVER! River! little River!
 Bright you sparkle on your way,
 O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
 Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
 Like a child at play.
 River! River! swelling River!
 On you rush o'er rough and smooth—
 Louder, faster, brawling, leaping
 Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
 Like impetuous youth.
 River! River! brimming River!
 Broad and deep and *still* as Time,
 Seeming *still*—yet still in motion,
 Tending onward to the ocean,
 Just like mortal prime.
 River! River! rapid River
 Swifter now you slip away;
 Swift and silent as an arrow,
 Through a channel dark and narrow,
 Like life's closing day.
 River! River! headlong River
 Down you dash into the sea;
 Sea, that line hath never sounded,
 Sea, that voyage had never rounded,
 Like Eternity.”—pp. 284-5.

Mr. Trench's poems appear also to have been cast in the Spanish mould; he was for some time a resident in that country and in Italy, where he seems to have found abundant occupation suitable to the habits of a highly educated mind. Every line of

his compositions bespeaks an elegant taste, pervaded by a deep sense of religion, wholly free from bigotry. Though a clergyman of the Protestant church, he did not deem it to be his duty to enter the Catholic temples abroad, for the purpose of discovering in them, as too many of his brethren have done, objects for ridicule and misrepresentation. His heart found a resting-place wherever he mingled with members of the great human family, engaged in worshipping the God of all Christians.

The "Story of Justin Martyr" was suggested by the first dialogue of that celebrated saint with Trypho. It is the picture of a fine mind plunged into despair, so long as it failed to discover any permanent source of happiness within itself; but restored to peace the moment the great truth became apparent, that man was born for a higher destiny than he can fulfil in this stage of existence. The poem is very gracefully written. It is followed by a considerable number of sonnets, and other small pieces, which are characterised by a gentle amiable train of feeling, a spirit of freedom truly English, and an unaffected zeal for the propagation of christian principles. The reader cannot, we think, but admire the following lines, written at a village on the lake of Thrasymene, where the sanguinary battle between Hannibal and the Romans under Flaminius was fought about two thousand years ago. "The lake," says Eustace, "is a very noble expanse of water, about ten miles in length, and about seven in breadth; the banks ascend gradually, but in some places rapidly, from its marg in."

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE VILLAGE OF PASSIGNANO, ON THE LAKE OF THRASYMENE.

"The mountains stand about the quiet lake,
That not a breath its azure calm may break;
No leaf of these serene olive trees is stirred,
In the near silence far-off sounds are heard;
The tiny bat is flitting overhead,
The hawthorn doth its richest odours shed
Into the dewy air; and over all
Veil after veil the evening shadows fall,
And one by one withdrawn each glimmering height,
The far, and then the nearer, from our sight—
No sign surviving in this tranquil scene;
That strife and savage tumult here have been.

But if the pilgrim to the latest plain
Of carnage, where the blood like summer rain
Fell but the other day; if in his mind
He marvels much and oftentimes to find
With what success has Nature each sad trace
Of man's red footmarks laboured to efface—

What wonder is it, if this spot appears
 Guiltless of strife, when now two thousand years
 Of daily reparation have gone by,
 Since it resumed its own tranquillity.
 This calm has nothing strange, yet not the less
 This holy evening's solemn quietness,
 The perfect beauty of this windless lake,
 This stillness which no harsher murmurs break
 Than the frogs croaking from the distant sedge,
 These vineyards dress'd unto the water's edge,
 This hind that homeward driving the slow steer,
 Tells that man's daily work goes forward here,
 Have each a power upon me, while I drink
 The influence of the placid time, and think
 How gladly that sweet Mother once again
 Resumes her sceptre and benignant reign,
 But for a few short instants scared away
 By the mad game, the cruel impious fray
 Of her distemper'd children—now comes back,
 And leads them in the customary track
 Of blessing once again; to order brings
 Anew the dislocated frame of things,
 And covers up, and out of sight conceals,
 What they have wrought of ill, or gently heals."—pp. 81-83.

We have classed "Ion" amongst the poetic rather than amongst the dramatic productions of the day, because, although in point of fact it has been represented three or four times on the stage, it has very little in it of the true dramatic character. The story which it tells is too simple and too brief to be rendered effective in a theatre. If we were indeed to believe all that the newspapers and play-bills have proclaimed about its success in that sphere, we should be bound to set it down as the most admirable acting tragedy that has been brought out in this country for many years. But several circumstances combined to give this work an interest, which, though exciting for the moment, was altogether of a transitory nature. It was, in the first place, avowed to be from the pen of a Sergeant learned in the law, in full practice at the bar, whose occupations it was thought were far from being favourable to the cultivation of a taste for the drama. It was printed originally by the author for private circulation, and while thus circulating privately, it found its way, by some accident we presume, to the hands of the editors of the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews, who rendered it as public as possible, by giving voluminous extracts from it in their respective journals, accompanied by commentaries teeming with eulogy. The public mind being thus prepared to receive it as a more than ordinary performance, it was announced

for the benefit of Mr. Macready, whose numerous friends and admirers assembled to applaud anything that would have been presented to them upon such an occasion. It was afterwards repeated twice or thrice "by permission of the author," and from the force of the examples already given, every body praised it, because it was the fashion. Persons however of sound judgment, who witnessed its representation, have reported the effect of it upon the stage to be languid in the extreme; nor can we imagine how it could have been otherwise, when we consider the object and structure of the composition itself, and the characters of which it is composed.

The great purpose which Mr. Talfourd seems to have had in view in writing this tragedy, was the development of a perfectly pure and amiable character, deriving all its motives of action from great elevation of mind, and an invariable benevolence of disposition. A creature of this species appears to have been long familiar to his dreams—it was the internal standard with which he evidently compared the virtues of his late friend and instructor, Mr. Valpy, while he was delineating them in the preface to his tragedy—it enters into all his notions of the beautiful and sublime—it gives a marked peculiarity to his style of writing on almost every subject, prompting those "fond" forms of expression which are more indicative of an over affectionate heart, than of a master mind. This kind of spiritual essence he has embodied in "Ion," whom he thus, through the mouth of Agenor, one of the sages of Argos, introduces to his audience:—

"Love, the germ

Of his mild nature, hath spread graces forth,
Expanding with its progress, as the store
Of rainbow colour which the seed conceals
Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury,
To flush and circle in the flower. No tear
Hath fill'd his eye save that of thoughtful joy
When, in the evening stillness, lovely things
Press'd on his soul too busily: his voice,
If, in the earnestness of childish sports,
Raised to the tone of anger, check'd its force,
As if it fear'd to break its being's law,
And falter'd into music; when the forms
Of guilty passion have been made to live
In picture's speech, and others have wax'd loud
In righteous indignation, he hath heard
With sceptic smile, or from some slender vein
Of goodness, which surrounding gloom conceal'd,
Struck sunlight o'er it: so his life hath flow'd
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure

Alone are mirror'd ; which, though shapes of ill
 May hover round its surface, glides in light,
 And takes no shadow from them."—p. 6.

Now this is all very pretty—the language is smooth—if you will, poetical—but it is the language of a school that does not draw its inspiration from nature. A mere human being governed solely by the impulse of love, and enabled by the operation of that feeling to control all the other passions given to our species, never yet existed. Ion does not appertain to our world. He is a faultless creation fitted for some better planet, but we can have no sympathies with him. He does not love Clemanthe like a man—his dispositions in her favour are a great deal too angelical, and indeed such as no woman would receive in exchange for her own ardent and devoted attachment. The lot selects him to be the assassin of Adrastus. He accepts the office with a degree of fear, that is very right and proper in an innocent mind, but is not at all of that heroic character calculated to shine in tragedy. He reasons himself into a mere executioner of justice, and seeks to accomplish the task confided to him as nearly as possible according to the forms of law.

This mode of proceeding is undoubtedly very consistent with Ion's character ; but all we can say is, that such a character is not a tragic character. It stirs up none of those storms of passion in the mind which it is the office of tragedy to excite. Hence, when Ion ultimately sacrifices himself, as the last of his house, in order to fulfil an oracle which foretold that until his race should be extinct, the plague would not cease in Argos, we feel no sorrow for his departure. He gives up Clemanthe without a pang—he puts the knife into his own heart without terror—he comes before us and passes away like a visionary thing, wholly exempt from the ordinary frailties and feelings of our nature, and consequently beyond the sphere either of our pity or our admiration. The heart of man is capable only of being touched by human woes or joys ; we feel for each other because we might ourselves be placed in the same circumstances which demand our attention on the part of those who suffer around us. But we cannot hold communion with ideal creations which do not in any manner resemble ourselves, having neither our failing flesh, our rushing blood, our resolution, or our despair. In this respect "Ion" appears to us, as a tragedy, an entire failure. It wants a hero in whose proceedings we can hold an interest—the person intended to attract all attention is a marble statue, wrought with great labour and some skill, but devoid of the "human face divine," which after all is to men the true bond of sympathy.

It has been objected to this production, as a vital error, that the

scene is laid in an age and a country governed by Pagan notions of religion; notions with which it can be hardly expected, that the great mass of those who now read tragedies or attend theatres shall entertain a community of sentiment. The objection seems to us of no weight. It matters little to what form of religion the persons of a drama belong, provided they be engaged in a course of action which awakens our attention, which resembles the current of human affairs, which is impelled by motives familiar to our own bosoms, vexed by our jealousies, illumined by our affections, controlled by the ambition of some master spirit, or hurrying before it rivalries, crimes, sorrows and hopes, like an irresistible tide. The battles of the Gods in the *Iliad* are as fraught with interest as those of the Greeks and Trojans, because the Gods of Homer are men who descended for the moment from Olympus. There are scenes in the *Iphigenia in Aulis*, the *Orestes* and the *Medea*, which will be read with delight as long as the heart of man shall remain constituted as it is.

It is a much greater defect in this tragedy that it has in fact no action at all. It is a poem replete with narrative, descriptions of feeling and scenery, with invectives against tyranny, and arguments in favour of liberty; but it wants the animation of deeds passing before our eyes. The scene opens in a temple built on a rock over Argos—the plague we are told is raging in the city below, but we perceive no symptoms of it; we learn something of it from the anger of an old man whom Ion prevented from exposing himself to its perils, and whom he reproves in the following characteristic terms:—

“And art thou tired of being? Has the grave
No terrors for thee? Hast thou sunder'd quite
Those thousand meshes which old custom weaves
To bind us earthward, and *gay fancy films*
With airy lustre various? Hast subdued
Those cleavings of the spirit to its prison,
Those *nice regards, dear habits, pensive memories,*
That change the valour of the thoughtful breast
To brave dissimulation of its fears?
Is hope quenched in thy bosom? Thou art free,
And in the simple dignity of man
Standest apart untimpt:—do not lose
The great occasion thou hast pluck'd from misery,
Nor play the spendthrift with a *great despair,*
But use it nobly!”—pp. 10-11.

The phrases we have marked in Italics betray the Wordsworth school to which Mr. Talfourd is attached. And when we talk of the Wordsworth school, let us not be understood as wishing to underrate the merit of that distinguished poet. It is the misfor-

ture of all imitation that it catches rather the weaknesses than the perfections of the original; for this reason, that the latter would require in the copyist a genius equal to that of the master. Thus many phrases which Wordsworth was the first to use, and which in his works are redeemed by the thoughts that prompt them, have been adopted by his admirers and introduced into their own compositions, where there is not the same powerful inducement to make us pass them over with indulgence. "Pensive memories," "dear habits," "nice regards," "household thoughts," "household charities," and other fond and fanciful jargon of that description may be found abundantly strewn through the speeches, not only of Ion, but of almost every other character in this tragedy.

Adrastus had issued a decree forbidding on pain of death any person to seek his presence without being summoned for that purpose. The sages of the temple decided that it would be well to counsel him against the course of tyranny which he was pursuing, and several of them offer to go to his palace with that view. The following are the "loving" terms in which Ion solicits that office for himself.

"O Sages, do not think my prayer
 Bespeaks unscemly forwardness—send me!
*The coarsest reed that trembles in the marsh,
 If heaven select it for its instrument,
 May shed celestial music on the breeze
 As clearly as the pipe whose virgin gold
 Befits the lip of Phœbus;—ye are wise,
 And needed by your country; ye are fathers:
 I am a lone stray thing, whose little life
 By strangers' bounty cherish'd, like a wave
 That from the summer sea a wanton breeze
 Lifts for a moment's sparkle, will subside
 Light as it rose, nor leave a sigh in breaking.*"—p. 14.

The idea of Heaven selecting a reed from a marsh to be its instrument is new. The comparison between a reed which befits the lip of Phœbus, with a devoted statesman resolved to stay the actions of a sanguinary tyrant by his wisdom, is also original. The poetical energy of the whole passage—the "little life" sparkling for a moment like a wave raised by a "wanton breeze" from the "summer sea," and "not sighing" even when it breaks, we leave to the judgment of the reader. The affection of Ion for Clemanthe must not have been overpowering, we should imagine, if it was never more naturally or ardently expressed than in the following scene. At this moment, it will be remembered, Ion was about to seek Adrastus—in other words to run the imminent hazard of never seeing the lady again.

ION.

How fares my pensive sister ?

CLEMANTHE.

How should I fare but ill when the pale hand
 Draws the black foldings of the eternal curtain
 Closer and closer round us—Phocion absent—
 And thou, forsaking all within thy home,
 Wilt risk thy life with strangers, in whose aid
 Even thou canst do but little ?

ION.

It is little.

But in these sharp extremes of fortune,
 The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter
 Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing
 To give a cup of water; yet its draught
 Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,
 May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
 More exquisite than when nectarcan juice
 Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
 It is a little thing to speak a phrase
 Of common comfort which by daily use
 Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
 Of him who thought to die unmourn'd, 'twill fall
 Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye
 With gentle tear; relax the knotted hand
 To know the bonds of fellowship again;
 And shed upon the departing soul a sense
 More precious than the benison of friends
 About the honor'd deathbed of the rich,
 To him who else were lonely, that another
 Of the great family is near and feels.

CLEMANTHE.

O thou canst never bear these mournful offices !
 So blythe, so merry once ! Will not the sight
 Of frenzied agonies unfix thy reason,
 Or the dumb woe congeal thee ?

ION,

No, Clemanthe :

They are the patient sorrows that touch nearest !
 If thou hadst seen the warrior when he writhed
 In the last grapple of his sinewy frame
 With conquering anguish, strive to cast a smile
 (And not in vain) upon his fragile wife,
 Waning beside him,—and, his limbs composed,
 The widow of the moment fix her gaze
 Of longing, speechless love, upon the babe,
 The only living thing which yet was hers,
 Spreading its arms for its own resting-place,
 Yet with attenuate hand wave off

The unstricken child, and so embraceless die,
 Stifling the mighty hunger of the heart ;
 Thou couldst endure the sight of selfish grief
 In sullenness or frenzy ;—but to-day
 Another lot falls on me.

CLEMANTHE.

Thou wilt leave us !
 I read it plainly in thy alter'd mien ;—
 Is it for ever ?

ION.

That is with the gods !
 I go but to the palace, urged by hope,
 Which from afar hath darted on my soul,
 That to the humbleness of one like me
 The haughty king may listen.

CLEMANTHE.

To the palace !
 Knowest thou the peril—nay the certain issue
 That waits thee ? Death !—The tyrant has decreed it,
 Confirmed it with an oath ; and he has power
 To keep that oath ; for, hated as he is,
 The reckless soldiers who partake his riot
 Are swift to do his bidding.

ION.

I know all ;
 But they who call me to the work can shield me,
 Or make me strong to suffer.

CLEMANTHE.

Then the sword
 Falls on thy neck ! O Gods ! to think that thou,
 Who in the plenitude of youthful life
 Art now before me, ere the sun decline,
 Perhaps in one short hour shalt lie cold, cold,
 To speak, smile, bless no more !—Thou shalt not go !

ION.

Thou must not stay me, fair one ; even thy father,
 Who (blessings on him !) loves me as his son,
 Yields to the will of Heaven.

CLEMANTHE.

And he can do this !
 I shall not bear his presence if thou faltest
 By his consent ; so shall I be alone.

ION.

Phœcion will soon return, and juster thoughts
 Of thy admiring father close the gap
 Thy old companion left behind him.

CLEMANTHE.

Never !
 What will to me be father, brother, friends,

When thou art gone—the light of our life quench'd—
 Haunting like spectres of departed joy
 The home where thou wert dearest?

ION.

 Thrill me not
 With words that, in their agony, suggest
 A hope too ravishing,—or my head will swim,
 And my heart faint within me.

CLEMANTHE.

 Has my speech
 Such blessed power? I will not mourn it then,
 Though it hath told a secret I had borne
 Till death in silence:—how affection grew
 To this, I know not;—day succeeded day,
 Each fraught with the same innocent delights,
 Without one shock to ruffle the disguise
 Of sisterly regard which veil'd it well,
 Till thy changed mien reveal'd it to my soul,
 And thy great peril makes me bold to tell it.
 Do not despise it in me!

ION.

 With deep joy,
 Thus I receive it. Trust me, it is long
 Since I have learned to tremble midst our pleasures,
 Lest I should break the golden dream around me
 With most ungrateful rashness. I should bless
 The sharp and perilous duty which hath press'd
 A life's deliciousness into these moments,—
 Which here must end. I came to say farewell,
 And the word must be said.

CLEMANTHE.

 Thou canst not mean it!
 Have I disclaim'd all maiden bashfulness
 To tell the cherish'd secret of my soul
 To my soul's master, and in rich return
 Obtain'd the dear assurance of his love,
 To hear him speak that miserable word,
 I cannot—will not echo?

ION.

 Heaven has call'd me,
 And I have pledged my honor. When thy heart
 Bestow'd its preference on a friendless boy,
 Thou didst not image him a recreant; nor
 Must he prove so, by thy election crown'd.
 Thou hast endow'd me with the right to claim
 Thy help through this our journey, be its course
 Lengthen'd to age, or in an hour to end,
 And now I ask it!—bid my courage hold,
 And with thy free approval send me forth
 In soul apparel'd for my office!

CLEMANTHE.

Go!

I would not have thee other than thou art,
Living or dying—and if thou shouldst fall—

ION.

Be sure I shall return.

CLEMANTHE.

● If thou shouldst fall,

I shall be happier as the affianced bride
Of thy cold ashes, than in proudest fortunes—
Thine—ever thine— [she faints in his arms.

ION. [calls.]

Abra!—So best to part—[Enter ABRA.

Let her have air; be near her through the day;
I know thy tenderness—should ill news come
Of any friend, she will require it all.”—pp. 17-23.

So he finds Clemanthe in a faint, and thinking that the best opportunity to be off, this ardent lover consigns his mistress to Abra, and *exit*. But look at the manner in which he has entertained her throughout. “*How fares my pensive sister?*” “How should I fare but ill?” she answers, “especially as you are going away.” Then he preaches to her about the importance of a cup of water to the thirsty, of pitying the distressed, of soothing the bed of death, of the “patient sorrows” of a warrior “*stifling the mighty hunger of his heart,*” and he winds up by saying, without even telling her of his love, if any he had for her, that he came to say farewell! “Oh” says she very naturally, “surely you can mean no such thing!”—“Indeed but I do,” he replies, “my *honor* is engaged—*my honor.*”—“Go,” exclaims Clemanthe, “I would not have thee other than thou art.” We beg Clemanthe’s pardon—we rather think she would have had him quite the reverse of what he then appeared to be. She talks of the happiness she would experience in becoming the affianced bride of his “cold ashes!” There never was such a parting scene as this before! We defy the most enthusiastic of Mr. Talfourd’s admirers to detect a single mark of natural feeling in the whole of the dialogue on either side, except the fainting fit, when she manages very adroitly to fall into his arms. Where was his cup of water then?

The interview between Adrastus and Ion is carried on, so far as Ion is concerned, in the same declamatory and puerile style. Ion, instead of addressing him in the language of a patriot and a man, whines about the period when the tyrant was a little baby himself, and was dandled on his mother’s knee! He next speaks to him of love:—

“ Think upon the time
 When the clear depths of thy yet lucid soul
 Were ruffled with the troublings of strange joy,
 As if some unseen visitant from heaven
 Touch'd the calm lake and wreath'd its images
 In sparkling waves;—recall the dallying hope
 That on the margin of assurance trembled,
 As loth to lose in certainty too bless'd
 Its happy being;—taste in thought again
 Of the stolen sweetness of those evening walks,
 When panted turf was air to winged feet,
 And circling forests by ethereal touch
 Enchanted, wore the livery of the sky,
 As if about to melt in golden light
 Shapes of one heavenly vision.”—pp. 32—33.

• This passage reads very well, and sounds like poetry. It has been quoted by some of our contemporaries as a superior specimen of composition. Let us examine it a little. The soul of Adrastus is first compared to a lucid lake until it is disturbed by love, which, like an unseen visitant from heaven, touches the calm lake, and does what?—Wreathes its images in sparkling waves! What images? Assume an object to be reflected in the lake, and suppose the surface to be agitated into circles by the unseen visitant, the reflection will not be wreathed but broken, nor will the sparkle of the wave reach the image at all, which is below while the sparkle is above. The metaphor, therefore, is a mere conceit, which has no foundation in nature.

Again. The forests through which the lovers are imagined to be walking, are said to be enchanted by ethereal touch, and then they wear “the livery of the sky, as if about to melt in golden light shapes of one heavenly vision.” Does the reader understand this? What is the livery of the sky? Azure most certainly. Therefore the forests are clothed in azure *as if* they were about to melt in golden light! And what then? Why, then the same forests become *shapes of one heavenly vision!*

Adrastus now becomes the hero for a scene or two, and while he relates his personal history, Ion sinks into insignificance—or rather, the effeminacy which pervades his character throughout, becomes more conspicuous when compared with the impetuous and manly bearing of the king. The story of his youth, of his secret marriage, of the loss of his son, is well told. It is disfigured by no “nice memories;” the narrative is rapid, pregnant, clear, and affecting. The resemblance of Ion to the mother of that child melts the tyrant's soul; he agrees to summon to his council the sages of Argos. Ion returns to the temple with a message to that effect. He meets Clemanthe, who presents him to the sages,

and in the enthusiasm of her joy asks them, "Why shout ye not his welcome?" whereupon her father observes—

"Dearest girl,
This is no scene for thee; go to thy chamber,
I'll come to thee ere long." [Exit CLEMANTHE !

He then sends away his brother sages, and after pouring a little flattery into the ear of Ion, he tells him, what he knew before, that Clemanthe loves him. Ion treats the matter very coolly, and assures the father that he will not spurn her, but in words that we doubt much whether Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, with all his ingenuity, could found upon them an action for a breach of promise of marriage. In fact, Ion is the most frigid lover that ever appeared on or off the stage. After a long and tedious scene, in which Ctesiphon relates an insult offered to his father by Adrastus, and babbles much about revenge, which he was not able to accomplish, Ion attempts to palliate the deed, in a dissertation upon tyranny in general, which he shews to be the result rather of the vanity of the multitude, than of the vicious disposition of the ruler. The argument is curious, to say the least of it, and is rich in the jargon of the "nice memory" school:—

"If the rich pageantry of thoughts must fade
~~and~~ unsubstantial as the regal hues
 Of eve which purpled them, our cunning frailty
 Must robe a living image with their pomp,
 And wreath a diadem around its brow,
 In which our *sunny fantasies may live*
Empearl'd, and gleam, in fatal splendor, far
On after ages. We must look *within*
 For that which makes us slaves;—on *sympathies*
 Which find no kindred objects in the plain
 Of common life—*affections that aspire*
In air too thin—and fancy's dewy film
 Floating for rest; for even such *delicate threads,*
 Gather'd by fate's engrossing hand, supply
 The *eternal spindle whence she weaves the bond*
 Of *cable strength in which our nature struggles!*"—p. 48.

Sunny fantasies empearled and gleaming far on after ages, sympathies of an exalted kind, affections aspiring in air too thin, and fancy's dewy film floating about for rest, are all so many delicate threads gathered by the hand of fate, and these threads supply the spindle (we always thought it was the spindle that supplied the thread), whence she *weaves* the *bond* of *cable* in which our *nature struggles!* Wherefore it is demonstrated, that if an absolute monarch knocks an old man down, the son of the insulted

patriarch ought to forgive the crime! Ctesiphon very justly replies—

“Go talk to others if thou wilt.”

The council assembles. Agenor, in a long speech upon the plague, in which the effects of the pestilence are minutely described, calls upon the king to repent, and pray to the Gods for mercy. To this Adrastus replies in another harangue, in which he talks of many things—of grasping his sceptre more firmly than ever—of becoming more stern—of peopling the few hours of empire that still remain to him

“With more lustrous joys than flush’d
In the serene procession of its greatness,
Which look’d perpetual, as the flowing course
Of human things!”

He then breaks out into the following strain:—

“Have ye beheld a pine
That clasp’d the mountain summit with a root
As firm as its rough marble, and, apart
From the huge shade of undistinguish’d trees,
Lifted its head as in delight to share
The evening glories of the sky, and taste
The wanton dalliance of the heavenly breeze
That no ignoble vapour from the vale
Could mingle with—smit by the flaming marl,
And lighted for destruction? How it stood
One glorious moment, fringed and wreathed with fire
Which show’d the inward graces of its shape,
Uncumber’d now, and midst its topmost boughs
That young Ambition’s airy fancies made
Their giddy nest, leap’d sportive;—never clad
By liberal summer in a pomp so rich
As waited on its downfall, while it took
The storm-cloud roll’d behind it for a curtain
To gird its splendours round, and made the blast
Its minister to whirl its flashing shreds
Aloft towards heaven, or to the startled depths
Of forests that afar might share its doom!
So shall the royalty of Argos pass
In festal blaze to darkness!”—pp. 51, 52.

If Adrastus be admitted to have, by this time become of unsound mind, the author, it cannot be denied, has put into his mouth language and ideas well suited to such a state of intellectual existence. If we can suppose the king to be still in his senses, then certainly the author raves in a flow of unmeaning bombast, which Rowe himself, had he been alive, would have in vain panted to imitate.

• The oracle of Apollo is disclosed to the king by Phocion :—

“ Argos ne'er shall find release
Till her monarch's race shall cease.”

Adrastus bids them all defiance, and departs. The young men, Ctesiphon, Phocion, and Ion, agree to meet again in the evening, and the second act ends with a parody of the dagger scene in *Macbeth*. We naturally expect that the third act will open with the meeting of the parties who were resolved on the death of the tyrant. Instead of this, we have a scene between Ion and Clemanthe, in which the action of the piece, at its most interesting moment, is stayed by a series of speeches conceived in the worst taste, and clothed in language which might be cited as the very model of a false and vicious style. It is followed by a soliloquy of Ion in the same vein. The conspirators at length assemble—the lots are drawn—Ion is appointed by the fates to slay the king. Meantime a communication, made to Clemanthe's father from a stranger, informs the audience that Ion is in truth the son of Adrastus. The remainder of the tale may be summed up in a sentence. There is a long and painful scene—painful for its excessive puerility, between the tyrant and his son; while the latter hesitates to strike the fatal blow, which the former invites and even implores, so well has he been schooled by one of Ion's lectures, Medon rushes in to disclose to both their real relationship. Upon this they retire together: Ctesiphon pursues them, and the reeking dagger which he displays on his return, shews that the deed is done. The tragedy really ends here in the middle of the fourth act, with the death of Adrastus. The elevation of Ion to the throne, and his suicide, in order to accomplish the oracle, occupy the remaining scenes, and altogether destroy the unity of the composition. Thus, we have here a tragedy broken into two distinct stories—languid in action—inculcating no moral—exhibiting no leading hero or heroine—written in a style which good taste must severely condemn—fraught with poetical conceits of which a schoolboy ought to be ashamed; and yet most of our quarterly, monthly, weekly, and daily critics, have lauded it to the skies—and four overflowing houses have applauded it to the echo!

These observations upon “*Ion*” have been wrung from us by an imperative sense of the duty which we owe to the literature of the age. Professing as we do to be ranked amongst its guardians, we could not silently admit such a work as this to be enrolled among the legitimate specimens of our drama, seeing that it possesses no merit to entitle it to any such distinction. On the contrary, we hold, and we fancy that we have fairly proved, it to be of a school of writing which is most objectionable in its character,

whether we look to its artificial train of thought, or to its conventional and diseased peculiarities of diction. For Mr. Talfourd personally we entertain the highest respect. He is one of the ornaments of a profession in which he has succeeded by the force of his talents, which are of a very distinguished order. His political sentiments accord entirely with our own, and if justice had allowed us to give his tragedy praise, we should have joined in the general chorus with unfeigned satisfaction. But the example set by his "Ion" to other writers—the view which it presented to foreign nations of our living drama—forbade us from withholding the opinions which we had formed upon it, and which we have expressed, we hope, without inflicting pain on a mind destined to triumphs much higher than those he could have expected in a theatre.

ART. VI. *De la Poésie chrétienne dans son Principe, dans sa Matière, et dans ses Formes*, par A. F. Rio.—*Forme de l'Art, seconde partie.* Paris. 1836.

ONE of the most remarkable features of the present age is the universal reaction of that spirit of scepticism, which characterised the principal productions of the eighteenth century, particularly in France. Out of the general chaos of its conflicting doctrines, Christianity rises, like the phoenix from its ashes, resplendent in the beauty of eternal youth. At the very moment its implacable enemies were preparing to celebrate its complete destruction, *Philosophy, History, and Science*, after having completed the vast circle of critical investigation, find themselves at the very point from which they started; after having painfully and laboriously threaded the complicated and interminable labyrinths of doubt, and after a vast expenditure of genius and erudition we are brought back to the humiliating conclusion of the wise man of old, "that there is nothing new under the sun." We are forced at last to acknowledge that the philosophy of the schools, although encumbered by certain verbal forms, was an engine of stupendous power in the analysis and synthesis of sciences, whereby we arrive at that sublime unity which governs and upholds things of themselves fluctuating and contingent. It is a circumstance not a little remarkable, that amongst the books belonging to Hume (the Aristotle of the sceptical philosophy) was found after his death a copy of the *Summa Theologiæ* of St. Thomas, filled with marginal notes, and bearing other marks of the profound attention with which he had explored this great arsenal of scholastic learning.

• It by no means enters into our purpose at present to establish a parallel between the philosophy of the middle ages, and that of the nineteenth century, if indeed the nineteenth century can be said to possess a philosophy; for we scarcely dare apply so great a word to the sensualism of Edinburgh, the Eclecticism of the modern French school, or to the vapourish pantheism of Germany. We hesitate not however in avowing it as our opinion, that these three schools have arrived at the last phase of their respective doctrines, and that they have before them but one possible solution, the philosophy of Revelation. The school of Edinburgh has indeed ever been essentially Christian in its doctrines, but not so in its method; as for the French and German Philosophy, Cousin and Schelling who may be considered as its most illustrious representatives, if they are not Christians, the obstacle lies in their logic, and not in their principles.

In the department of *history*, the brilliant lessons of Guizot, and in Germany the more profound and dispassionate criticisms of several Protestant authors, such as Müller, Wilken, and Raumer, have dissipated for ever the foolish and malevolent calumnies which Voltaire and his proselytes heaped with bitter zeal upon the most eminent personages of the feudal ages, enveloping in one reprobation, their customs, their laws and their institutions.

Nor has *science* wanted a champion to break the thralldom under which she was so long weighed down. The immortal Cuvier, in his public lectures, rendered most honourable testimony to scholastic learning, hesitating not to attribute *all* the discoveries of modern science to the *method* which it adopted. To Cuvier belongs the honour of having in an age of materialism, spiritualized the natural sciences, by having proclaimed the supremacy of form over matter, establishing upon its real basis the philosophical doctrine of identity. The very important discoveries of this great naturalist, in geology and comparative anatomy, were made, as were the discoveries of Kepler, and of Newton (and in a word *all* the great discoveries of *all* great men) by a simultaneous employment of the analytical and synthetical methods. For, since by a law of the human mind, every experiment is made under the influence of some theory, or at least of a hypothesis, we may thereby learn how important it is to use with caution that high prerogative of the human mind, by which we apply to science the test of doubt, decomposing by a long patient analysis those compound formulas, by which we arrived rapidly at its theory. Even Bacon, who is justly considered as the father of experimental philosophy, was fully aware of the dangers of analysis; for in speaking of the extreme difficulty of his method, he gives as a reason, the great caution

necessary in putting to the test of experiment things even apparently fabulous; and he has moreover expressly asserted that science requires some regulating principle to preserve it from corruption, and that principle he hesitates not to seek in revelation. Although an avowed enemy to the scholastic philosophy, he was only an enemy to its abuses, which were certainly great in his day; for instead of a means it had become an end, and men no longer argued to establish truth, but to gain the idle triumph of a victory of words. It is then by no means wonderful that he should look down with pity upon the introduction of syllogism into the domain of natural science, since the office of a syllogism is by no means to *discover* truth, but to *teach it* by a shorter method, in starting from some admitted principle. The learned chancellor, in substituting experiment in the place of syllogism, as the great instrument of natural science, was far from declaring its omnipotence in the other departments of human knowledge; for he well knew that universal scepticism was the necessary consequence of such a principle, and no man had a greater horror of scepticism than Bacon.

Descartes stands exactly in the same relation to modern philosophy as his illustrious predecessor. His philosophical doubt, from the abuse of which so many grave errors have resulted, was a thing in itself extremely innocent, since he never confounded the domains of reason and of faith; and whilst he respected the dogma of Christianity, which he regarded as the revealed word of God, he exercised that undoubted prerogative which every man possesses, of investigating rational truth by the operations of human reason. Those men, therefore, who in later times have taken refuge under the names of Bacon and Descartes, to derive from a partial consideration of their methods the sceptical philosophy, have been either illogical or dishonest. For it is evident that both Bacon and Descartes admit in the moral universe two forces, the one expansive and the other repressive; as in the physical universe, we have two forces one of which is convergent and the other projectile. What should we say of the good faith of that man, who, treating Newton's theory of universal gravitation of matter, should establish as the logical consequence of that theory the rectilinear motion of the earth, and the final arrangement of all the heavenly bodies around the sun; because Newton does not repeat at each page, that the centripetal force is moderated by another force differing in its direction, and that from the harmony of the two, result the admirable movement of the solar system? Such, however, is the exact process of the modern school of sceptical philosophy. Take as an example, Mr. Hume examining the doctrine of causality,

and coming to the conclusion that the notion of causality is reducible to that of succession; and that, because Mr. Hume thought proper for the moment to forget this irresistible, self-evident truth, viz., that all secondary causes imply a primary efficient cause, as well as an end. Without stopping to examine into the origin of this truth, we may remark, that he is obliged to admit its tyrannical influence over all classes of men, even over philosophers, himself amongst the rest, for he avows that once fairly out of his cabinet he thinks and feels as other men. Happy had it been for him had he gone on to examine *why?*

We have been led into this rapid survey of the rise and condition of modern philosophical opinions, by the nature of the work which now lies open before us; M. Rio having done for art, what his illustrious contemporary and friend Cuvier had already done for science, and what Frederick Schlegel and Dr. Bonald had done for history and philosophy; by establishing the identity of that law which governs both mind and matter. In a former work, enjoying deservedly a high reputation in his native country and in Germany, entitled "*Essai sur l'histoire de l'Esprit humain dans l'Antiquité*," M. Rio had already laid the foundation of his present theory, by demonstrating the high mission of art even in that imperfect form of civilization offered by Athens, and the other states of ancient Greece, remarking, *that from the moment it ceased to be a vehicle of social progress, its vitality also ceased*; the course of its decay being in the same ratio as the decrease of public morals. The paintings of Polygnotes served as a text book for the moral lessons of the philosopher Chrysippus; and Aristotle remarks, that painting teaches the same precepts of moral conduct as philosophy, with this advantage, that it employs a shorter method. But the paintings of Apelles were no longer fitted to so high an end; the *beau idéal* of form and sentiment having given place to a less noble element, viz. a servile imitation of nature and a base adulation of the most depraved passions. In the age of Alexander the efforts of art were absorbed by the exigencies of private vanity, and that country which formerly refused a statue to Miltiades, saw her legislators and heroes confounded in the ignominious crowd of harlots and flute players, sophists and obscure poets, which disgraced her public streets. To one man alone, for an administration of no more than ten years, were voted no less than three hundred and sixty statues. Lysippus confining himself to the imitation of nature, the sublime types of ideal beauty called into being by the chisel of Phidias, became unintelligible; those magnificent productions of which Quintilian says, that they seemed to elevate the sentiments of popular religion by disengaging it from

the trammels of matter. Then, to adopt the expression of the elder Pliny, the mission of art was at an end: "*cessavit deinde ars.*"

The Mission of Christian art, from being more noble, inasmuch as it related to a form of civilization more perfect, was not exempt from the same condition of existence, but with this difference, that it was exposed to an additional danger. For as Grecian art had to avoid a too servile imitation of natural forms, Christian art had to avoid not only that, but also that very form of art which was its legitimate predecessor; thus adding to the rock of Scylla, the whirlpool of Charybdis. Such is the ingenious hypothesis by which our learned author resolves the difficult problem of the decay of Christian art at the very moment of its greatest apparent splendour: in the age of Raphael, of Michael Angelo, of Leonardo da Vinci, of Titian, Coreggio, in a word, in the age of all the great professors of modern art.

The character of Christian art is not only essentially different from, but even opposed to, that of ancient Greece; for Christianity, by displacing the centre of art, extended its circumference, and whilst the former had its origin bounded by time and by space, the latter, although equally limited in its *expression*, was in its *allusions* infinite. Pagan art, completely ignorant of the future destiny of man as of his real nature, was limited to the beauty and power of the human form, and to the expression of certain violent passions, and that indeed rarely attempted, and only in the decay of art; the general character of Grecian sculpture in its best days being a dignified repose and the total absence of all muscular effort. Thus, even in the Apollo, although in a state of action, the muscles are scarcely indicated. The Farnesian Hercules is indeed an exception which the very nature of the subject rendered necessary.—But Christian art, aware of the identity of nakedness and shame, hastened to conceal that form which sin had degraded, under those ample draperies which became one of its peculiarities, and at the same time one of its greatest charms, serving as a mystical veil, translucent, yet impenetrable, revealing all its motions, but hiding its form—ininitely more beautiful than the most perfect reality, inasmuch as the sign is surpassed by the thing signified; inasmuch as the ideal circle, circumscribed by a line without breadth or thickness, surpasses in perfection the rude diagram by which it is figured forth.

Another of the peculiarities of Christian art, is the beauty and eloquence of its expression, to which may be added the vastness and importance of its compositions, and their great moral influence as one of the forms of language, at a period when the lan-

guage of words was too imperfect for the purposes of subjects of high interest, such as the universal judgment, or of deep pathos, such as the death of our Redeemer.

Upon this important mission of Christian art, and upon the considerations which have guided him in tracing the history of its rise, its progress, and its decay, we shall allow the author to discourse for himself:—

“In speaking of the destinies of Painting, considering it as one of the forms of Christian poesy, we take up a position wholly different from that occupied in an ordinary history of the fine arts, a subject no doubt of considerable interest, but which, in the manner in which it has hitherto been treated, has afforded but vague and superficial results. If painting, as an art, consists merely in a more or less faithful imitation of natural objects, by means of lines and colours, what matters it, so far as the happiness or the dignity of the human race is concerned, that in one age this art was rude and uncultivated, and in another admirable?

“But, on the other hand, when we consider painting in its various phases, as a form of expression, imperfect, it is true, but progressive, to which modern nations were obliged to resort before their languages were constructed; when we farther observe that in those first rude efforts, before which the connoisseur passes with indifference, perhaps with disdain, are treasured up the richest and most pure emotions of the heart, and the most sublime efforts of the imagination; and when we reflect that these very monuments which we despise, were intended as eternal testimonials of our holy faith, we shall become less rigorous in insisting upon certain technical excellences which are perhaps necessary to constitute a masterpiece of art. Quitting for a moment the surface of things, we shall thus endeavour to penetrate into their more intimate essence. It is under this point of view, new probably to the greater number of my readers, that I intend to treat the subject.”—pp. 1-3.

It is evident from the whole tenor of this work, that our author belongs to that school of Mystical Philosophy, the geographical centre of which is Munich. Although the University of that city contains two chairs of Mystical Philosophy, one of which is occupied by the celebrated Görres, we know little of its doctrines in this country. His name alone, however, is a sufficient guarantee for their christian character. Görres is not only the most popular lecturer in Germany amongst thinking men, but is moreover a pious, prudent, clear-headed, matter-of-fact sort of person, as his political writings clearly prove. If then he has quitted the regions of time and space to occupy himself exclusively with the more sublime phenomena of mind, we suppose it is after a mature appreciation of the comparative advantages of mind and matter. We have seen Cuvier seeking the identity of things in their vital forms, and

the philosophy of Plato teaches us that the mind is the sole region of such forms. The Mystical Philosophy then, studying nature in her material forms by the physical sciences, passes from the contingent to the absolute, nor does she repose even there, for in transcendental science she seeks also a hidden sense; so that for her both physics and metaphysics are only forms by which are manifested the power, the glory, and above all the goodness of the Creator. In a word, if natural philosophy be conversant with secondary causes and their relations, the Mystical Philosophy studies the universe as well as that wonderful mirror in which it is reflected (the human mind), in reference solely to their own end, or final cause, which is God.

This leads us to remark that, as every order of things supposes an universal law, which is the very condition of its existence, (the physical universe being governed by the law of gravitation) the Mystical Philosophy is not wanting in that respect; and having taken its rise out of christianity, its vital principle is the same, viz. charity or love, in its natural form, as contradistinguished from that charity, which is a heavenly gift. All finite forms are in a certain sense manifestations of that supreme form from whence they are derived; therefore the essential quality of that primeval form being love, "Deus amor est," that element must necessarily subsist in all those secondary forms by which it is manifested in time and in space. These sublime and universal relations are the object of the mystical philosophy both in their objective and subjective being.

Having thus glanced at the mystical philosophy, we shall proceed to state in a few words the theory of our author as applied to the art of painting, that being the form of art to which he has first applied his doctrines. In it he distinguishes three principal elements; the first of which is the *mystical* element, which may be said to constitute its essence, corresponding with what the Platonic philosophy would call its idea. But an idea in its expression has certain necessary relations with time and space, whence proceed two other subservient elements, drawing and colour, which he terms the *geometrical* and *harmonious* elements. It is evident that from the co-ordination and subordination of these three elements the perfection of the painter's art arises.

M. Rio distinguishes moreover three forms of art: the first, the essential form of Christian art, or that in which the christian idea predominates, and absorbs into itself the inferior elements of drawing and colour. This he terms the *Mystical school*. By the side of that he places the *pagan* form and the *natural* form, or as he terms them, for brevity's sake, *Paganism and Naturalism*; the former of which seeks its inspirations in the remains of

Grecian art, and the latter in an exclusive study of nature, as the mystical school seeks her form of art in the human soul, vivified by the doctrines and traditions of christianity. When therefore Massaccio, and other painters of the christian school of the 15th century, dazzled by the success with which they imitated natural objects, filled their pictures with portraits and architecture, and began to neglect those sublime traditional types, in which was embodied the deep pathos of christian poesy, this setting up of natural forms as an end instead of a means, was the first indication of the decay of christian art; and when at a later period, the discovery of the remains of Grecian antiquity, which were assembled at Florence by the Medici, absorbed the admiration of both painters and amateurs, and gave a new direction to taste, this tendency to decay was confirmed. Florence became the great school of drawing, as Venice of colour, but this dismemberment of the unity of art proved fatal to its vital principle. In accordance with these premises, M. Rio proceeds to furnish us with a new historical survey of Christian art, marking the gradual development of its technical resources, and at the same time indicating the simultaneous irruption of *Naturalism* and *Paganism*, at the very moment when drawing and colour had acquired that degree of cultivation which was necessary for its perfection.

From this moment the history of Christian art requires some other method than that which constitutes the ordinary basis of all history, namely, the succession of time. The chronological method, as applied to history in general, is subject to many grave objections, the least of which is, that it treats successively of things which existed simultaneously. But as that is a necessity imposed by the limited nature of our intelligence, we must accept it for general purposes, bearing always in mind, that, as every great historical event is prepared by a long succession of dependent circumstances, and followed by others, which are, as it were, its logical consequences, we may indeed mark exactly the place of any known event in the order of time, but it is utterly impossible to assign the limits of its influence. Thus, we know when the empire of Charlemagne was founded, and when it was dissolved; but no human sagacity can discover by what concatenation of events that stupendous power was prepared, and its influence perpetuated. In like manner, in the history of painting, at the beginning of the 16th century, the most celebrated painters of that golden age of art had lost sight of the idea which had called it into being. Instead of studying the intimate recesses of the human soul conjointly with those traditional types which time had handed down to them, they allowed themselves to be carried away by the newly discovered remains of Pagan art, which had

better have remained for ever buried in the bowels of the earth. On the other hand, portraits of men and women, even of harlots, as in the corrupt days of effeminate Athens, began to make their appearance in those sacred histories which were painted for the instruction and edification of the people; and from that moment the denunciation of the elder Pliny is applicable to Christian art, "*Cessavit deinde ars.*" It ceased—yet, like the expiring lamp, its bright flame danced with a fantastic brilliancy, from time to time, before it sunk into the deep night that followed.

Independent of the continuous efforts of the Umbrian School, even after its complete dissolution, by the death of Perugino, and the apostacy of Raphael, certain privileged beings (at the head of whom was Raphael himself), were still inspired by the spirit of the mystical school. For Raphael, dazzled as he was by the splendour of Grecian art, and corrupted by the most violent and most dangerous of human passions—a passion which led him to an early and untimely grave—Raphael, the meek and ingenuous pupil of the pious Perugino, at a less happy period recalled to memory those pure ideal forms with which he had been conversant in days of innocence and prayer. Other artists of transcendent talent, inspired by the works of their predecessors, or guided by the intuitions of genius, have furnished, from time to time, certain remarkable exceptions to the general law, amongst whom Titian and Paul Veronese stand pre-eminent. In fact, it is our opinion that few really great painters have traversed the field of art, without leaving, from time to time, an eloquent protest against its corrupt tendency, rising by the sole buoyancy of genius, into the pure regions of Christian poesy.

To seek an example in the works of a man, than whom few have been more guilty in the abuse of great talents, we mean Rubens, the founder of the modern Flemish school of painting, notwithstanding the pertinacity with which he has portrayed the voluminous and somewhat redundant charms of his fair countrywomen—even Rubens has frequently attained to the sublimest pathos. In colour, he ever stood, and ever will stand, pre-eminent; and this powerful charm almost reconciles us to the disgusting outline which he has adopted in the female form, more worthy of Silenus, than of that gentle sex. Yet even the women of Rubens, when veiled in the majestic folds of his ample draperies, are noble objects, though utterly wanting in the essential constituents of female beauty, delicacy of form, and modesty of expression. Two other painters of inferior merit, yet deservedly esteemed, Cigoli, and Carlo Dolci, seem to have been formed by nature for the mystical school; for, notwithstanding the impulse of the times, the former seems to have delighted in

multiplying the ideal images of the seraphic St. Francis, whilst the other adopted as the objects of his predilection, the Saviour of mankind and his Virgin Mother. We have at this moment before us a head of Christ by the latter, where that traditional form, which the decay of art never totally obscured, is combined with an intense expression of tender melancholy, the merit of which is exclusively his own.

M. Rio commences the history of Christian art at its first rude efforts in the catacombs of Rome, when the violence of persecution had chased into the most hidden recesses of the earth that little flock, which had already commenced the conquest of the world.

“ The cradle of Christian art, as well for sculpture as for painting, is to be sought in the obscurity of the Catacombs ; there, amidst the most sublime inspirations, the first Christian artists traced upon the walls of their subterranean chapels, or upon the tombs of their deceased brethren, those rude monuments, of which certain connoisseurs speak with so much disdain, but which will ever remain objects of profound veneration for those whose hearts are faithful to that ancient worship, of which these primitive productions are the simple expression, or rather the symbol.

“ If the history of art were to be confined to the technical means employed, with more or less success, to arrive at the correct imitation of natural objects, we should feel it our duty to pass unnoticed the first few ages which succeeded the establishment of Christianity ; at that period every thing in the Roman Empire was in a state of decomposition, the fine arts more particularly, as far as their vital element was concerned. The painter and the sculptor, it is true, still handed down, from generation to generation, the technical traditions of their respective arts ; but the poet's power, the power of creation, was gone. They still modelled the inanimate clay, but they had lost the secret of breathing into it the breath of life.

“ Christian art having then at its disposition no new technical resources, manifested, necessarily, for a certain time, the same exterior symptoms of decay, and the traditional forms of ancient art imposed upon it their unfavourable conditions. Hence arose a style which might justly be called *the Antique*, a term certainly more applicable to the works of the Christian, than to those of the Pagan artists of this period, if we use it according to its more legitimate meaning, as synonymous with *grandeur* and *simplicity*, qualities wholly wanting in the remains of Roman art during the first two centuries.

“ In reading the history of the Emperors, we see the very abject part played by the artists of that period in those disgusting orgies which demoralized all the classes of that corrupt society. Voluptuousness and adulation appear to have been the sole motives of action ; and the painter, in choosing his subjects from the national religion, seems always influenced by the one or the other.

“The paintings found in the Catacombs present a remarkable contrast, in this respect, both as to the choice of the subject, as to the manner of treating it; and if we continue the parallel to the period at which Christian art emerged from its subterranean refuge to unfold the triumphant banner of the Cross, how admirable its sublime tendency, its noble expression, its lofty style, as portrayed in these primitive productions, notwithstanding the evident marks of the fatal influence of universal decay, preparing insensibly the more glorious triumphs of the Middle Ages! For after all, these monuments, apparently so rude, are the most ancient patrimony handed down to us by our forefathers of the Christian faith; they are, as it were, so many permanent, material acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity; there we find the fundamental ideas of Christianity reduced to their most simple expression, under forms the most touching, and the most heroic; Charity! Sacrifice! Redemption! Eternity!—Ideas that communicate their influence to all ages, and all places; potent alike to vivify the first efforts of art, or to regenerate its decay.

“In that period which preceded the reign of Constantine, the precarious position of the Christians in the Empire, constantly exposed to the most bitter persecution, deprived alike of the free exercise of their religion, as also of the faculty of exposing its sublime dogmas, had given rise, in the absence of more effectual means of disseminating the fundamental truths of Christianity, to a series of Allegories—biblical representations, relating principally to the fall and redemption of the human race, and the baptism, passion, and resurrection of our blessed Saviour.

“As the triumphal termination of the Christian’s dolorous passage upon earth, the Resurrection was figured forth, by numerous allusions, taken principally from the Old or the New Testament, such as the histories of Jonah and Lazarus; the dove returning to the ark, bearing in his bill the symbolical olive branch; the water changed into wine; the last judgment; the phoenix rising from its ashes; the prophet Elijah in his fiery chariot. The good shepherd going after the stray sheep, and bearing it meekly on his shoulders back to the fold, seems also to have been a subject of particular predilection with the painters and sculptors of this period. It was the favourite parable, inasmuch as it is the most touching, and the most consoling. Where is the heart that can remain unmoved before this beautiful proof of Divine Love, where the Saviour, as it were, compels the sinner to accept the favours which he had spurned?

“In the days of trial and persecution, Art had another mission to fulfil, namely, to fortify its victims against the insolent threats of their destroyers, and against the fear of death. For this purpose were represented the sufferings and patience of Job, the three youths in the fiery furnace, Daniel in the den of lions, or, as a prophetic anticipation of the final triumph of Christianity, Pharaoh and his host overthrown in the Red Sea.

“In consulting the collections of Boasio and Bottari, one naturally expects to find something relating to the persecutions of the early Christians, or at least some allusion to the sufferings of the martyrs;

and it is only when that expectation is disappointed, that we begin to appreciate the sublimity of this omission in an age when the fervour of the primitive faith was so great, that, being absorbed in the contemplation of God's glory in the triumph of the cross, men had no time to waste upon their own sufferings, or upon the cruelties of their judges. They would have found in the commemorations of those astonishing victories which were obtained over their Pagan adversaries, something of human vanity, which might have diminished the glory of him in whose name, and by whose power, they triumphed."—pp. 3-8.

With the accession of Constantine, by whom Christianity was in a measure emancipated, the art of painting received a considerable development. The magnificent basilics erected at Rome, at Constantinople, and in the principal cities of the European and Asiatic provinces, offered to the pencil of the Christian artist considerable resources. In this second period of Christian art, the subjects are analogous to the circumstances in which the miraculous conversion of Constantine had placed the Christian church. The allegorical style was abandoned for that of jubilation and triumph. Already the image of the Divine Redeemer was placed above the sanctuary, in all the pomp of majesty, or engraved upon the current money, with the inscription, "KING OF KINGS," "LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

This Romano-Christian school, many of the productions of which still remain in Italy, maintained itself till the invasion of the barbarians, and even to a later period, with certain vicissitudes. One of the most remarkable circumstances which disturbed the peaceable progress of art, was the memorable dispute between the eastern and western churches, as to the personal appearance of Jesus Christ; the former maintaining, with St. Cyril and Tertullian, that the Redeemer, externally, was the most ignoble and abject of his race; notwithstanding the contrary opinion of some of the most celebrated doctors of both churches. The essential difference of the fundamental types of art in the eastern and western churches, may be regarded as the consequence of that lamentable separation, out of which have arisen so many evils. From this moment the Byzantine spirit may be signalized as the leprosy of art. Having failed in corrupting its types, it attempted the expedient of destruction; but as the efforts of the Arians had failed in destroying the fundamental truth of Christ's divinity, those of the Iconoclasts were equally inefficient to overthrow the ancient and salutary Catholic practice of venerating the images of the Redeemer, of his Virgin Mother, and of the Holy Saints. But this persecution had another influence upon art, which, although destitute of violence, was not less real. The Monks, who were driven out of Greece by the

Iconoclast persecution, were received by the Pope, who founded several vast monasteries for their reception; and being principally of the order of St. Basil, their technical skill as painters, enabled them to inundate the West with the frightful conceptions of Byzantine imagination.

This perverse tendency, traces of which, however, are to be found at a much later period, was stopped short by that general revolution, which precipitated into one common abyss, the accumulated efforts of so many ages; sweeping, as it were, from the face of the earth, all remains of art, of literature, and of science: and thus preparing one of those great catastrophes which seem a condition of progress in the moral, as well as in the physical world. The western nations, polluted by a long series of the most atrocious prevarications, like the Canaanites of old, required the awful lustration of fire and blood; and from the dense forests of the North poured forth those avenging hosts, to whom Heaven had reserved the sublime mission of purging them of the leaven of Paganism, and of constituting Christianity as the basis of civil power.

“About this period, Charlemagne was raised up by Divine Providence as a barrier against the remains of Paganism in the Western World. Then began in language and in art, the grand crisis of decomposition, without which the perfect fusion of so many heterogeneous elements would have been impossible. This work of transformation, which certain philosophers have thought proper to term *the long trance of the human mind*, is worthy of being closely observed, both in its progress and its vicissitudes. Establishing as an epoch the coronation of Charlemagne, from this period it is necessary to admit the intervention of a new element in art, exclusively *German*, which gave rise to a new school of painting, properly termed the Germano-Christian school. But, before I proceed farther on this subject, it may perhaps be expedient to cast a farewell glance upon the Romano-Christian school.

“The extensive repairs undertaken by Adrian I, and the no less extensive constructions of Leo III, were amongst the first advantages which arose out of the peace which Charlemagne had procured for the Church. At this period was executed in one of the halls of the Lateran palace, the large Mosaic, of which considerable remains still exist. It is easy to distinguish in the composition — in the figures of our Saviour, and in those of St. Peter and St. Paul — the traces of the primitive traditions of Christian Art. There is a certain purity of outline, accompanied by an effort at colour and *chiaro-scuro*: as to the portraits of Constantine, and Charlemagne, it is evident that they are accessory to the allegory, which in this case speaks with all the clearness of an ordinary page of history.

“This monument, so precious in itself, is rendered much more so since the destruction of all the productions of the same nature, executed

during the pontificate of Leo III, in the chapel of his palace, under the portico of St. Susanna, and in the church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, where they have been replaced by the admirable frescoes of Pinturicchio.

“To judge of the rapid decay of this school, it is necessary to visit the mosaics of the church of St. Praxedes, which, although posterior only by a few years, seem to announce the approaching obscurity of the three ensuing centuries. About the same period the works in the catacombs were abandoned, and the general apprehension of the end of the world which was expected to happen in the year *one thousand*, paralysing the imagination of the artist, as that awful expected catastrophe drew near, art made as it were a solemn pause till towards the end of the eleventh century. But it is evident that it was not to renew its power; for two manuscripts, one of which is preserved in the library of the Barberini Palace, and the other in the Vestry of the Cathedral of Pisa, are ornamented with imitations, that reveal the low ebb to which the painter’s art had fallen: those which were executed a little later in a MS. poem upon the Countess Matilda, which is in the Vatican, are totally destitute of all pretensions, either as to drawing or chiaro-scuro. The works of larger dimensions, which are generally executed with greater care, being more especially destined to publicity, participate in the general decay, and in the interval of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the evil appears to have attained to its utmost limits. As an example it will suffice to mention the mosaics of the church of St. Francesca Romana, near the arch of Titus, and those of St. Lawrence, out of Rome, with the half-effaced paintings of its portico.

“The Romano-Christian school died a natural death, after having fulfilled its mission; that is to say, after having served as a connecting medium between the primitive inspirations of Christian art, and those more modern schools, which were destined to inherit and to cultivate that rich patrimony.”—pp. 25-29.

M. Rio proceeds to prove that the Gauls had their own peculiar form of art, and he cites the persevering efforts made by Charlemagne in favour of Cisalpine art; no remains of which, unfortunately, have reached our days, unless we except certain miniatures, which are, however, more than sufficient to establish the fact. In one MS. in particular, which is preserved in the cloister of St. Calistus at Rome, executed by the orders of Charlemagne, the style, the character, the costume, (which are Frank) the very name of the artist, (Ingobert) all belong to the north. It is moreover evident that this important branch of Christian art flourished with no small splendour in England, in the tenth century, as may be seen by the celebrated Benedictional in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire;* the miniatures of which were executed by the elegant pencil of one Godeman, Chaplain to the Bishop of Winchester, from the year

* Published by John Gage, Esq.

963 to the year 984, and afterwards Abbot of Thornley. France and Switzerland were not behind-hand in this respect; and we find the highest dignitaries of the church, among whom were two celebrated abbots, and a holy bishop, afterwards a canonized saint, practising the painter's art with the greatest success.

To obviate the inconveniences of an unfavourable climate, the artists of the north seem to have turned to account the weaving of tapestry, and painting upon glass, from the latter of which ecclesiastical architecture has derived such an efficient aid, by giving to the very light of our cathedrals, as to all things else about them, a voice to proclaim the one great absorbing idea which they are destined to perpetuate—all—from their general form, which is a cross, testifying to that mysterious instrument, whose potent voice animates these vast labyrinths of stone, all,—proclaims the sublime unity of christianity, and its inexhaustible variety.

• Guido of Siena, the first artist of that school, whose name has passed down to posterity, left a picture with the very early date of 1221, which is still preserved in the church of the Dominicans: and in 1355, the painters of that city were erected into a regular corporation. We may judge of the importance of their productions by the description which Ghiberti gives of a magnificent composition of Ambrosio di Lorenzo, which still existed in his time; and which represented, in various compartments upon the walls of a convent, the life and pious labours of a missionary. At the beginning was represented a young man, taking the religious habit; a little farther on he joins his supplications to those of several of his brethren, to obtain permission to visit Asia, in order to convert the Saracens; we next assist at their departure, and their arrival before the sultan, who orders them to be attached to stakes and to be scourged. All the details of this horrible scene were pourtrayed to the life—the executioners sinking under the fatigue of their cruel office, the astonished people listening to the admonitions of these new Apostles, even after the order of suspending them to a tree had been executed: ultimately the sultan orders them to be decapitated; after which a tempest, accompanied by thunder, lightning, and hail, adds to the horrors of an earthquake; trees bend under the violence of the storm, others are torn up by the roots, and the affrighted spectators cover themselves with their mantles, or with their shields.

M. Rio describes several other beautiful monuments of christian poesy, which he has discovered in the early productions of the schools of the middle ages. But from these we pass to the Florentine school, which took its rise about half a century later than

that of Siena. Cimabue, whose exaggerated reputation may perhaps be traced to the honourable mention which Dante makes of him in the *Divina Comedia*, is one of the first artists whose name has passed down to posterity: he was more successful in shaking off the trammels of the Byzantine style in the department of colour, than in that of drawing; but Giotto may be more justly regarded as the founder of the Florentine school, having rapidly eclipsed his predecessor, as we learn from the following lines of Dante.

“Credette Cimabue nella pittura
Tener lo campo ed ora ha Giotto il grido.”

But with Giotto also appeared an element of decay; the fatal ravages of which we shall have farther occasion to notice, under the name of *Naturalism*. Like the idolatry of the ancient world, by attaching an undue importance to particulars, and by confounding the sign with the thing signified, through the insidious tendency of this error, men finished by quitting the substance and pursuing the shadow. It is therefore necessary, in speaking of the merit of Giotto, not to lose sight of that negative sign which must be inscribed by the side of it, in order to appreciate its real value in the high question of Christian art; for whilst, by his rare technical skill, he opened new resources unknown to former painters, imitating admirably all sorts of natural objects, and, if we may believe the testimony of Boccaccio,* to such a point, that the illusion was complete, yet we must not forget the important fact, that this trivial success was obtained at the expence of an irremediable sacrifice, viz. the progressive neglect of those traditional types, which constituted the essence of Christian art. M. Rio thus resumes his observations upon the first period of the Florentine school.

“In the first place the trammels of Byzantine tradition were for ever thrown off, and to preclude all possibility of return, art sought her inspiration principally in legends, comparatively modern, and exclusively current in the Western church. The crusades laid open all the imperfections of the Grecian character; and such was the effect of this antipathy between the East and the West, that the Fathers of the Greek and Latin churches are rarely met with in the same picture. St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Gregory the great, and St. Ambrose, were placed immediately after the four Evangelists; then came St. Francis, and his sanctuary of Assisium, the mystical centre of the inspiration and pilgrimages of the fourteenth century. There all the artists of a certain reputation have successively left the homage of their pencil, after having first meekly offered that of their prayers. The uncommon number of Franciscan convents founded throughout Italy, multiplied indefinitely the represen-

* *Decem. Giorn. vi. Nov. 6.*

tation of the same subject, with which both painters and monks, as also the people, became as familiar as with the passion of the Redeemer.

“The progress of the Florentine school was taken advantage of by the other Italian cities, which called to their aid Florentine artists, and also sent their youth to study the art under their direction. This interchange never ceased from the time of Giotto; and to confine our observations to the single family of the Gaddi, we find amongst the number of their pupils an Antonio from Venice, another pupil of the same name from Ferrara, and a Stefano from Verona. On the other hand, the high-road to St. Peter's was too much frequented for communication to fail in that direction. Naples as yet gave no sign of life; but Naples was a wreck of Byzantine civilization, which a handful of Norman adventurers succeeded in conquering, but which they were unable to regenerate.

“As for the matter upon which art was exercised, it was exclusively *Christian*, and it may be found in the *litanies* of that period, the favourite form of popular devotion. The artist, conscious of his high vocation, regarded himself as the auxiliary of the preacher, and in that constant struggle which man maintains against a corrupt nature, he ever took the side of virtue. This is not only evident from what remains of their productions, which are eminently religious, but we have a more direct proof in the words of Buffalmacco, one of the pupils of Giotto:—‘Non attendiamo mai ad altro che a far santi e sante per le mura, e per le tavole, ed a far perciò con dispetto dei demonj gli uomini piu divoti e migliori.*

“It was the same spirit of mutual edification which presided at the foundation of the Sodality of Painters, under the protection of Saint Luke, in the year 1350. Their periodical meetings were not for the purpose of communicating to each other their discoveries, or of deliberating upon the adoption of new methods, but merely to sing the praises of the Almighty, and to offer to him the homage of their gratitude, (per rendere lode e grazie a Dio.)†

“In this manner the studio of the painter was transformed into an oratory; the practice was pursued in common by the sculptor, the musician, and the poet, at this period of marvellous unity, when every species of inspiration flowed from the same source and was directed to the same end. Hence resulted between the artist and the people a profound sympathy, which manifested itself occasionally so powerfully; as in the instance of the *Madonna* of Cimabue, and in a manner infinitely more touching in the case of the painter Barna, who was killed by a fall in the Church of San-Gimignano. The people daily covered his tomb with inscriptions, in Latin and Italian, as a mark of condolence and veneration.”—pp. 85-89.

The second period of the Florentine school renders still more evident this double progression of perfection and decay, by which M. Rio explains the ruin of Christian art, notwithstanding the splendid productions of Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian,

Vasari Vita di Buffalmacco.

† Vasari Vita di Barna.

Correggio, and so many other painters of transcendent merit. In this division of his work the author passes in review the principal painters who have exercised a marked influence upon their art, and lays open to us the deadly strife of mind and matter, in which, unfortunately for humanity, the latter triumphed.

Nor was *Naturalism* alone the sole antagonist of Christian art; a more ancient and more insidious enemy came forth from his ill-closed tomb, in the form of *Paganism*. This hideous spectre, without which his sister would never have attained to mature perversity, made a simultaneous irruption into the domains of science, of literature, and of art. At the very moment that Paolo Uccello, who had particularly applied himself to the study of geometry, had reduced the principles of linear perspective to a science, and thus greatly facilitated the representation of natural objects, a most exaggerated admiration of the remains of Pagan art, of Pagan philosophy, and of Pagan literature, seems to have taken possession of all classes. But notwithstanding the conjoined efforts of *Naturalism* and of *Paganism*, Christian art found a refuge in the pure bosoms of certain holy men, who lived far from the tumult of the world, and whose eyes were constantly directed towards that heavenly rest which is the sole object of the Christian's hope. They still gravitated as it were round the tomb of the holy St. Francis, which served as a centre in time and in space for those transcendental emanations of mind, which relate to a superior order of things. Those holy relics which reposed upon the mountain, which his life and miracles had sanctified, served as a rallying point to Christian art; and the Umbrian school is, in some sort, its continuation, being formed upon the same principles, and governed by the same idea.

A circumstance which proves that Christian art had its own vital force, and that the condition of its progress was alike independent of *Naturalism* and of *Paganism*, is this, that certain artists who never submitted to their influence, were equally successful in shaking off the Byzantine yoke. An example of this will be found in the admirable frescoes of Angelico di Fiesoli in the Vatican. Even Vasari himself, carried away by a momentary enthusiasm in speaking of these productions, exclaims, "none but a man of holy life could have painted thus." We cannot deprive ourselves of the pleasure of laying before the reader the very eloquent passage in which M. Rio pays a just and most touching tribute to the piety and splendid talent of this holy man:

"The compunction of the heart, its aspirations towards God, the raptures of extacy, the foretaste of the celestial beatitude, the whole of

that order of sublime emotions which no artist can render, without having first experienced them, constituted, as it were, the mystic circle in which Angelico loved to move, and which, when finished, he recommenced with increasing delight. In this style he appears to have exhausted every possible resource and every shade of difference, at least as far as the expression is conceived; and even in those pictures which at first sight appear fatiguing by their monotony, we find upon a closer examination a prodigious variety, embracing all the deep pathos of that poesy of which the human countenance is the object. It is more particularly in the subject of the triumph of the blessed Virgin, surrounded by the holy angels and all the celestial hierarchy, in the Last Judgment, (at least as far as regards the saints,) and in that of Paradise, the supreme limit of art, it is in these mystical subjects, so perfectly in harmony with his own presentiments, that he has displayed with profusion the inexhaustible riches of his imagination. With him the painter's art was a vehicle for the expression of the most fervent acts of *faith*, of *hope*, and of *charity*: and that his productions might not be unworthy of him for whose glory they were intended, he always began his labours by asking the blessing of heaven upon them. When the interior voice told him that his prayer was heard, he felt no longer at liberty to introduce any change into those compositions, for which he acknowledged himself indebted to a superior inspiration, persuaded that in that, as in all things else, he was but an humble instrument in the hands of the Almighty.* Each time that he represented the Divine Redeemer on the cross, the tears streamed from his eyes, as though he had been really present at that scene; and it is to that sympathy so real, so profound, that we must attribute the pathetic impression which he has given to the persons present at the Crucifixion, as also to the no less touching subjects of the Descent from the Cross, and the Entombing of Christ."—pp. 193-194.

Angelico di Fiesoli, and his pupil, Gentil di Fabriano, having founded the mystical or Umbrian school, which counts amongst its most distinguished ornaments Perugino and his admirable pupil, Raphael, it continued its course with increasing splendour, till the apostacy of the latter gave a new and fatal direction to his art. After having devoted a chapter of his work (the seventh) to this subject, in the succeeding one M. Rio lays before the reader the highly interesting efforts of that most extraordinary man, Savonarola, a simple Dominican friar, who undertook, at the peril of his life, to stem the torrent of Paganism which then threatened to overwhelm not only art, but also literature, philosophy, and religion.

"The name of Savonarola has become popular amongst the partisans of republican ideas, and amongst the adversaries of the Catholic hierarchy; and whenever that name is pronounced in our days, it seems exclusively to call to mind the remembrance of an ignominious death

inflicted upon one of the most energetic advocates of civil and religious liberty. What has particularly contributed to perpetuate this error, is the importance that has been attached to two facts, by which certain writers characterise the political career of Savonarola.

“No man can deny that Savonarola was a powerful dialectician, an accomplished orator, and a profound theologian; not to recognize in him the man of rare genius, the universal philosopher, or rather the competent judge in matters of philosophy, would be to enter into direct conflict with the general testimony of his contemporaries. We might, however, be tempted to question how far in the arts of the imagination, he had the sentiment of the *beautiful*, which is not always the privilege of genius; and as it supposes a peculiar sensibility of the soul and a corresponding delicacy in the organization of the body, things rarely met with in one devoted to the solitude and the mortifications of a cloister, we have a right to be surprised at finding these conditions in Savonarola in a very high degree.

“At his entrance into the monastic life, he imposed upon himself the obligation of sacrificing what might become the object of too vivid an attachment, and this sacrifice was never more painful, than when it became necessary to part with some favourite picture of a saint, or a book of piety, ornamented with miniatures. In the convent which he proposed to establish as a model at Florence (an Utopia which had taken possession of both his imagination and his heart,) the lay brothers were particularly to occupy themselves in sculpture and in painting; placed thus near the sanctuary, at the very source of the most pure inspirations, they were to do that for art, which the vestals of old did for the sacred fire. He well knew by experience, how far the pencil of the truly Christian artist aided the soul in shaking off its largour, and raised it towards heavenly things; for he was often seen passing whole hours in prayer before a representation of the Crucifixion in the church of Orsanmichele. We may go farther, and safely affirm, that his *Theory of Beauty*, as it may be collected from different fragments of his sermons, surpasses in originality as well as in profound thinking, all that the writers of his own times have said on that subject, in repeating the trivialities of Aristotle, and Quintilian. In a sermon preached on the Friday after the third Sunday in Lent, we find the following passage: ‘Your notions are affected by the most gross materialism. Beauty in compound objects results from the proportion of their parts, or the harmony of colour; but in that which is simple it is a sort of transfiguration; it may be compared to light; it is therefore beyond the region of things visible that we must seek the essence of supreme beauty. The more the creature approaches the beauty of the Creator, in the same degree it is really beautiful, as the beauty of the body is a reflection of the beauty of the soul; for were you to choose amongst you two women equally beautiful as to the body, she who was the more holy would not fail to excite the greatest admiration, and that even amongst men governed by the senses.’

“Nor was he less alive to the beauty of inanimate nature. No man better understood these words of St. Paul, *Tar. multa genera lingu-*

arum sunt in hoc mundo et nihil sine voce est. During a short stay which he made in Lombardy, Brother James of Sicily, who had the good fortune to accompany him in almost all his excursions, was frequently carried away by the enthusiasm which Savonarola experienced while contemplating the magnificent and varied beauties of that country. They then selected some solitary picturesque spot, and having seated themselves upon the shady grass, they sought out in the book of psalms some text in harmony with the rich landscape, where the mountain and valley with their soundless voices uttered forth the silent praises of their Creator."—pp. 335-339.

Savonarola, however, notwithstanding all the splendid qualities of his mind, notwithstanding all his energy, failed in the noble attempt of re-establishing the reign of Christ in the domains of literature, of science, and of art, although he sealed the sincerity of his opinions by laying down his life in defence of them.

What then was the moral state of that society in which the decay of art originated? This question is at once answered by a comparison of the lives and principles of those men who corrupted it, with the lives and principles of the founders of the mystical school. If Christian Art be, as we believe it is, one of the various forms of that universal language, by which the modifications of mind are communicated, it follows that the mystical element must necessarily, as the very condition of its vitality, prevail over the inferior elements of drawing and colour, as well as the imitation of natural objects, which are all but means to an end. The renovation therefore of art depends upon the renovation of that religious unity, that vigour of faith which distinguished the Middle Ages, and characterised all its institutions; as doubt and its offspring, indifference, characterise those of our days. Whether such a regulation will ever take place, and what will be its form, are questions upon which various opinions may be entertained. No one will suspect that our admiration of the Middle Ages would induce us to adopt them as standards of perfection. Each form of civilization has its time, and when once past, can never be reinstated. We do not expect ever again to behold the magnificent spectacle of the holy empire, with the sword of justice received at the hands of Christ's viceroy upon earth; but we feel no doubt that the unity of Christendom will be restored.

It may perhaps be asked whether we intend to include in one general proscription all the productions of modern art? By no means. We, as other men, have spent many delightful hours in the galleries of Dresden, Paris, and Vienna. We have paused with admiration in the tribune of Florence, and passed whole

days in private collections of Rome, as in those of our own country. We are perhaps as intensely alive to the beautiful colouring and the *morbidezza* of Correggio, to the exquisite outline of the Carracci, to the suavity of Guido, as many others who indulge in high-flown raptures; but the question lies not there. The real question is this; what would these men have been, what would Raphael have been, had they remained faithful to the vital principle of Christian art? That is to say, had drawing and colour been employed as a *means* and not as an *end*; in a word, had the mystical element of art preserved its vivifying supremacy, and resisted the encroachments of *Naturalism* and of *Paganism*. Painting, as an art, is subject to that primary law of vitality which physiologists term assimilation: and when the elements on which it lives are more potent than the assimilating power, death is the inevitable consequence: not indeed immediate death, but a lingering dissolution which is not less certain, because it is preceded by an agony of continued decay. We may triumphantly appeal to experience in proof of our theory by interrogating the productions of our own days, and by asking why, in the interminable catalogues of our modern exhibitions, we find no traces of Christian art? Why Boucher's nymphs and goddesses gave way to David's coloured basso-relievos, and why they, in their turn, have given way to the extravagant vagaries of the romantic school? We speak not of the productions of modern Italy, which are valueless, nor of our own country, where the success of the painter's art is confined to the landscape and portrait, and to what the French call *genre*, and for which we have no name, although we have the thing in a high degree of perfection, in the admirable pictures of Wilkie and others. But where are the pictures which purify and exalt the soul, and raise it above the ephemeral conditions of time and space, into the eternal regions of real being? Where are the pictures which embody the sublime emotions of Christianity, and open to us the celestial city? Where are the *Madonnas* which call forth the tribute of prayer, or which affect us as those of the fifteenth century, which softened to tears men like ourselves? Where is the man who shall paint the martyrdom of St. Stephen, anticipating the beatific vision in the agonies of death, or St. Andrew contemplating with rapture the long desired instrument of his martyrdom? Who shall now pourtray the seraphic countenance of St. Francis receiving the visible impress of his Saviour's passion! Such things are impossible in our days,—and why? Because the vitality of Christian art is gone; and we have substituted in its place a servile imitation of natural forms, or of the splendid remains of Grecian art. We

have taken to measuring statues, and spending whole years in drawing from the living model. Milton and Dante were, we doubt not, sufficiently well acquainted with the rules of syntax and orthography: but the *Paradise Lost* and the *Divina Comedia* owed their being to something superior to either the one or the other.

We must not, however, be too sweeping in our denunciations; for there is one school at least which tries to raise its conceptions to the old Christian standard, and yearns and strives after the restoration of sacred art. We observed that M. Rio belonged, in philosophy, to the school of Munich, and this city has also the boast of encouraging the regeneration of representative art, which must accompany the attempt to reproduce a Christian philosophy. This modern Athens is indeed the favoured spot where its choicest specimens, grown to maturity, are likely to be preserved; but Rome is, and always must be, the nursery in which they are cultivated and trained. A few years back, a knot of German artists, congenial in mind and heart, had the courage to admire, to study, and to imitate, the earlier specimens of reviving art: and, before dispersing, left in Rome a monument of their spirit. Three rooms in the Villa Massimo were allotted to the exercise of their powers by its liberal proprietor, and scenes from the three great epics of Italy, Dante, Ariosto and Tasso, were the subjects chosen for their decoration. Overbeck, Cornelius and Weith divided the task, and covered the walls and ceilings with frescoes, such as few other modern palaces can boast. The friends are now separated, and may be considered as forming three focuses of new Christian schools. Cornelius, known perhaps to some of our readers by his beautiful etchings from Dante, holds his court at Munich, preparing magnificent cartoons for twelve paintings of vast magnitude, representing the articles of the Creed, and destined to cover the walls of a stately church there in process of erection. From time to time, when some subject of deeper pathos or sublimer idea comes before him, he instinctively quits the tumult of a profane capital, and retires to Rome, where his mind is soon attuned to the harmonious feelings necessary for his task. It was there that we saw his splendid drawing for the 'Crucifixion;' and, not two years ago, his heavenly cartoon of the 'Last Judgment.' Never were sin and despair, as they will be indelibly stamped upon every feature and limb of the wicked raised to life, represented in a more appalling manner; never were delineated lovelier wreaths of blessed souls floating on the air, as they rise from earth to heaven. And when we saw the artist's mind divided between his work and the painful duty of attending to the dying moments of a wife and sister, and when we found him sketching those beautiful forms of

ascending spirits, after having, within one week, closed the eyes of both, we could not but feel that the affections of the man were more than ever hallowed by the calmer inspirations of the Christian spirit. With him must be joined Zimmerman, Hesse, and others employed upon the great works at Munich. One of these is decorating the ceilings of the new picture gallery with the History of Art, where we were delighted to find the progressive epochs marked by such men as Beato Angelico and Leonardo, and to see the first compartment dedicated to the representation of art paying fealty to religion, and receiving its consecration from her. The other is painting the History of Religion on the ceiling of the new Byzantine church in the palace, and has so arranged his subject, as to produce, according to Fuseli's description of the *Camere di Raffaello*, a magnificent painted epic poem, exhibiting the history of God's dispensation in man's favour.

Weith is, we believe, Director of the Academy of Frankfort. We have not seen so much of his performances as we have of the others', but the little which has fallen under our observation, proves how earnestly his soul has communed with the chaste spirit of ancient Christian art. It is for this academy that Overbeck is painting a picture of marvellous grandeur and beauty; representing the arts deriving encouragement and impulse from religion. The *School of Athens*, sanctified by the feeling of the *Dispute on the Sacrament*, seems to us best to convey the idea of this beautiful performance. But this is not Overbeck's first great work: a few years ago, he painted in fresco the exterior of the Portiuncula, or little church of St. Francis, which is over-canopied by the splendid basilica of the Madonna degli Angioli, near Assisi. It was a work of pure devotion; the cartoons were prepared with a care which proved the undertaking to be a labour of love; when they were ready, the pious artist refused every other commission, and retired into the convent attached to the church, where he lived with the humble brotherhood till his task was finished. He sought no remuneration, beyond the satisfaction of having decorated the sanctuary of one, whose life and character represent the purest type of the mystical and contemplative school.

Overbeck, who never has abandoned Rome, is a convert, gained doubtless in a great measure by the evidences of his own art; for we have understood him to say, that till the great change took place, he never could paint a Madonna that satisfied his idea: the devotional feeling was necessary for the true conception of his subject. That feeling is the living soul of his style and character. It breathes in the countenance of all his figures, it sheds a mild solemnity over all his compositions; aided by a purity of outline and simplicity of arrangement, little known in modern

works. It gives a cast of holiness to all that comes from his pencil, which draws you, without knowing him, to revere and love the artist, after your eyes have unfastened themselves from the fascination of his picture. Overbeck never represents the most trite subject without changing its usual disposition, and yet you are always satisfied that his is the true conception, and that it springs from an unceasing application of the mind to holy thoughts. His *Sposalizio*, in which all the usual crowd of gossips and friends are excluded, and none but angels are admitted as witnesses of the chaste contract; his 'Children coming to Christ,' where instead of two or three unconscious infants receiving a caress from his sacred hand, you see a group of innocent little ones of various ages, expressing in their modest countenances, reverence contending in vain with the more congenial feelings of confidence and love; in fine his 'Christ in the Temple,' where we have not a grown boy installed on a throne, and dogmatizing to his elders, but a modest child seated on a few books on the floor, while the sages are gazing upon him in silent respect and admiration;* these, and many others which we could enumerate, are specimens of the originality of thought with which Overbeck's pure, *ethereal, Catholic spirit invests his works. There are others in the same city worthy of mention, as those of Rettig, likewise a convert, and the two Rippenhausens, who, in brotherly affection worked on the same canvass, till death cast upon one the double labour, increased to tenfold weight by the affliction of his soul. Death too has lately deprived Christian Sculpture of its brightest ornament in the amiable Kessels, whose loss will not be easily repaired. We have met with a few among our own countrymen, who, by a residence abroad, have drunk at the more sacred springs of art, and acquired some of their wholesome virtue; but in general their efforts have been paralyzed by the cold, chilling influence of modern *taste*. The admirable production of Carew's chisel, over the altar of our church at Brighton,

* We borrow the following beautiful sonnet, descriptive of this picture, from a friend's album:—

"A little child is seated on the ground,
 On two large books; whose brow, and parted hair,
 And mild blue eyes, such winning graces wear,
 That ye may marvel not, how those around
 Unto his lips by golden links are bound.
 For grave and aged men, are standing there,
 And bending towards that child, as if to hear
 The earthly echo of some heavenly sound.
 What blessed words he spake the sacred page
 Hath not enrolled, nor could the painter's art
 Have well expressed; but in the hoary sage
 I see the law, where rigour had chief part,
 Yielding to that which biddeth every age,
 Play still the child in love and guileless heart."

is an exception, and a proof of what Catholic art would do here, did it receive becoming encouragement. But look for a moment at this year's exhibition, and say from what corner of its covered walls do you see a faint dawn of a better morning shed a beam,—nay a grey indication of twilight, which may promise even a later dawn? But we are returning to reflections already made, and should be sorry to depart from our reader in despondency, after having for a few minutes endeavoured to cheer him by example into some hope. The Christian school of Germany has persevered, and is prevailing, in spite of Göthe's powerful fulminations, and we hope to see its influence cross the channel, and find in our national frame of mind a tenement equally well fitted for its earthly dwelling place.

ART. VII.—1. *Records of a Route through France and Italy; with Sketches of Catholicism.* By William Rae Wilson, F.A.S. A.S.R. London. 1835.

2. *Rom, wie es in Wahrheit ist, aus den Briefen eines dort lebenden Landsmannes.* Von J. Görres. *Rome as it is in Reality, from the Letter of a German, resident there.* By J. Görres. Strasburg. 1826.

MR. RAE WILSON belongs to a numerous class of travellers in Italy, who learn their topography from their book of posts, their local knowledge from Quadri or Vasi, or other published *ciceroni*; their acquaintance with the morals and manners of the people, from their dealings with couriers and inn-keepers; and their anecdotes and history, from their Italian masters. We know the race well: they may be seen, with pencil in hand, minuting down their slender observations upon the objects of trite curiosity, hanging on the skirts of groups that inspect the galleries with some intelligent guide, or extracting information from artists engaged in copying the master-works of antiquity: And woe to you, if you happen to tell within their hearing some amusing or interesting anecdote; an introduction and the task of repeating your tale, with the spelling of the proper names, is the smallest infliction you must expect. Much learning is not required; guide books supply the classical quotations,* preceding

* We must beware, however, how we rob the school-Horace of its merits. Tibur and Algidus, and the *hospitium medicum* of Aricia, form favourite points for the publishing tourist. The author of the "Records" seems hardly aware of this notoriety. For, when at Rome, describing, on a certain occasion, his tour to Naples, as though it were an unknown land, he observed, "I first went to a place called Albano, and after that I got to another called La Riccia."

travellers the feelings, and national partialities the critical remarks. When a sufficient accumulation of notes has thus been made upon the covers of letters, and the blank leaves of books, the precious embryo is either hatched into maturity by the fond assiduity of the parent, or placed in the hands of some man of letters, by whom "gentlemen's own materials are made up," and so elaborated into goodly tomes for the spring consumption of literary England.

All this is well enough; there may be something new in the heap of dulness, or many may have no objection to read the old tale once more. But there is one topic, which will secure the patronage of a party at least. What reader of advertisements understands not the catching words on Mr. Wilson's title-page, "with Sketches of Catholicism?" Who, that has attuned his ear to the war-whoop of recent itinerants, promises not to himself, on catching this prelude, a pleasing music? Who does not at once foresee that these "Sketches," though as much out of drawing as the engraved ones which embellish the work, are intended to be its great recommendation with a certain class of readers? But if it were known that, while the author was employed in writing these illiberal pages, he was affecting a kind and friendly feeling, towards those whom he so unsparingly vilifies; that while he was calling the community of his catholic fellow-countrymen "the company of a muzzled hyæna," he was enjoying their unsuspecting hospitality, and courting their unmerited attentions; that, while he was traducing their religion, as "an idolatrous simulation of Christianity,"* he was marked in his attention to some of the very ministers of that worship, and was eager to secure their co-operation on some points; we cannot but flatter ourselves that they too will fling by the volume with loathing distrust, and sigh over the deluding spirit which can cloak, under a fancied zeal for religion, such dishonourable behaviour.

But we must not fall into the offence which we are thus publicly indicting, nor accuse Mr. Wilson of belonging to the class of superficial observers which we have described, without sufficient evidence. We will take an illustration at random: thus he writes:—

"Although now dedicated to the Virgin, the interior of the Pantheon looks quite as much like a museum as a church, being decorated with a series of busts—not of saints, but of distinguished artists—painters, musicians, fiddlers, engravers, &c."—p. 328.

Were we not right in saying, that Mr. Wilson is one of those who gathers his information from his guide-book, and that too

from an antiquated edition? For it is upwards of fifteen years since every one of these busts was taken from the Pantheon by Pius VII. and deposited in a new gallery, called the *Pinacoteca*, prepared for that purpose in the Capitol, and much augmented by the great Canova. The Rotunda or Pantheon was the church in which a confraternity or society of artists met for their devotions, and there they naturally erected memorials to men celebrated in art.* As there are busts in museums, we must suppose that a church with such monuments must look like a museum; but has Mr. Wilson ever been in Westminster Abbey? or in St. Paul's? And was his wrath moved by seeing busts of poets, and those not the most moral, appropriating to themselves a portion of the former? or did he think lieutenant-colonels and lexicographers, less "odd associates," with the Deity there worshipped, than artists are, to use his own phrase, with the Blessed Virgin in that temple? But with such reflections we deal not at present; our quotation is only to shew our readers, how Mr. Rae Wilson, and other such tourists, see what they describe. He speaks of the Pantheon as it was fifteen years ago, as though it were still precisely the same two or three winters back. One of two conclusions we must respectfully request Mr. Wilson's leave to draw; either he never went into the church which he describes, and wrote from books, or else, that when in it, he saw what is no longer there. We will not suggest a third; that he writes here, as often, without caring much for the truth of what he states.

But we must allow a better artist than ourselves to sketch, in a light *croquis*, the little race of tourists which we have attempted to describe. First, however, we will introduce him to our readers. The German pamphlet, which we have almost degraded by the company in which we have placed it at the head of our article, is in fact anonymous, but is edited by one whose name and character receive the homage of respect and admiration from the learned of every persuasion on the Continent. Of Görres we have had occasion to say a few words in another article; † we have only to

* The founder of this confraternity of St. Joseph, a clever and pious ecclesiastic, has long received a homage not intended for him. It was his skull which was preserved in the Academy of St. Luke's as that of Raffaello, with Bembo's celebrated distich on it:—

" Ille hic est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci
 " Rerum magna parens, quo moriente mori."

Rendered so beautifully into Italian:—

" Questi è quel Raffael, cui vivo vinta
 " Esser temea la natura, cui morto estinta."

The discovery of the real remains of "the divine painter," has rescued phrenologists from embarrassment, as they had pronounced the old skull to shew no symptoms of artistic skill, but rather of cleverness in business.

† See p. 440.

add, that his talents, as a profound Christian philosopher, as a learned historian, and as a most powerful writer, are but secondary qualities when compared to the charming simplicity and unaffected virtue, which render himself and his family circle the delight of all who know them. The author of the letter has looked upon Rome, with a mind full of amiable enthusiasm, with a devotedness of affection and a warmth of admiration, which few can appreciate. In a style truly German, he overlooks many of those objects of attraction on which travellers usually dwell, and seems to delight in tracing the beautiful characteristics of the Queen-city through its most neglected parts, and finding, in the poverty of its lanes, and even in the instincts of its brute population, the impress of her peculiar features.

In a postscript to this interesting letter, Görres, in a vein of sharp yet playful criticism, compares the accounts given by German, French, and English travellers of modern Rome. His introduction admirably describes the tourists of Mr. Wilson's mental stature:—

“When the mistress of the seven hills ruled the world, first with the temporal, and afterwards with the spiritual sword, the hosts of many nations crossed the mountains, to chastise her daring, or to lose their own; and more than once she was taken by storm. This always indicated error and confusion in the republic of Europe; but, at least, they were only the strong who then girded themselves to march in war towards Rome; for the Empress knew well how to defend herself, and to resist hostile aggression. But since Typhon (the genius of evil) has robbed the Capitoline Jove of his thunderbolts, and buried them deep in the caverns of earth, the race of dwarfs have taken heart; they put their luck-penny into their travelling purse, grasp their little canes in their hands, and march resolutely in troops like mice; and, when they have stood before the ancient abode of the mighty, and been courteously allowed to enter, they tramp through all the streets, they creep into every little corner, and sniff up at every object which is too great for their little eyes to take in. When they return home, they are not silent, as that quiet tribe usually is; but they tell wonders about the cave of Cacus* which they visited, and how they found there some of the bones of the stolen oxen, and smelt the smoke of the flames and lightning which he hurled, and found Hercules's club in one corner. Such mean stuff does each book-fair in Germany bring us; for these little folk are very industrious, and keep their journals with great care.”

Mr. Wilson's ideas of Christianity and religion are wonderfully comprehensive; all faith, morals, virtue and piety, depend, in his system, on one only point—the observance of the Sabbath. Paris

* The spot where this cavern was, under the Aventine, is one of the show-places of valets-de-place. Of course not a trace of it now exists. •

and Toulon, Rome and Naples, are respectively sentenced upon this head alone; they do not observe Sunday as Mr. Ræ Wilson would desire, and therefore they are little better than heathen cities. It is singular enough that throughout the New Testament our Saviour should never speak of the observance of the Sabbath, except to reprove the severity introduced by the Jews in its regard. He cures on that day, on purpose to break through their prejudices, and rebuts their murmurs in consequence; he allows his disciples to do what the Pharisees deemed it unlawful to do on that day, and boldly defends their conduct.* It is strange, then, that men who reprove the Catholic church for a leaning towards the ceremonial law, should place the essence of religion in the observance of that day, according to a Judaic form reprobated in the New Testament.

That one, so narrow-minded as this author shews himself in every page, should judge in this manner, cannot surprise us. But it is the fault of almost every tourist whom we have ever read, to mistake thoroughly, from first to last, the moral and intellectual character of the Italians. How should it be otherwise? Skimming over the surface of fashionable society, ignorant of the language, jealously excluded from the sanctuary of native domestic life, coming in contact with classes of persons who have shaped their manners so as best to please such strangers, remaining stationary but a few months in any place, hedged round with a prickly array of self-sufficient prejudices, possessing no sympathies of religion or feeling with those whom they observe, how can they pry into the soul and heart of a people, who, ardent and enthusiastic, yield indeed much to impulse, but reserve often a depth of secret intelligence and worth, which a passing stranger will not discover. If the traveller meet with a native on his journey, and receive from him, as infallibly he will, unsolicited courtesy, and, if required, disinterested kindness, he perhaps admires that frankness which waits for no formality of introduction, or perhaps notes it as a defect of character, as a mark of volubility and dangerous want of caution. But when he finds, as we have experienced, that such casual and apparently transient offices of kindness are sure to lead, if opportunity be given for cultivation, to a steady attachment, and perhaps a warm and faithful friendship, the readiness to join the hand will be naturally attributed to a deeper and better feeling than mere good nature, or easiness of disposition.† We believe no English family have resided in Italy for a sufficient time, to allow their thorough acquaintance with the Italian character, as seen apart

* Mat. xii. 1-12; Mark ii. 23-28; 5o. v. 9-18, vii. 9-16.

from the gay scenes of public society, without its rising in their estimation, or without their discovering how much it has been maligned.

Travellers go forth with a standard formed in their mind upon models at home. The religion of England is the religion of one day in the week; the church is but a useless building on the other six; its bells are silent, and its portals closed; and the religious spirit, whether pent up, or suffered to evaporate during that period, is concentrated upon this one; the thoughtlessness of the week changes, by a convulsive reaction, into a melancholy gravity, and the want of all worship on those days is thought to be compensated by the denial of every recreation and occupation, however innocent, on that day. Well, be it so. But go into a country where every day summons the people to do public service to God, where religion necessarily mingles with the daily duties of life, where its institutions so surround them as habitually to bring it into their thoughts, and, at the same time, provide wholesome checks for total forgetfulness; where the hand of God has planted in their bosoms a heart as cheerful and smiling as their skies, and where education has taught them to feel that hilarity and joy are the best manifestations of a peaceful conscience; and will you not be unreasonable to expect that one day should repress such innocent feelings, and make men violate all truth of character, or imagine that God is to be honoured on it with a different soul and spirit from those wherewith they have served him on the other six? Go any morning into the villages of Italy, and see, before the sun has risen, the entire population crowded in the church, and kneeling during the same liturgy as forms the Sunday service, and hear them raise their clear and cheering voices in a choral litany; then watch them, as they depart from calling down the blessing of heaven on their daily labour, dispersing in merry groups down the hill, to dress the vine, joining with the lark in their shrill *ritornello*; the little ones tripping, in joyous haste, before the sober elders, in their picturesque costumes, till they vanish through the side-scenes of mingled vives and olives, to toil through the sultry day. Then when the evening bell tolls, an hour before sunset, and the labour ceases, see them return, fatigued yet cheerful, to enjoy—perhaps some rest at home? No, not till they have once more met before God's altar, to praise him for his daily blessing! And when you have every day witnessed this scene, tell them, who have daily stood before God, and therefore been joyful while the sun played fiercely upon them, and the blight nipped their crops, and poverty and want afflicted their bodies, tell them that to-day they must look sad and freeze all innocent joy in

their souls, and repress all mirthful expression, because forsooth it is the day of the Lord's rest! They, whom prayer has made cheerful in toil and fatigue, must look, and be, gloomy when it brings them exemption from their yoke!

Or visit one of those beautiful villages on its special festival. In the morning you are aroused from your slumber by the loud peal of the church-bells, and the discharge of a hundred small mortars, to which the surrounding hills reply by their successive echos, as if to accept on behalf of their inhabitants the joyful invitation which their summons conveys. With no fear that any interruption will come from the weather in that delicious climate, you wander forth, through a pure and fragrant air, and admire the preparation of days, on which all the resources of natural taste and practised ingenuity have been expended. The triumphal arch, erected at the gate, in proportions that gratify an artist's eye, covered and festooned with evergreens, so well selected, as to imitate the architectural members and ornaments of a more solid building; the draperied inscription, which tells, in a latinity that would shame that of English cathedrals, of the glories of the saint, and the piety of his votaries; the neatly-printed sonnets, warm from the pen of village poets, which are affixed to the door-posts of the church; the band, probably composed of inhabitants, parading in their rich uniform; the little knots of peasants who arrive from the neighbourhood, or issue from their houses, in all the bravery of their elegant and rich costumes; the constant stream which flows from every side into the open doors of the church,—all this, seen under the cloudless canopy of a summer sky, with a back-ground of chesnut woods, and a horizon of bold mountains just catching the rising sun, will make you feel that the religion of these simple rustics is where it ever should be, deep in the heart, yet overflowing, from its full capacity, into their looks and actions, mingled inseparably with the best and purest of natural feelings; that it must manifest itself towards God as filial love does towards man, and express itself towards the All-powerful and All-wise, even as their own little ones' affections do to them whom they deem able to help and to direct them. And these feelings will go on increasing with the day; as you witness the church tapestried and lighted at their willing cost, the most solemn music which the neatest towns can afford, the procession with the several confraternities arrayed in flowing robes, with their banners and crosses, the evening litany, in which the organ is powerless amidst the choral shout of thousands ringing against the lofty vault; in short, the arrangement, conduct, and feeling of the entire scene, will satisfy you that religion humanizes, refines, and, to use a stronger word, ennobles the minds of that

peasantry, down to a rank which, in other countries is rude, churlish, and nearly brutal. The municipal character of the Italian villages, the right of local administration which they all possess, seems to localize the attachments of their inhabitants; and they know not how better to announce these feelings than by displaying their superior taste in all the concerns of their little commonweal;—and religion, in a Catholic country, is necessarily the channel through which such a disposition will best be manifested. Those who have witnessed the dignity with which the notables of the place take the lead in all church ceremonies and processions, the good order and respectable demeanor of the poorer peasantry who swell them with their numbers, and the edifying deportment of the poor but pious clergy who officiate;—those who have witnessed the one, harmonious, feeling of brotherhood which binds together the entire population on such occasions, and through their influence at all times; they who have heard with what true discrimination the harmonies of the church-chaunt are caught up by the old and young without dissonance or timidity, will acknowledge that they have felt themselves drawn like ourselves into the swell of feeling which heaved around them; yea, and thought that they were raised above the dull level of daily emotions, by finding themselves associated in voice and heart with the vine-dresser and the mountaineer. And when thus overpowered for a season by the might of virtuous sympathy, and feeling the practical effects of the great catholic principle, which causes the individual to be absorbed in the harmonious unison of the multitude, had any traveller of the *Rae Wilson* cast whispered to us about “the buffoonery” of such religious exhibitions, and “despised us in his heart,” as Michol did David, when he allowed the joy of his soul to break forth in signs of extravagant gladness before the people, we should have been satisfied to give that monarch’s reply, “Before the Lord . . . I will both play and make myself meaner than I have done, and will be little in mine own eyes:”* and to stand by the award of that authority which adds, that “*therefore Michol, the daughter of Saul, had no child to the day of her death.*”

But on the character which religion gives to the Italian peasantry, especially in the neighbourhood of Rome, we must let our German speak.

“This feeling of propriety, which restrains their natural vivacity within the bounds of decorum, renders intercourse with the most uncultivated classes agreeable. The ingenuous and open character of the peasantry has a most becoming exterior, and elevates them far above

the rustic manners and uncouthness of the corresponding class in other countries. Their strong natural sense renders them so accurate in their judgment, and so just in their principles, that, if we abstract positive scientific knowledge, which they cannot be supposed to possess, and look only to the relations of society, little more would be necessary to transform them into noblemen, than to change their outward garb.”—p. 3.

Again, speaking of the pilgrims who flock to Rome from more distant parts of Italy:—

“ You must not imagine to yourself the vulgar gait and demeanor of a motley crowd of rustics. No, truly; a more natural, yet more stately and nobler tread, a more elegant yet majestic mien in every attitude, could not be given by the most able artist to a picture of a patriarchal scene. But what is still more interesting with respect to them is, that the minds of these men are not at variance with their outward appearance; as all confess who converse with them here, and still more in their native country. How could it be otherwise than that the striking expression of a piety so earnest yet so mild, bearing the stamp of the most simple-hearted honesty, the most unaffected disposition, and of the most unprejudiced faith, should be founded on a child-like innocence and truth; for it fails not to affect the soul of any one who attentively observes their behaviour in devotion. You should see a company of these delightful men, when, after a long and fatiguing journey from their mountains, they first enter the longed-for holy city.”—p. 21.

We will not give the author's description: we will only send our readers to Mr. Eastlake's charming picture of the scene, in the exhibition of this year, with the commentary, that it is but a correct, unexaggerated representation of the reality.

We have wandered, perhaps too freely, in the rural districts of Italy, recording impressions which can never be plucked from our hearts, and which the narrow-minded misrepresentations of travellers can only restore to fresh vividness and beauty. These are but as the acid poured upon the pages of a faded scroll, which, instead of cancelling what remains, brings back the traces that time and neglect had apparently consumed.

If we enter the precincts of the Eternal City, the power of religion, associated as she ever should be with the beautiful and the amiable, lays hold of our mind and heart, and encompasses us with an inspiring influence which denotes the presence of the Spirit of the place. A marvellous combination of splendid natural scenery, with grey and broken masses of ruins—the emblems of the enduring and of the perishable, of the works of God and of man,—encircles and adorns those sacred temples, which seem to partake of the properties of both—erected of the frail materials composing the latter, yet apparently endowed with the immortal and unfading newness which is the prerogative of

the former. Another may prefer to enter by the northern gate, and after journeying in meditative silence over the solemn Campagna, love to rush at once into the tumult of equipages, in the magnificent vestibule to the modern city;* though even there the twin-churches which claim his first salute, and the peerless dome on his right, will make him feel that he is already on hallowed ground. We should desire—after musing along the Appian way, in the tone of Sulpicius's beautiful letter to Cicero—after contemplating the total annihilation of worldly grandeur, which seemed necessary, to make a fitting pathway to the capital of spiritual Christianity—to enter by the southern gate; for there the combination we have mentioned bursts at once upon the eye. And if we could select our day, whereon to introduce a friend of kindred spirit, it should be the third of May. It is the festival of the Holy Cross; and though no holiday, it would present to him the scene which we shall endeavour rapidly to trace. The moment he enters the gate, the majestic front of the Lateran Basilica spreads before his eye, crowned with statues and adorned with stately pillars. On an ordinary occasion it looks down upon a green lawn, over which some few religious, clothed in white, and with book in hand, may perchance be straying. But on this day the prospect is very different. Standing on the steps which lead to its porch, you see stretching before you a triple avenue, skirted by the broken, picturesque city walls, and terminated by a noble church with a huge square belfry, which seems naturally to group with the surrounding aqueducts and towers of the imperial times. This is the great object of attraction; for it is the church which Constantine's mother raised to preserve the sacred relics of Calvary. Though the inhabited city is not even in sight, a countless flood of people, in their gayest attire, pours from every thoroughfare into the open space before you, and, after eddying within it for a time, as though it were its reservoir, flows on in a continuous stream, through the shady avenue, to the place of its pilgrimage. The sun, cloudless yet not oppressive, plays upon the variegated mass, with the richest diversity of gay lights and sober shadows, and now and then glances with a dazzling ray upon the carriage of the prelate or the prince. The left is closed in by the curious and precious triclinium of Leo III., glittering in golden mosaic; then by a bridge of aqueducts, striding over vineyards and their cottages. But on your right, what a view! Your eye leaps at once over the gate by which you have entered, skims over the suburbless plain which succeeds, and guided by the straight unbroken course of tombs or arches which traverse

* The Piazza del Popolo.

it, rests in calm delight upon the purple hills, dear to those who know them, as were Hermon and Carmel to the Jewish poet. Not sufficiently lofty to contend in majesty with the neighbouring Catillus or the Prenestine hills, yet nobly rising from the plain, they present so bold yet so rounded an outline, such a just proportion of crag, and forest, and cultivation, as allows you not to marvel at the towns and villages, convents and hermitages, which fleck their purple sides with their bright, clean buildings. Every one of these white groups has a name in story, and recalls the deeds of pagan heroism, or the chastest strains of Roman poesy.

This matchless union of objects, which, single, would form any other city's glory, necessarily works upon the mind of the natives, and must overpower the feelings of the observer. The seclusion of the most stately and venerable sanctuaries from the haunts of men, sheds around them a fiore soothing solemnity than the groves of old can have imparted to profane temples. There is no artifice, no trace of man's false hand in the austerity which engirds them: when to reach the Lateran church you have traversed the Forum, and passed under defaced triumphal arches, and heard your steps re-echoed from the tenantless seats of the Flavian amphitheatre, your mind has been sufficiently sobered, and your thoughts collected, to harmonize with the appealing Spirit that dwells within its majestic aisles. For, as the Tabernacle was separated from the camp of Israel which surrounded it, and the sanctuary was again alone in the midst thereof, so may Rome itself be considered as cut off from the ordinary dwellings of men by the band of solitude which surrounds her, and then as keeping her sacred places detached and secluded within herself.

But let us descend from this higher point of view, and join the throng. Dense as it appeared, you find it gentle, cheerful and sedate; no rudeness, no churlishness, no excitement; all seem as but one party, guided by one common feeling towards the same enjoyment. Here you behold the children sitting in a circle on the grass, plucking the wild flowers that grow around them, to deck the hair of the youngest and fairest of the company. There you follow a procession which slowly winds its way through the yielding crowd, to the music of a solemn plaintive chaunt. And perhaps you will ask what dignity that is, who, in a simple cassock and scarlet cap, bears a plain black cross at the head of the pious fraternity, and you will be certainly told, for such things are not made matters of parade, that it is a near relative of the Emperor Napoleon, who never fails to lead those brethren on this occasion. And if you enquire who is the matron that, attired in black, heads the sisterhood that follows, you will possibly hear some name which once made the Saracen quail on

the plain of Damascus or in the Bay of Lepanto.* The nobleman and the peasant walk side by side, whether in the procession or among the spectators, without disdain on the one side or subserviency on the other; for in Rome, as our German observes, "an individual of the lowest class is more unembarrassed and at his ease, when speaking with a cardinal, or with the Pope himself, than he would be elsewhere in conversation with the secretary of an inferior man in office. The reason," he adds, "is principally their religion, which makes them all consider in one another only the Christian."—(p. 3.)

We have dwelt too long upon this scene, otherwise we should have wished to guide our reader with us into the church, which, however altered by ill-judged restorations, yet catches a venerable air of stateliness from the massive granite columns of its aisles, and possesses a matchless charm in the lovely paintings of Pinturicchio on its apsis, and an awful holiness in the treasure which it was erected to preserve. And we would bid him contrast the solemn and impressive devotion within it, with the cheerful enjoyment without, and see if there be not in the breast of the multitude a religious sense which can draw them to serious thoughts, without disturbing the play of natural dispositions. For our parts, we see much for other nations to envy, and much to admire, in this mingling of religion with the every day duties of ordinary life; we think this union of devotion and recreation, the walk to a sanctuary so situated in preference to a lounge in an insipid park, a proof not only that the people there are more thoroughly possessed of a religious character than their sabbath-preaching traducers, but that they understand more truly the spirit of Christianity; which Providence has blessed there, as nowhere else, with a power to influence the affections, through such monuments and such scenes.

But this reminds us that Mr. Rae Wilson is lying open on the table; and, though loath to turn to him again, we will try once more if we can find any matter for serious animadversion—topics for commendation we have quite despaired of discovering.

We have discovered him seeing in the Pantheon what does not exist there—we shall find him no less gifted with the power of hearing sounds not uttered. Holy Week is a favourite topic with your tourist. He will generally express some enthusiasm, real or pretended, in describing the splendid ceremonial, with its unrivalled accompaniments of music and the arts of design, which occupies the Papal chapel at that holy season. Not so Mr. Rae Wilson; he glories in having found it tedious, and in considering it only "inane pomp." Happy man! to be so elevated above the sphere

* The Colonnas and Dorias.

of other petty mortals, as to find the sublime strains of Palestrina and Albulensis "somewhat monotonous;" (p. 319) the procession of the Pope and his clergy "something ludicrous," (p. 320) and the *stabelle*, or fans made of plumes, which are borne beside him, "too singular to be passed over in silence!" (p. 322.) But what can you expect from one who gravely discovers that in Raffaello's 'Transfiguration,' Mount Thabor is like a hay-cock; (p. 311) "that St. Paul's (of London) is quite free either from the gaudiness of painting, or that of coloured marbles or gilding, so conspicuous in St. Peter's;" (p. 303) and more stupendous than all, that the "sole proof" on which Catholics can maintain transubstantiation is—the miracle of Bolsena! (p. 318.)

But as to the specimen of Mr. Wilson's hearing. Speaking of the functions in the Papal chapel on Palm Sunday, he says,

"As soon as his holiness had taken his seat on a sort of throne by the altar, a *band of instrumental music*, and a choir of singers, struck up."—(p. 319.)*

We thought every child who had been in Rome a month knew that in the Papal chapel no instrument, not even the organ, is permitted; and certainly Mr. Wilson's ears must be peculiar, to mistake the clear, unaccompanied sounds of the human voice, for a band of instruments. Once more, he either did not go to the chapel, or he is a precious observer. Such instances may appear trifling; but they are important to show what faith is to be put in such a traveller and others of his caste, when they even pretend to tell us what they themselves saw and heard. What then shall we say of their authority when they only give us, what forms the bulk of their narrative, stories, remarks and descriptions picked up from others? †

Were we to attempt the expression of those feelings which Mr. Wilson's remarks on Holy Week have excited in our minds, we could not keep this article within reasonable bounds. We do not think that any traveller has done justice to its sacred scenes; nor do we deem it possible for even a refined and cultivated mind to appreciate their grandeur, or fathom the depth of their paths, on a first or second attendance on them. We shall refrain too, for the present, from touching on what forms

* As a specimen of Mr. W.'s accuracy, we shall only observe that the paragraph whence this extract is taken contains no fewer than three blunders. 1. There is no band; 2. the palms blessed in the Pope's chapel are not artificial but real; 3. the procession does not take place after, but before, mass. These are all in a few lines; and it only required common eyes, ears, and sense, to avoid them. Was Mr. Rae Wilson, who is so particular about sabbath observances, at his own place of worship, instead of the function which he describes as if present? If not, why not? For the two are at the same time.

† We happen to know the inventor of one or two of Mr. Wilson's piquant anecdotes.

the truest characteristic of vital Christianity, the institutions of benevolence and instruction with which Italy, beyond every other country, abounds. The evidence before the Irish Committee of Education, contains, we understand, details upon one part of this subject, which are calculated to surprise even many who fancy themselves well acquainted with that country. Of the charitable institutions we shall one day speak more at length; and we flatter ourselves that a brighter example of substantial, unostentatious charity cannot be found elsewhere, than what we shall endeavour to display. No dinners, no annual reports, no published lists of donations, no life-governors, or patrons, are necessary; it is a devotedness of soul as well as of influence, and a dedication of the person as well as of the purse, which constitute there the service of charity. We cannot understand how a traveller should succeed in the struggle in the press with tour for tour for primogeniture of publication, and yet all should infallibly overlook this new and virgin field, which, to one acquainted with the country, forms its leading characteristic. After the beautiful eulogium of Burke upon Howard, we might have hoped that religious tourists, like Rae Wilson, would have wished to tread in the steps of that great man, and spend more time in probing the Christianity of foreign countries to the core, by seeing how that moral precept which forms its practical essence is best observed. Such an investigation would have spared him many violations of its injunctions. On the other hand, the man who, like him, observes nothing in our sublime Church services, but how often dresses are changed, and genuflexions made—and who judges of a nation's character by the observance of one legal precept—we know not unto whom to liken him, save to one who, standing in the Roman Forum, oppressed with the genius of the place, and finding his mind too full with so “prolific a theme for moralizing,” gives vent to his feelings and meditation, by the solemn assurance—that *Campo Vaccino* is a good name for it, because “it looks more suited for a cattle market than anything like what the (*his*) imagination is likely to conceive!” (p. 333).

We have confined ourselves only to shewing how the religious feeling harmonizes with the rest of the Italian character, and how foolish it is to judge of it on principles which would separate the two. It is, in fact, sectarianism which has soured the temper of the English people in religion, and led them to imagine that this cannot exist in the heart without a demure and formal exterior. Unity of belief and practice, on the contrary, has an aggregating, harmonizing influence, the natural consequences of which are, mutual confidence, cheerfulness, and joy. While each member of a family is reading his own book by his separate lamp, there

will be little appearance in it of either affection or pleasure, all will seem disunited, gloomy and demure; but when all are basking together under the same sun, and all attending to their respective occupations by the light of its universal ray, they will group together in closer union, there will be more warmth in their hearts, and a more blithesome glow on their countenances, and the reflection on each of the other's happiness, will multiply manifold the joyfulness of the beam.

To those who should desire to see the spirit of true meekness strongly contrasted with the unsparing harshness of English censure, we would recommend the perusal of a little work, which we are happy to see has been just translated into English. We allude to Manzoni's "Vindication of Catholic Morality;"* and we particularly direct the attention of our readers to the concluding chapter: "On the objections to Catholic morality, derived from the character of the Italians." In it will be found advice to that people, how to conduct themselves under the lash of bigoted reprovers, worthy of a Father of the ancient Church. We ask no better criterion of the practical Christianity of the two religions, than the comparison between the tone, style, sense, and feeling, to be found in the heavy octavo before us, and in the gentle and humble, and unpretending volume of Manzoni, every page of which is redolent of the purest and sweetest charity, meekness, and devotion.

ART. VIII.—*A few Plain Words to Sir Robert Peel.* 8vo. London, 1836.

AS far back as English history concerns itself about the affairs of Ireland, it gives our country and our people a bad name. Ireland is described as a soil in which the seeds of good government could never be made to strike root, or the fruits of peace to grow up to maturity. Fertile to prodigality in the gifts of nature, her moral fields are represented as incapable of good, and yielding no other return than a Cadmean crop to the most assiduous cultivator. On other topics connected with our land, the British historians wrangle and tear each others' credit to tatters, with the fierceness of contending mastiffs. But there is a provoking unanimity, when they come to speak of the national character of the Irish; like the annalists of old Rome, they immolate the good name of all other nations to the glory of their own: and Ireland, as if she were really "alien in blood" and in interest, comes in

* Keating and Brown, 1836.

for an equal share of obloquy with France and Spain, the "natural enemies" of Great Britain.

Had our native historians been allowed a perfect freedom of reply, through the medium of the same press and the same language, which were used with so large a license for the purpose of traducing their country, doubtless they would have told the English reader and the world a different story. They saw their countrymen held up to scorn and abhorrence, as an inhuman, revengeful, and perfidious race, whom no ties could bind, no kindness soften. But for one instance of fierce vengeance on the part of the bondsmen, they could have cited ten of insolent and rapacious cruelty on the side of the taskmaster. They could have borne down the charge of violence with authenticated cases of oppression in the other scale; they might have balanced impatience with extortion, the disregard of treaties with a profligate contempt of justice and disobedience to laws; with proofs without end that the laws, both in spirit and in operation, were contrary to the will, as they were adverse to the happiness and the natural rights of the Irish people. "If lions were carvers," said the king of beasts, as he eyed a group of statuary which represented an animal of his own species prostrate and bestridden by a man, "these two figures should change places."

Master Vowel, alias John Hooker, whose history of Ireland, during the reigns of Edward VI, Mary and Elizabeth, is extant *Apud Raphael Hollinshead*, launches out against the character of this people in a strain that has continued in fashion down to the hour in which we write; for it is distinguished by the same spirit of malice and exaggeration, the same exalted pretence of piety, and the same exclusive assertion of loyalty, which we see exemplified in the writings and declamations of the most zealous Tories of the present day.

"Here may you see the nature and disposition of this wicked, effrenated, barbarous, and unfaithful nation; who, as Cambrensis writeth of them, 'they are a wicked and perverse generation, constant in that they be always inconstant, faithful in that they be always unfaithful, and trusty in that they be always treacherous and untrusty, they do nothing but imagine mischief, and have no delight in any good thing; they are always working wickedness against the good and such as be quiet in the land; their mouths are full of unrighteousness and their tongues speak nothing but cursedness; their feet swift to shed blood, and their hands imbrued in the blood of innocents; the ways of peace they know not, and in the paths of righteousness they walk not: God is not known in the land, neither is his name called rightly upon among them; their queen and sovereygn they obey not, and her government they allow not, but as much as in them lieth, do resist her imperial estate, crown and dignity.'

These are "bitter words," and in such modern taste and style, that a person hearing them read might suppose that they belonged to the leading article of *The Standard*, or had been ejaculated in a late debate by the Bishop of Exeter. But the writer, in the excess of splenetic zeal, lets out a little too much; for not content with libelling the country by a sweeping denunciation, he proceeds to establish his point by an example, and the case brought forward for that purpose is so perfect an illustration of the whole system by which Ireland has been "governed," that we could not desire a better excuse for the turbulent and unruly character attributed to her people.

"It was not much above a year past, that Captain Gilbert with the sword so persecuted them, and in justice so executed them, that then they in all humbleness submitted themselves, craved pardon, and swore to be for ever true an' obedient; which so long as he mastered and kept them under, so long they performed it; but the cat was no sooner gone but the mice were at play; and he no sooner departed from them, but forthwith they skipped out and cast from themselves the obedience and dutifulness of true subjects. For such a perverse nature they are of, that they will be no longer honest and obedient than that they cannot be suffered to be rebels; such is their stubbornness and pride, that with a continual fear it must be bridled, and such is the hardness of their hearts, that with the rod it must be still chastised and subdued; for no longer fear—no longer obedience; and no longer than they be ruled with severity—no longer will they be dutiful and in subjection; but will be as before, false, truce breakers, and traitorous."

That same *Captain-Gilbert plan* has been too successful, we own, in perverting the disposition of a most noble and generous people. During nine successive reigns, not to speak of The Commonwealth, under which it was most rampant, it had its fair trial: the Irish having been persecuted without relaxation or remorse from the 16th to the latter end of the 18th century, and since then, with only occasional gleams of forbearance, up to the accession of the present ministry. Fear and severity, persecution and the sword, were the means employed during that dark and afflicting period of Ireland's history, to master her affections and win her to loyalty and obedience. What wonder if they failed? Men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles; why then should they look for a return of gratitude and attachment to a long series of galling oppressions? The real matter of surprise is, that the Irish have not been rendered more wild, reckless, and vindictive, than even the hyperbolic malice and invention of their calumniators can paint them. For they are naturally high-minded and impatient, nor does their spirit tamely bend to a wanton wrong or an insult; yet are they found still frank and open-hearted, unsuspecting against the warnings of all experience,

generously oblivious upon the faintest show of kindness, and ready to grasp the hand, which may be half-extended to them in amity, with all the confiding ardour and hope of men who had never been deceived. *Give them Justice*; give them but a promise—such a promise as their sanguine and credulous hearts can rest upon—that they shall have justice; and at once their fierceness is turned to praise, the voice of complaint is heard no more in their streets, and a child may lead them.

This is no idle declamation. The state of Ireland, during the last year and at this moment, gives it the proof. Ireland now lives upon the hope of justice: her peace is sustained by it. Never before were the malignity and the ingenuity of her persecutors more ruthlessly active. Never did the *Captain Gilberts* of private life ply their task with a more pernicious energy. But those whom the people trust, have promised that they shall have justice; and in full reliance on that promise, in undoubting faith in the integrity of an administration which holds its authority by so noble a pledge, they give themselves up to the thousand harassing and vexatious practices which are employed to goad them to violence. They hold the warmest and holiest feelings of our common nature in restraint, and implicit subservience to the better hope which shines through their heaviest trials. On one side the Church scourges—on the other, the landlords exterminate them;

“*Hâc rabiosa urget Canis—hâc lutulenta ruit Sus.*”

But they resign themselves quietly to both. They submit to that absurd revival of feudal power, the Commissioner of Rebellion; and though a breath from their lips might scatter him to all the winds of heaven, they follow him submissively to prison. They take patiently the spoiling of their goods by the most exasperating of all oppressions, that of vindictive and excessive costs. They suffer themselves to be stripped and mulcted by vile attorneys, the very sweepings of the law courts, who pillage them at discretion. They submit to the heartless resentment of landlords, who visit them with confiscation and banishment for only daring to assert a constitutional right—a right as clear as that of any landlord to his estate. They look with wondrous calmness at their wives and helpless little ones driven from the shelter of a crib, which humanity would weep to see closed against a brute. Nor among the pitying bystanders, who witness those scenes of barbarous devastation, does even one hearty, honest curse, such as “the recording angel” himself might not wish to blot, rise up to heaven against the authors of so much misery! The sentiment of commiseration absorbs all other feelings; and the whole neighbour-

hood bows in mute astonishment, as under the mysterious hand of Providence;—as if the ruin they contemplate were not man's work at all, but that

“ Some fierce tide with more imperious sway
Swept the low hut and all its holds away,
When the sad tenant weeps from door to door,
And begs a poor protection from the poor.”

There are indeed exceptions to this general rule of patient endurance. Some indignant spirits break out occasionally against persecution; and those wild combinations, which some years ago kept the whole community and the government in terror, can yet summon their scattered adherents to take vengeance for oppressions to which all feel that they are subject. There are also hovering about their former homes, or rather about the spots where once they stood, many hapless outcasts, with minds as desperate as their fortunes, eager to inspire others with those burning thoughts which form the wretched solace of their own dark and restless hours, and who are not unwilling to assist in executing the purposes which their counsels suggest. Whatever remains of agrarian outrage still survive in some few of the southern counties, proceed from the agency or the dictation of such “perturbed spirits.” But in comparison to the mass of suffering which is unsparingly inflicted, the state of popular feeling and action in Ireland is quiescence itself. The number of those who are at open war is utterly insignificant, when we calculate the tithe sales, the commissions of rebellion, the bills in exchequer, the wholesale ejections and depopulation of entire villages and tracts of country, which are perpetrated without cessation, and with every circumstance of aggravation and cruelty that unrelenting Toryism can devise. Compared to the provocations they receive, we say that the blood of Irishmen “is tame, is humble;” nor is there any other people in Europe who would so long have brooked the wrongs they have endured, and not risen up in a simultaneous effort to shake off the annoyance of such puny and contemptible oppressors.

That which gives the cold-blooded *Patricians* of Ireland so great an advantage over the peasantry, is the possession of the land. The poor Irishman has nothing to look to beyond his “bit of land.” He is rooted to the soil he grows upon; he knows no other means of living—has no resource whatever, no taste, no aspiration, unconnected with the culture of his “garden.” His children are not inured to any other species of industry. Drive them from the fields which their sturdy labour has been accustomed to subdue, and you render them totally helpless and destitute, without hope, without the opportunity, and without the

ability to acquire subsistence by any other art or occupation. Hence the lord of the soil has necessarily a *strong pulling hand* over them, nor can a heavier calamity befall them than the visitation of his displeasure. The Russian boors, who are transferred, like droves of cattle at the nod of their owners, from one province to another of that vast empire, are regarded all over Europe as degraded beings. But these at least, when they are removed from the spot where all their attachments are centred, are not wholly cast out. They are transplanted to new seats, as comfortable, and in every respect, save in mental association, as eligible, as those which they have been compelled to abandon. Far more bitter and more cheerless is the fate of the poor Irish serf, for whom, his door being once closed on him, no home like that shall smile any more. His removal is one of utter extirpation. His roof once pulled down, no friendly shelter receives him. The field that yielded its fruit to his arduous toil being interdicted, no vacant spot receives and repays the labour of his hands. He is wholly cast out and miserable.

“What is the wretched peasant to do?” indignantly exclaimed that upright and fearless friend of his country, Judge Fletcher, in denouncing the landlords, who, two-and-twenty years ago were pursuing this devastating course, impelled then by the cursed lust of gold as blindly as they are now carried along by the base and wicked thirst of vengeance;—“What is the wretched peasant to do? Chased from the spot where he had first drawn his breath—where he had first seen the light of heaven—incapable of procuring any other means of existence, can we be surprised that the peasant of unenlightened mind, of uneducated habits, should rush upon the perpetration of crimes, followed by the punishment of the rope and the gibbet? Nothing—so they probably imagine—remains for them, thus harassed, thus destitute, but with strong hand to deter the stranger from intruding upon their farms, and to extort from the weakness of their landlords, from whose gratitude and good feelings they have failed to win it, a kind of preference for their ancient tenantry.”

Let any parent make it his own case; for this is the way to test it. When we are assembled at the domestic hearth, with our families around us, let us bring home to our bosoms the bare apprehension, that for exercising an undoubted privilege, not only recognized but actually enjoined by the constitution, it were in the power of some brutal tyrant, some abortive stunted upstart of yesterday, of whom gold, amassed by peculation and public plunder, is the sole nobility, to put out our fire and drive us away, far from that pleasant home: let us suppose him, by the word of his power, destroying our only means of providing for

that bright and joyous circle, and turning our children and ourselves adrift, to lead a vagrant, hopeless, scrambling life—disowned, rejected, persecuted, and maligned:—Could we bear it? Where is “the father’s heart” that would endure it? What reverence for the law, what sacredness of private property, what abstract right of men to do as they please with their own, would be of force to restrain our thoughts from dark imaginings, or our hands from giving them effect? We frankly avow that we would not submit to such treatment, but would take the law into our own hands, and, if possible, redress ourselves. Our children have a right divine to claim from us that protection, which may be denied to them elsewhere; and we cannot recognize any human obligation which should or could constrain us to reject such an appeal. No man owes a moral obedience to an exterminating decree. No man, pretending or desiring to be free, would pay it an outward homage, one moment longer than superior force compelled him to bow his neck under its intolerable yoke.

These are our deliberate sentiments,—the decisions of a mind, tutored, perhaps, by some small share of philosophy, and, at all events, not provoked to a passionate or hasty judgment by the sense of personal wrong. We have never felt what it is to be turned out upon the road-side, and insultingly told to “go to the priest”* for shelter. We have never passed by, under the pelting of the pitiless storm, and seen another man’s children playing about the hearth which had shone upon the gambols of our own little ones, now shivering in the blast. But we can feel for those who are placed in such a situation. We can sympathize with the sufferings, while we condemn the violence, of the peasant “of unenlightened mind, of uneducated habits,” by whom the reality, and worse than the reality, of all that we have ventured to take into our imaginary sketch, must be endured.

The persecutors and slanderers of this people talk of their untameable, fierce, and vindictive nature. But, if they believed what they say, would they dare to oppress and to harrass them as they do. Would they expel fathers, mothers, infants at the breast, and tottering age, if they really thought that blood alone could slake the burning heart of a ruined Irish peasant!—No. Too well we know that these domestic tyrants are inaccessible to pity. No sentiment of human kindness, no horror of the calamities meditated against fellow-creatures, fellow-countrymen, and fellow-Christians, can make them relax their stern code of proscription. But they are not reckless of their own safety. Dogged and per-

* A common taunt, by which the expostulations of the poor victims of persecuting malice are answered, when they attempt to deprecate the heavy sentence awarded in Ireland against the assertion of political independence.

verse though they be, an unfeigned apprehension of consequences to themselves—consequences such as would seem to be inevitable, were the Irish peasant the tiger which their invention would paint him,—would restrain the arm which pity clasps in vain. Fear and prudence would operate, where nature is rudely thrust aside, and the intercessions of Christian charity, like its sacred Author, are mocked, reviled, and spat upon. But the persecution goes on. Never before was it more immitigably active; and yet its authors walk abroad, unhurt by any lash, unless conscience, unseen, and in its own secret hour, may apply its scorpions to their souls.

If there still survive any sparks of the incendiary fire which this incessant collision between the extremes of society has kindled, and continues to foment, surely they who have contributed so largely to maintain it, are not the persons to whom it belongs to raise an outcry about the barbarism of Ireland, or to call its people "*savages*."* If they felt as they ought, each recorded instance of agrarian violence should call a blush into their cheeks; for such are their own works, the fruits of that poisonous seed which their hands have planted, and which it is their policy still to water and propagate. But at every fresh proof of the tendency of this unnatural and life-destroying system, they turn round, with amazing coolness and effrontery, upon the government, which endeavours to check its growth, and they exclaim, "Behold the fruit of your mild and conciliating measures, the effect of your *compact with O'Connell!*" Thus, like the tyrant whose deformity of body was no unapt type of their crooked and contracted minds,

"They do the wrong, and first begin to brawl:
The secret mischief that they set abroad,
They lay unto the grievous charge of others;"

and then they call for the "*wholesome rigour* of the law," and appeal to the natural results of their own brutality as arguments for forging new fetters, or rivetting the old ones upon limbs that should, and, with the blessing of God, *shall, be free*.

Oh—it was soul-sickening to see, at an assize town, the pseudo gentry of an Irish county gloating over the fore-doomed tenants of the dock, marking and singling them out, as the backers of the *Dog Billy* would review a lot of rats in a pit, and, "with hangmen's hands, clapping" the Singletons and Fitzgeralds† on the back, as one after another, the quick decisions of

* Colonel Bruen, whom a Committee of the House of Commons has elected to sit in that House for the County of Carlow, had lately the assurance thus to denominate his *quasi* constituents.

† Very famous Police Magistrates, who stand at the head of the *Classe Vidocque* in Ireland, by their eagerness to ferret out offenders, and bring them to justice, or, at

the petty jury bore testimony to the excellent getting up of their successive prosecutions. Whosoever has witnessed such scenes, must retain but a mean and contemptuous recollection of the creatures who arrogate to themselves the possession of all the virtue, the intelligence, and, what they call, the respectability, of the country.

The sort of justice which we have been accustomed to see administered, has always failed, as it always must fail, to produce obedience to the laws. For it is impossible that men should respect laws which afford them no protection against ruinous oppression; or rest satisfied with a system so grossly and avowedly corrupt. But the expectations of the Irish people are far from unreasonable. They seek not all that they perhaps have a strict right to require. Much less — provided it were conferred by a sincere and friendly hand, and not held over to be wrested from a reluctant one — would content them; nor amongst the nations of Europe is there one, which so small a measure of justice would satisfy. They do not even demand a

“Crust of bread and liberty.”

Strabo, in the days of the Roman Emperors, designated us “a nation of herb-eaters;” and now amidst the luxury and refinement of the nineteenth Century, we “seek no better name.” Our poor countrymen are content with a bare sufficiency of the roots of the earth. Leave them the shelter of the smoky roof, the light elastic turf under their feet, and the air of those hills and rocks which “lift them to the storms,” and they ask no more. They may squabble amongst themselves in absurd strife about the preeminence of this or the other giddy faction; and a head may occasionally be broken, in Irish duel, at a fair or a funeral, according to a “Code of Honour” which custom sanctions among them, and which you have taken little pains by education to abrogate. But property will be safe, and those who possess it, unmolested. The laws will maintain their sway; and reason, not force, continue — as thank God it has been up to this moment — the author and the agent of every political movement.

But their stubborn and indefatigable taskmasters will not concede even thus much. Equally heedless of their own security and of the calls of humanity and justice, they are determined to crush every sentiment of Independence and public virtue in the breasts of Irishmen, and bring back the state of vassalage which prevailed when Ireland existed only for the Beresfords and the Fosters. In reality and in sober sadness, they might just as well

least, to the gallows. Hence the name of the individual stands for the species; as men call a mighty hunter a Nimrod, so do we in Ireland call an eminent hunter of men a Singleton or a Fitzgerald.

apply their shoulders to the task of forcing the earth back into the shades of night an hour after the glorious Sun had lit up his torch in the East. But try it they will, apparently little dreaming of all that they may hazard by the experiment. Yet never was the Spanish proverb, "*Defendi mi, Dios, de mi,*" more applicable to the conduct or situation of any individuals, than it is at this moment to that of the Tory gentry of the now United Kingdom, and more especially of that portion of it which is called Ireland. It should be their prayer—be they lay or clerical—by day and night. For they are the most dangerous enemies with whom, in the present temper of the nation, Establishments have to contend: and unless the legislative power, guided by a rational and parental Government, shall speedily interpose to "save them from themselves," their occupation of many things which they are entitled to retain, may be as short-lived as their insolent encroachment upon rights which belong to others.

This is no threat, nor meant as such: it is a warning and a friendly one. But it will not be received as it is tendered, in a friendly spirit. The mildest whisper of danger to that dementate party, sounds in their ears like a revolutionary menace, and they toss the head at it in disdain. Their stand is taken upon the last ditch, and there they flourish the besom of antiquity, in utter ignorance of the crumbling ground that holds them up. That they have yet power enough left to keep the advancing swell of independence in check for a brief season, who is there so childish as to deny? They may repress the sentiment in places peculiarly obnoxious to their power, and overwhelm many a bold spirit whose impetuous virtue may urge him forward too rapidly. But the great and mighty current will still "keep due on"; and a long good night to *Dame Partington*, if in the end she shall find herself within its sweeping course.

We cannot expect that Ireland will be permitted to rest in peace, or that the abstract rights of the few will be held sacred and inviolable, while the many are abandoned and left without any rights at all. The mulish gentry of this country must be taught to distinguish between the free spirits of men and the inert clods of earth; and not to imagine or to call the *divinæ particulam auræ*, which informs other breasts, "their own." An efficient and comprehensive Poor-Law is the only argument which can penetrate such hearts. Such a Poor-Law we mean as shall compel a landlord to maintain, as paupers, those whom his vengeance may have ruined as tenants, and thus make it no indifferent matter to him to strip and turn them loose to prey upon society.

Until this be done, all that a Government can effect towards

the maintenance and preservation of public order, is to compel obedience to the Laws as they are, and administer them in a spirit of moderation, without respect of persons. Nor yet does it depend wholly upon the Government to provide for the perfect accomplishment of these objects. An avowed, unaffected, and practical love of justice on the part of the executive is indeed the principal thing; but it is far from being the only thing needful for its complete and substantial attainment. There are numerous subordinate agents — subordinate in degree, but exercising their several functions independently — whose cordial assistance towards that result must be obtained before the head can be held accountable for its success. That the Crown may be enabled to carry its just intentions into execution, it must have the effective cooperation of the judges and inferior magistrates, of sheriffs and jurors, of advocates and official underlings; without whose concurrence its most anxious and strenuous endeavours may be brought to nought. But most of these are independent agents; and when they happen to be openly arrayed against the Government, or privately hostile to its designs and wishes, it is often in their power to impede, or even to turn aside the course of justice out of the straight-forward direction. And notwithstanding such injurious obstructions, the Government may still be deserving of the highest praise. This is one of the few cases in which “good intentions,” we mean such as are really good, are entitled to a full measure of popular confidence. For if persons, quite beyond its controul, come to the administration of the laws, with the same partial and jaundiced views which regulate the other movements of their lives, how can the executive oppose such perverseness, unless by the admonition and restraint of an upright example? Nor having the power to force those wayward tempers into the path in which it wishes them to move, it is not further responsible for failures which may occur through their faults and follies, than as it can (and will not) influence or counteract them.

But although it may not be possible to overcome the attachments and prejudices of persons who have been trained in a different system, (to which they perhaps owe all their worldly prosperity and consequence,) the Crown can do much to coerce the workings of the most reluctant instruments, so as to prevent them at least from openly thwarting its better purposes. It can keep a vigilant eye upon the magistrates, and check or punish their overt irregularities; it can attend to the appointment of Sheriffs, on whom the selection of juries so greatly depends; it can see that in the swearing in of juries, no undue preferences or exclusions take place, to defeat the ends of complete and impartial justice. It can insist that prosecutions advised by the Attor-

ney-general, shall be conducted with vigour and decision, with a zealous and irrespective determination to repress crime, yet with a tenderness for the life and a due regard to the rights and liberty of the subject. It can require that judicial proceedings instituted in the King's name, shall not be conducted with a view to obtain verdicts, apart from the more solemn and important object of such investigations; for the minister of justice should never permit himself to be carried away by feeling or temper, to forget what sacred and momentous interests are involved in the duty he is called upon to perform; he must still keep Wolsey's golden precept before his eyes, to

"Let all the ends he aims at be his country's,
His God's and truth's."

It is the part of the Crown to curb the ardour of policemen, (who have been too apt to intrude upon the office of the crown-solicitor,) and restrict their exertions within their own province and the useful functions which properly belong to it: it should instruct the lawyers, to whom the direction and conduct of its criminal proceedings are confided, not to surpass the bounds of temperance, or, in their zeal against a prisoner, to "turn advocates at large" against the whole people. In addition to all this, the government can, and should, revise decisions which may appear to have been formed without sufficient attention to the foregoing principles; and carry the just decrees of the law into effect, in the way which may best conduce to impress the community with a reverence for its power, and a reliance on its protection.

On all these points, the present government has uniformly and fearlessly endeavoured to do right. If justice halts in any of our courts, it is not for want of honest efforts on the part of the executive to propel it: if in others she runs breast-high with those who seek again to immerse, in blind submission to an effete and obsolete tyranny, souls upon which the light of knowledge and of freedom had begun to shine,—of any participation in so vain and so infatuated a hope, the executive is wholly guiltless. For since the department of justice was taken out of Mr. Blackburne's hands, there has not been a single vexatious or oppressive process instituted or enforced, with the consent or sanction of the law officers of the Crown; nor has that spirit of hostility to the lower classes, which too frequently poisoned even the wholesome proceedings of former governments, brought justice into disrepute, under the administration of Lord Mulgrave. Its corrections are dispensed with a parental hand, and the law is now seen armed, not with a sword only, but with a sword and shield.

It is wonderful how great a change may be wrought in the frame and temper of Society, and what important effects may be produced upon its general peace and security by the honesty of rulers. The criminal law of Ireland has not undergone any change,—the same terrors surround, the same sanctions confirm it. The machinery, by which its operations are conducted and its penalties put in force, is unaltered: the judges are the same, the jurors and official prosecutors nearly so; the magistrates and police are the very persons who were active instruments in maintaining a system, in which obstinate prejudice passed for integrity and cruelty for wisdom. But the controlling spirit is changed, and under its chastening influence, behold all things are become new. The spirit of British Law walks abroad in pure and genial splendour, grave but not severe—stern but not unfeeling; and the same words, the same sentences, which heretofore called forth expressions of rage from the lips, and left ashes of bitterness in the hearts, of the bystanders, are received with patient and acquiescent deference, because they are felt and acknowledged as the “faithful wounds of a friend.”

Hence the recent decisions of the tribunals have had a moral effect, which they never before were known to produce in this country. The common people are now persuaded of two facts very useful to be practically known amongst them; namely, that the law is too strong to be resisted with impunity; and that its protection, as far as it can yet be made to extend, is afforded equally and alike to all who need it. It is a new thing in Ireland to hear the country people, on their return home from the Assizes, acknowledging that every man has had justice—fair play for his life, and a fair trial for his liberty. Let those who have ever been deluded by the hypocritical cant of “measures not men,” consider what has been effected in so short a period here, by *men*, without any essential change of *measures*; and they must perceive their weakness in giving heed to so insidious, so dangerous a sophistry.

And what is it, that without an organic change in the law, has caused this great improvement in its actual administration, and this great change of public opinion and sentiment with regard to it? It is this—the sincerity of the Government. The Government is in earnest, and the public know it. “Men should be what they seem.” Previous dynasties had not been so; or, at least, they allowed conduct in their subordinates utterly at variance with the sentiments and resolutions professed by themselves. If they really loved impartial justice, they were sadly abused by those persons to whom they confided the task of giving effect to their good dispositions; for not only the sheriffs

and magistrates—who enjoyed a kind of charter to do as they pleased—but the police of all grades, and the crown officers, and (with reverence we would say it) the gentlemen of the long robe themselves, to whom it was specially entrusted to see equal justice done between the King and the subject, continued,—with some trifling exceptions—to stand upon the former ways; and the unfortunate peasants were, as before, worried into crime, entrapped into confessions, and pursued *per summum jus* to death or extermination.

The zeal of many of the magistrates, both among *the paid* and also among those who had expectations of being taken into regular employment, instead of being directed to the prevention of offences, stood on the slip, waiting until the perpetration of some enormous crime should give *élan* to their exertions. They winked at the minor transgressions of Rockites and incendiaries, in the same way as squires preserve the foxes, to the great detriment of the neighbours' henroosts, in the hope of one day having a glorious run and coming in at the death. Hence the greatest difference was observable between their apathy to preserve the peace, and their burning eagerness to revenge the more gross violations of it. "Give them rope enough" was in more senses than one, the principle on which their system of pacification was founded. In short, they cared not for the peace or well-being of their country, which would have been nothing in their pockets, but, on the contrary, a great hindrance to their selfish speculations. They wished to trade upon the vice and misery of Ireland, and would not consume their staple before it was fit for such a market. Every facility was allowed by these guardians of society to those who wished to disturb it, and then no harsh or oppressive means of vindication were omitted which might excite the indignation of the population against the law; and in the same proportion, its sympathy towards the sufferers. Thus justice itself was rendered odious in the eyes of the country, and the moral effect, which should be the first object aimed at in all its proceedings, was converted into disaffection and impatience.

The method of impaneling juries was also a great source of mistrust and dissatisfaction. The construction of the panel, at least the order and collocation of the names upon it—which in a numerous array is virtually the same thing—depends upon the sheriff; and as he was almost invariably identified in feeling and opinion with the other country gentlemen, it was easily arranged, as often as political or other considerations rendered it peculiarly desirable to them, that the feelings and opinions of juries in criminal trials should tally with their own, to have a sufficient number of *sure names* clustered together at the head of the

panel; and thus to reduce the prisoner's right of challenge to a mere shadow. Nor have we known an instance of the legal representatives of former governments interposing, either in public or in private, to prevent so glaring a perversion of the most sacred right which the subject inherits from his brave and virtuous ancestors—that of trial by his peers. On the contrary, the case is too recent and too remarkable not to be remembered in a discussion on this subject, when the law officers of the Crown zealously defended this vicious practice, and by the warmth of their advocacy made it, in fact, an adopted child of the government.

We look no further back than to the special commission at the Queen's County in 1832, when all Catholic jurors of the county, save one, were called at the foot of the panel; and such numbers of Protestants—most of them Orangemen—placed above them, that on every trial of importance, the prisoners' challenges were exhausted, and a jury formed, before one of those persons in whom the people confided could be summoned into the box. Mr. James Charles Brady—a lawyer of high spirit and transcendent ability, whose mortal career was, alas! too short for his country, but quite long enough to establish his title to her undying love and veneration—challenged the array on that occasion; and Blackburne, *the attorney-general*, vigorously and successfully defended it. The argument, and, as we thought, the justice of the case, were on the side of Brady. But *Dis aliter visum*: the judges agreed with his Majesty's then attorney-general, and, with many an expression of dignified impatience, rejected the application.

The petty juries at that famous commission consisted principally of magistrates and half-pay officers. On one trial, eight “colonels and captains and knights in arms,” were drawn up, shoulder to shoulder, in the jury box. On another, a father and son, both of them magistrates, “stood together to hear the evidence;” and in several instances, the magistrates on whose committal the prisoners at the bar had been sent to trial, were also among the jurors into whose hands the issue of the poor culprits' life or death was placed. To suppose that they could have come to such an investigation with minds perfectly free from prepossession, would betray a gross ignorance of human nature, and a lamentable unacquaintance with the spirit and dealings of Irish society. Well might the unhappy creatures in the dock exclaim in Sidney's words, when he protested against the judgment of the bloody Jeffereys—“My Lord, I humbly conceive I have had no trial. I was to be tried by my country. I did not find my country in the jury that tried me.”

We mean not to say that those men were convicted and con-

demned contrary to evidence. Their guilt was too apparent not to have been established in the judgment of any twelve men who might have been selected to decide upon it. But the impression left on the minds of the populace, was against the character of public justice. They thought they saw—and we agreed with them in so thinking—an inclination on the part of their superiors to establish convictions *per fas aut nefas*, and bear down the defence of the accused by means at utter variance with the spirit of British law. Such an idea, not unfounded as it appeared, was calculated to inspire the commonalty with any other sentiment than that of reverence for the law, or confidence in its administration.

This, however, was the act of a sheriff. His was the first move in the arrangement; which could not have taken place at all without him. The government, by its confidential servants, *only* adopted it. But in other cases, and in other counties, where sheriffs have been more impartial or more cautious than to classify the panel in so *candid* a manner, the conduct of the Crown officers was *their own*; and they shewed, on many occasions, how cordially their feelings went along with the spirit which dictated that avowed picking and choosing. The power vested in the Crown of ordering a juror to “stand by,” was largely and unscrupulously had recourse to on almost every trial connected with agrarian outrage; and it was exercised in pointedly repelling from the jury-box individuals, however unexceptionable in character, who were known to entertain an opinion favourable to the rights, or a desire to redress the manifold sufferings and wrongs, of the poor peasants. So palpable was this practice of offensive exclusion, and the principle by which it was regulated, that we have known police constables to stand beside the Crown solicitor, instructing him, before the face of the judge, and apparently with his concurrence, whom he should put by, and in whom he might rely. In this way, a respectable magistrate was branded, at the nod of a policeman, as unworthy to be trusted upon the trial of a White-boy offence; and the Crown lawyers stood up boldly and justified the proceeding. In the same manner, upon a trial for murder at Naas, a brother of the late attorney-general, then Serjeant Perrin, was ordered to stand by, for no other assignable reason than because of his connexion with that eminent individual. These instances are enough to illustrate the spirit which dictated those exclusions, and the almost incredible lengths to which they were carried; and such a practice was not only connived at, but zealously defended, maintained and persisted in, by Mr. Blackburne. Is it any wonder that the people loved not the law which was so administered? Is it any wonder that its dread

judgments produced no feeling but those of horror and execration; when they saw that merely to be known as their friend—to be noted as having evinced a sorrow for their sufferings, or a desire to improve their condition—was deemed sufficient ground to disqualify a man of unimpeached honour, veracity and intelligence, from serving on a jury in their cause?

The arrangement of the panel is still a discretionary matter with the sheriff; and generally speaking, the public has not now much reason to complain of the distribution of the names upon it. In a recent instance, indeed, suspicion was excited, of a design to *pack an array* in order to serve a particular purpose. But the names of those who are liable to serve on juries being ascertained by a provision of the law now in force, public opinion—if the want of a proper sense in the officer himself should render its aid necessary—would doubtless be found sufficiently restrictive to prevent any very glaring confusion of order and precedence on the list; at all events, nothing resembling the juratory vanguard at Maryborough, has ever been attempted since, nor probably ever will; but a decent distinction of rank and personal qualification is observed, under the correction of the public eye, and in some cases, under a due consciousness that the countenance of authority will not be given to any extraordinary deviations from the line of propriety.

The panel being thus fairly arranged, the Crown receives it from the hands of the sheriff, and in most cases where it is a prosecutor, goes to trial with the first twelve men whom the prisoner allows to remain unchallenged in the jury-box. There is no longer an open or secret understanding about the selection of a jury between the Crown solicitor and the county justice or constable, who happens to be the extra-official prosecutor under him; if the former see cause to order a juror to stand by, he does it on his own responsibility, and is obliged to render an account to the attorney general of the reasons which induced him to do so. Without substantial cause, therefore, this privilege of the Crown is never resorted to, and throughout the entire of the last spring assizes, not an instance we believe occurred of a juror having been set aside. During the circuits which are now out, some few objections have been made on behalf of the Crown, for which the officer will be required, as we doubt not he will be able, to give a satisfactory explanation; and we may venture to affirm that other grounds will appear for departing from the instructions of the attorney general, than that the party objected to was imbued with the milk of human kindness, or that he was distinguished by some mark which denoted him, either in interest or in sentiment, as the peer of the individual whom he had been called upon to try.

These and other mitigations of the stern aspect of justice have wrought a corresponding effect on the temper of the people. A persuasion is universal amongst them, that vindication, not blood, is the object sought by the executive in all its judicial proceedings, and that it visits wilful infractions of the law, not through a desire to inflict punishments, but from an earnest solicitude to correct and reform the habits of the community. Under the influence of such a sentiment, a healthier tone already begins to pervade the popular mind. Those who have till now been living like the children of Ishmael in their father-land, feel at length that they have a country, and that "laws *were* made for every degree."

The unexampled tranquillity of the country, and the bloodless course which justice is at this moment completing through its wildest districts, are among the fruits already visible of this happier and better mind.*

* The following *precis* of the charges delivered by the learned judges to the several grand juries, as far as they have been ascertained up to the moment of publication, will serve to show the unparalleled degree in which order reigns in Ireland.

At the *Drogheda Assizes*, Chief Justice Bushe stated that there was nothing on the calendar that required the least observation, except that he was glad to see it so light.

At the *Kildare Assizes*, Judge Johnson complimented the Grand Jury on the lightness of the calendar, there being but five or six capital offences for trial.

At the *Limerick Assizes*, Judge Perrin congratulated the county Grand Jury on the reduced state of the calendar since last assizes, which was evidence of the peaceable state of the county, and of the beneficial effects which *good government* is calculated to produce.

To the *City Grand Jury* Baron Foster made a similar observation, and stated that the crimes for trial were only of such a nature as may be found in every, even the best regulated, state of society.

At the *Wexford Assizes* Baron Pennefather expressed the pleasure which he felt at being able to inform the Grand Jury that little was to be done in the criminal department of their duties, and if the calendar faithfully represented the state of the county, it afforded him matter of congratulation, for it was really surprising to see a county of such extent so free from crime.

At *Maryborough Assizes* Judge Johnson said that he had cast his eye over the calendar and had to congratulate the county on its exceeding lightness. Some of the principal cases which appeared on it were adjourned from last assizes.

At *Louth Assizes* the Chief Baron said that it gave him great satisfaction to observe that the calendar at the present assizes was so very small, when compared with former years, the number of indictments being but twenty-three, and, with the exception of two of these, the crimes were not of that lawless character that tended to the disturbance of the peace of the county.

The *City of Waterford Assizes* occupied Baron Pennefather only two hours; and, but for the fiscal business of the county, the learned judge observed, there would be little occasion for his attendance.

To the *County Grand Jury* the Chief Justice observed, that the calendar was extremely light.

At the *Down Assizes* Chief Justice Bushe congratulated the Grand Jury on the extreme lightness of the calendar, which presented a subject of lively congratulation to all lovers of peace and good order.

A late number of the *Kilkenny Journal* stated, that out of a population of 25,000,

We have said that the law is now administered, as far as that administration depends on the government, with an earnest solicitude to correct and reform the habits of the community. Mildness and clemency are found to be not merely consistent with such an object, but essentially necessary to its accomplishment. The judgments of the tribunals are therefore executed with great forbearance and mercy, nor has the spirit of the vicious and the violent been thereby encouraged to beard the authority of the law, or defy its power; for it is well understood, that the clemency of the government is not a mere sentiment, but a principle, (though in the absence of the sentiment the principle would scarcely have suggested itself,) and that it regards as its end the protection of society, and the preservation of its peace. Accordingly, if severity is sometimes necessary, the sensibilities of the government are not of that morbid nature that it should shrink from the task which duty imposes. In its practice, "mercy seasons justice," but is far from neutralising it; a truth, of which the people are perfectly aware, so that in learning to love the law as a safeguard, they have not been led into the dangerous error of despising it as a monitor.

The repression of crime and outrage has been the constant aim of Lord Mulgrave's government, and in his endeavours to repress it, he set out by making war upon the serpent in the egg. The feuds and factions which so long characterised and disgraced our peasantry, have not attracted the attention of public men or of the legislature, in a degree proportioned to the influence which they exercise upon the whole frame and condition of society; yet it seems as clear as the derivation of the torrent from its tributary streams, that the quarrelsome and revengeful spirit engendered by those eternal conflicts, stimulates and excites to the commission of the grievous atrocities which have made us a bye-word among the nations; the source indeed lies much deeper, but these form the channel by which the mischief flows. The Tory method, however, of extinguishing a fire has ever been to let the smouldering sparks work out into a blaze, reserving the force and terror of their blood-charged engines against the great conflagration; it has ever been a favorite maxim amongst them, that the internal dissensions of the people are a great help to government and to the preservation of British influence and connexion; and such a

there were only five persons for trial at the approaching assizes for that city, four of whom were strangers.

On the opening of the *County Kilkenny Assizes*, Baron Pennefather congratulated the county Grand Jury on the lightness of the calendar, which, he observed, contrasted happily with former ones.

The *Kerry Evening-Post*, a print of the "sort that is much wanted," informs us that "it is happy to say the calendar is unusually light."

notion, disgusting as it appears in persons calling themselves Irishmen, is certainly in perfect consistency with the principles of a party, which has always treated and regarded, and which still regards, and if they had the power would still treat Ireland, as *an Enemy's country*. Our divisions, in every degree and subdenomination, have ever been their strength; for six weary ages they divided us and ruled; it was their avowed policy from the earliest times.—

“Anno 1278,” saith Hanmer in his entertaining chronicle, “there rose civil wars, no better than rebellion, between Mac Dermot de Moylargo and Cathgur O’Conoghur, King of Connaught, when there was great slaughter and bloodshed on both sides, and the King of Connaught slain. Raphael Hollinshed, in his Irish Collection, thinketh that there were slain at that time above two thousand persons; the King of England hearing thereof, was mightily displeasèd with the Lord Justice, and sent for him into England, to yield reason why he would permit such shameful enormities under his government. Robert Ufford substituted Robert Fulborne (as before,) satisfied the King that all was not true that he was charged withal, and for further contentment yielded this reason, that *in policy he thought it expedient to wink at one knave cutting off another, and that would save the King’s coffers and purchase peace to the land. Whereat the King smiled and bid him return to Ireland.*”

Many a deputy and lord justice have won smiles from royalty by the same plea, and been commanded to “return to Ireland,”—hapless, distracted Ireland, which

“Never did nor ever can

Lie at the proud feet of a conquerer,

But when she first did help to wound herself.”

Her intestine broils and dissensions have not only reduced and weakened her own energies, but raised a cloud between the justice of the English nation, and the flaws and vices of the various governments by which she has been afflicted. A tyrannical or dishonest government would never seriously set about reforming this weakness; Lord Mulgrave is the first who has taken effectual and decisive measures to eradicate it; he has not only mastered the Orange and the Ribbon factions, but has made the most strenuous exertions to put down those dangerous and barbarous conflicts, called faction-fights, of which the frequent occurrence has caused so much private misery and public disquietude.

To this end, the courts of quarter-sessions have been carefully re-modelled and improved, with a view to bring within the grasp of the law, without the power of evasion or compromise, every disturber of the public peace. Crown solicitors were appointed for each county, to prosecute the offenders in every instance of riot; and notwithstanding the difficulty of bringing parties, who

have been so long accustomed to settle all their differences "in the tented field," to heard each other in the halls of justice, the result of those prosecutions has uniformly been a complete vindication of the law. It is perfectly notorious, that outrages of this kind have greatly diminished in number and frequency within the last year; and yet the convictions at quarter-sessions within the same period, for such offences, are more numerous, as the punishments which follow conviction are certainly more exemplary, than they have been in any one year within our recollection. These facts exhibit the apathy and connivance of former governments and their servants, in a light as undeniable as it is discreditable to them. They "cared for none of these things." "Let them fight it out—while they quarrel among themselves, it is well for us—by winking at one knave cutting off another, we purchase peace to the land." Such were, or might have been, the doctrines of policy and expediency by which they excused to themselves and to their friends the neglect of those minor offences, which were the immediate parents of the greater.

Before the government took into its own hands the prosecution of rioters at quarter sessions, and appointed officers to conduct it, a system of compromise was openly practised and tolerated, which made it easy for the most violent ruffians in the country to insult their quiet neighbours, and afterwards laugh at the law and those who administered it. Mr. Howley, the assistant barrister of Tipperary, in an admirable charge to the quarter-sessions' grand jury at Neuagh, on the 8th of July (instant), stated, that it was, until lately, a common practice for the parties in those savage encounters, to patch up their quarrels in the presence and with the sanction of the grand jury, who were thus made a party in those scandalous evasions of justice.

"A system of compromise," says the learned gentleman, "was permitted from the first step of investigation at petty sessions, to the last stage of inquiry before this court; and no matter how deeply the public peace might have been violated, or personal injury inflicted, still the rule was applied indiscriminately to cases of this description with those of an ordinary and less aggravated character. It is true that in cases of common assaults, the policy of the law has been to allow parties to come together, and to make an amicable adjustment of the difference between them. This practice proceeds upon just and discriminating principles; it is considered that if there has been no open or flagrant violation of the peace, the personal injury is but small—frequently the result of some sudden heat, free from the aggravation of preconceived malice, often occurring between neighbours and previous friends, committed perhaps in private, and not involving third persons in inconvenience or danger. But how different are such cases from the class of aggravated assaults and riots which frequently come before you, where

grievous bodily harm is inflicted—where limbs are mutilated and life endangered—where parties lie in wait to meet their victim unawares; where weapons of a deadly nature are provided and made use of—and where the unhappy objects of these desperate attacks owe their lives rather to the interposition of a merciful Providence than to the hearts of those, who, though they may thus escape from the legal guilt of murder, are still murderers in morals, and felons in intention. Different also are the cases of factious meetings and riots, where so many hundred persons array themselves on each side, meeting by appointment at some fair or market, and enter into some deadly conflict, for no better reason than that one chooses to call himself a *Cummin* and another a *Darrig*, or that the appellations of Shanavest or Caravat, or a Magpie or a Blackhen, designate the opposing and contending parties. In cases such as I have now stated, I would particularly guard you against lending yourselves to any compromise, or reviving that old practice, which we have set aside, of permitting both parties to enter your room, and if they are willing to forgive and forget, then of jurors thus abdicating their office, the duties of which they had sworn strictly to discharge.”

Compromises of another kind, but to the same effect, have not been unfrequent. We mean compacts between the government and the culprits, whereby the penalties due to the latter were avoided. A rather startling instance of this kind of justice we have just happened to light upon in the Annual Register for 1811, a period when England “lacked soldiers.”

“On the 2d of March” in that year, “eleven men, convicted of a tumultuous assembly at Notsdown, near Cashel, were brought out to suffer *the first* of their whippings! when nine of them supplicated to commute their punishment for enlistment for general service; and, in conformity with a previous communication made to the magistrates from government, the offer was agreed to. *The other two received their whipping.*”

Now, what could the people, who witnessed that transaction, think, but that these two unsoldierly wights “received their whipping” for the crime of refusing to enlist; and that the other nine, who, to avoid the hangman’s lash, fled to the drummer’s cat-o’-nine-tails, had been condemned to so severe a punishment, not for the sake of repressing tumultuous assemblages, but in order to induce them to become the companions in arms of my Lord Wellington?

So marked is the improvement which has taken place in the conduct of the people, in consequence of the vigorous and impartial war which the lord-lieutenant has waged upon wanton violence, armed simply with the law, not strengthened by any insurrection acts or measures of unconstitutional coercion, that even the Tories are constrained to admit it. The Clonmel Advertiser, a journal of no great character certainly, but yet a credible because an unwilling witness on this point, thus bears testimony to the truth:—

"We are free to admit the fact, and happy in being able to do so, that we have learned from our various correspondents in this country, that party-fighting at fairs and markets has somewhat abated. This improvement in the habits and morals of the people we attribute to three causes:

"First, We owe a great deal to our assistant barrister, Mr. Howley, for his manifest determination to suppress those factious feuds, by visiting all such rioters when convicted before him.

"Secondly, We attribute the diminution of outrage to the employment of the peasantry and farmers, and the advance upon stock and all kinds of agricultural produce.

"Thirdly, We attribute and trace the latter cause principally to the agricultural banks.

"We, humble as we are in the provincial hemisphere, suggested to the Wellington and Peel government the utility of local crown solicitors for our Quarter Sessions, which was not attended to, but we find it adopted in the eleventh hour by the Whigs."

The attention of the government is still anxiously directed to this department of our criminal jurisprudence, which, though inferior in dignity to some others, is second to none in importance; and various legislative measures have been enacted, with a view to increase its efficiency. The amended Petty Sessions Act which lately received the royal assent, contains some excellent provisions for the more severe enforcement of the law against outrage, and to prevent collusive evasions of it. There are also some clauses to the same effect in the Civil Bills Court Bill, introduced and passed through the House of Commons this session. But we have so far outrun the limits we had prescribed to ourselves at the commencement of this article, that we cannot trespass on our readers by entering upon an analysis of those measures. They were prepared for the purpose, which they appear extremely well calculated to serve, of extending the power, and increasing the obligations, of those who administer the law, to repress outrages which being left unpunished would lead to the commission of the deepest enormities;* and thus has the

* The principal improvements adopted with regard to Petty Sessions, are thus described by a Tory paper published in the south of Ireland:—

"*Petty Sessions Act.*—A bill is either passed or about to be so, to amend the act already in force for regulating the business of Petty Sessions in Ireland. It is a short bill, containing but thirteen clauses, some of which are truly valuable improvements upon the existing law. Among these is a provision to authorise one magistrate to act in certain cases, when the attendance of others cannot be procured, which, as every one knows who has any practical familiarity with the affairs of Petty Sessions, is frequently the case. Great inconvenience has been occasioned to the public by repeated adjournments of the business of those courts, for want of the attendance of a second magistrate; whilst in a majority of the cases waiting to be heard, one would be quite competent to act, particularly when his decisions should be pronounced in open court.

"Another clause empowers the magistrate who signs a summons or warrant, at the

foundation been laid of a more ordered and safe frame of society, and of a general disposition and love for the arts of peace.

The tastes and passions of former rulers led them to attempt the same objects by insurrection acts, and similar unconstitutional and tyrannous measures of coercion. But the good genius of Ireland has taught Lord Mulgrave a more excellent way; namely, to secure obedience by inspiring confidence, and to reclaim the minds of the peasantry from fierce and barbarising contentions, by bringing home justice—not the severities of hasty and arbitrary enactments—not the terrors of the curfew, the nightly roll-call, and the summary condemnation and banishment—but the pure and equal justice of British law, to their doors. He has adopted the course—and praise can scarcely go higher than to say that he has cordially adopted it—which Fletcher recommends, in that charge wherein his memory is commended to the perpetual reverence of his country, as the fearless patriot, the wise lawgiver, and the uncorrupt judge.

“There is one remedy,” said that truly great and good man, “that would, in my estimation, more than any other especially contribute to soothe the minds of the discontented peasantry, and thereby enable them patiently to suffer the pressure of those burdens, which cannot, under existing circumstances, be effectually removed. I mean the equal and impartial administration of justice—that justice which the rich can pursue until it be attained, but which, that it may benefit the cottager, should be brought home to his door. Such an administration of justice would greatly reconcile the lower orders of the people with the government under which they live, and at no distant period, I hope, attach them to the law, by imparting its benefits and extending its protection to them in actual and uniform experience. Gentlemen, if you ask me, how may this be accomplished? I answer, by a vigilant superintendance of the administration of justice at Quarter Sessions, and an anxious observance of the conduct of all justices of peace.”

But whilst we give full credit to the wisdom, the integrity, and the unexampled success of the government, and to the just and constitutional method pursued by it for the maintenance of public

complaint of any person for an assault, to bind over the complainant to appear and prosecute. The compromises so usual between the issuing of the summons and the sitting of the court, may be, in a great degree, obviated by a discreet enforcement of this provision, and thus a greater security will be obtained for the maintenance of peace.

“A power is also given to the magistrates to compel the attendance of witnesses on all cases which come within their jurisdiction, and to punish them in case of disobedience. Heretofore, we believe, the authority vested in magistrates to enforce the attendance of witnesses was applicable only to cases of felony; but the extension of it to all matters subject to the jurisdiction of the court will much assist the investigation of the facts submitted to its decision, and thus promote the attainment of justice, and the consequent quiet and civilization of the country.”—*Waterford Mail*.

order and tranquillity, let us not withhold from the people—the slandered and suspected peasantry of Ireland—the praise which they have most richly merited. They have gone along with the government, *pari passu*, in this good work. From the moment that they saw that the intentions of their rulers were honest, and their measures of correction calculated, as unequivocally as they professed, to promote the welfare of all men alike, they assumed a character new to them, and became the supporters of the law. The institution of "*The Tipperary Society*," is perhaps the most striking proof of popular reaction which the events of modern times supply. Lord Mulgrave, in his reply to the address of that county, called upon its "sturdy yeomanry to co-operate cordially with a government in which they professed deserved confidence, in removing from Tipperary the attempted stigma with which a few evil doers could yet afflict their thriving and beautiful county;" and the call was answered by the formation of societies, throughout the county "for the suppression of outrage, and the maintenance of peace." Thousands of the small farmers, who had been used to shelter and conceal from justice the nightly marauder and the Rockite, joined these societies, and pledged themselves by a solemn declaration to the performance of the following duties:—

"To discourage bad characters.

"To refuse to employ or keep such persons in their houses.

"To report to some one of the Committee the appearance of any bad character, or any person accused or suspected of crime in their neighbourhood.

"To communicate to a Magistrate, or one of the Committee, any facts likely to lead to the prevention of outrage.

"To give such assistance to the Committee as they may require from time to time.

"To attend all meetings of the Society convened by the Secretaries.

"To use every exertion to prevent fighting between factions at fairs, &c. &c."

The haughty and mortified gentry stood aloof from such voluntary associations, disdaining all modes of pacification which threatened to clash with their early notions of vigorous retribution. But the people, nothing damped by the repulsive sneers of those jealous guardians of *peace*, took their tried friends and councillors, the Catholic Priests, as their leaders, advised by whom, and cheered on by some few magistrates of a better and more constitutional spirit, they have, in a great measure, conquered a peace within their borders. Colonel Prittie, a deputy-lieutenant of the county, and formerly a representative in many parliaments, who, with the Protestant and Catholic clergymen of the parish, joined

the society at Roscrea, lately stated as a fact which had come within his official cognizance, that crime had been greatly diminished since the establishment of that association. He was enabled to bear witness to this truth, because the government proclamations for the arrest of criminals passed through his hands to all parts of the extensive district of Lower Ormond, and their numbers were now less by one half. Mr. Howley, in his excellent address to the grand jury of Nenagh already adverted to, says, that "a great improvement appears in the official returns to have been brought about, in the last four months, during which the principal fairs of this county (Tipperary) have been held, and which formed heretofore the battle ground of the several factions." And he refers to the report of Captain Nangle, the chief magistrate of Cashel district, stating the unprecedented fact, that twenty-six fairs had taken place, from the 7th of January to the 26th of June, and no riots or fights occurred at them; and also to the report of Major Carter of the Nenagh district, who declares that nine principal fairs had passed over in that neighbourhood with the same happy result.

Such are thy triumphs, O Justice! Such fruits spring up in the hearts and conduct of an honest-minded, though sadly perverted people, under the earliest dawn of a kind, and equal, and pure administration of the laws. What will they be, when that, which scarcely yet appears more than a vision to their long-deferred, and often baffled hopes, shall have advanced, in bright and palpable reality, into "the perfect day?"

ART. IX.—*The Record*, No. 893. London. 18th July, 1836.

IT is already known to most of our readers, that a general meeting of the self-styled "Protestant Association" was held on Thursday, the 14th of July, at the Great Room, Exeter Hall, pursuant to an advertisement, which set forth that "the peculiar perils in which the Protestants in Ireland are involved, would be laid before the public;" it added, that "an appeal will be made, in the spirit of *candour* and *Christian charity*, to our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects themselves, as well as to the British nation in general, on the principles from which these perils arise, and evidence brought forward on the subject of an *awfully interesting* nature, to which the earnest attention of all parties is entreated. *Incontrovertible statements* will be made by the Rev. Robert M'Ghee, relative to the persecuting principles inculcated

in the notes of the Rheinisch Testament, and to certain proceedings connected with the *republication* of those sanguinary notes in Ireland, which it is of the *utmost importance* should be fully known." This summons was manifestly framed with a view to attract to the Hall as large a number of persons as that spacious area could well contain. Our Protestant brethren were called upon to hear communications, which seemed to affect not only their personal safety from some awful danger actually impending over them, but from some approaching catastrophe, which was to involve the Roman Catholics themselves, and all other parties, in one universal ruin.

Accordingly, a very numerous assemblage took place. The great room, which we believe is capable of containing from three to four thousand persons, was filled at an early hour of the day, and as two of our colleagues were present at the meeting, we can testify that it was generally composed of persons of great respectability. The chamber is remarkably well adapted for congregations of this description. The upper part of it is railed off, for the accommodation of those gentlemen and their friends who take a lead in the proceedings of the association; it is fitted up with benches, which are arranged on an inclined plane; while the greater space below, also up with benches on a level floor, is assigned to the audience. On this occasion we observed, that the latter consisted chiefly of the female sex—mothers and daughters, from twenty-five down to seven years of age, accompanied by groups of relatives, were seen constantly sympathizing with each other by looks of alarm or exultation, as the orator of the day chose to arouse their horror, or to assure them of triumph through all the perils by which they were surrounded. Several boys were among these families. George Finch, Esq. M.P. was in the chair. Seated near him were Lords Calthorpe and Powerscourt, the Hon. Fred. Calthorpe, the Hon. Captain Wellesley, R.N., the celebrated Mr. Hardy, Sir Andrew Agnew, The Chisholm, and other members of the House of Commons. Upon a table on the right of the chair were piled four or five thick quarto Bibles, behind which appeared the Rev. Robert M'Ghee. When the chairman arose to explain the object of the meeting, the scene looked, we must say, splendid and imposing. We have not the least doubt that the majority of those present came to hear, what they believed to be, truths of the utmost importance to their temporal and eternal welfare; and we further declare our conviction, that if they had been addressed in the spirit which the advertisement announced—in the spirit of "candour and Christian charity," there was never an assemblage in a better temper to reciprocate these dispositions.

Mr. O'Connell had been invited to attend the meeting. He declined doing so, for reasons which are already before the public. He considers that it is much the better course to let this association go on in its own way, until it shall convince the people of England of its real nature and object, which are the maintenance, (at the expense of truth, of candour and Christianity) of the temporal establishment of the Protestant Church, and of the minor establishment of salaried officers, printers, and others belonging to the association, not omitting the income which the proprietor of the Hall derives from the encouragement of fanaticism. The premises are rented by societies of various appellations, all of which have for their common object the diffusion of calumnies against the Catholic religion. Never did Mr. O'Connell utter a sentence more accurate in all its parts than when he said, that assemblages of this nature, instead of injuring, were highly beneficial to the Catholic Church. They call men's attention incessantly to the most important subject which can agitate our thoughts in this life; they cause a degree of excitement, which, in innumerable instances, leads to dissatisfaction with the principles upon which Protestantism is essentially founded; and the result is, that Catholicity is spreading like a flame throughout the whole country. That the meeting of the 14th of July, 1836, is eminently calculated to promote the manifest designs of Providence in this respect, no man can doubt who has reflected calmly upon the events by which that memorable day was characterized.

The chairman at once frankly confessed, that "no one should be allowed to address the meeting except the Rev. Mr. M'Ghee, or some member of the committee, because it was thought fit, as this was an attack on certain doctrines and principles of the Roman Catholics, to confine the speaking to the party bringing the charge." Mr. O'Connell, he added, had been invited to answer Mr. M'Ghee, but as that honourable and learned gentleman refused to come forward, no person of "second-rate talent" would be suffered to appear on the adverse side. It was understood that applications had been made by several Catholic gentlemen for permission to reply to Mr. M'Ghee's charges, and that such permission had been moved and supported by a respectable minority of the committee. But we by no means regret that it was not granted. It is much more conducive to the cause of truth, that these assemblages should be left to themselves; that their *ex parte* statements should go forth to the public; and that they should even produce a powerful impression on the mind of the country in the first instance. We very much mistake the character of the English people, if such a violent course of declamation as that in which Mr. M'Ghee is wont to indulge, do not

eventually cause a re-action in the public mind, which will insist on a hearing for the parties accused, and dispose all minds to do them and their cause ample justice. It was in this fair and truly English spirit of jurisprudence, that the mind of Mr. Finch recoiled from the prohibition which he had just pronounced; he felt all its iniquity, and yielding to the generous impulse of the moment, he gave out this caution:—"With respect to the charges which are about to be laid before the meeting, against the doctrines and discipline of the Church of Rome, we have earnestly to request you to adhere to the good old English rule, of holding the accused party innocent until he is fully and indubitably proved to be guilty. [*Applause*]. And even if the proofs of that guilt should be repeated *usque ad nauseam*, still, if you have any reasonable doubt of the proofs laid before you, you should give the benefit of these doubts to the accused [*Cheers*]." We have retained the expressions included in the brackets, because they shew that the sentiments of the meeting fully responded on this point to those of the chairman. We, therefore, cheerfully accept the issue, and now demand to be tried by our country.

The first charge upon which Mr. McGhee produced any evidence at the meeting, is declared in his second resolution:—

"Resolved—That from the facts and documents laid before this meeting, it is clearly established that the Bible containing the Rheimish notes, which had been published in Dublin in 1816, and which Protestants were led to believe was totally disclaimed by the Roman Catholic Bishops, was again reprinted at Cork, under their patronage, in 1818, and that it has for eighteen years been privately circulated among the Roman Catholics of Ireland; and that this Bible establishes the fact, that the doctrines of intolerance, and cruelty, and persecution, contained in Denny's Theology, so far from being obsolete, or the mere opinions of individuals, are not only held by the Roman Catholic bishops and priests in their private conferences, but that they have been by them propagated and inculcated on the Roman Catholic population, as the authoritative and infallible principles of their Church; and that these notes and principles, so taught to the people, are of themselves sufficient to account for all the convulsions and crimes that have disorganized the frame of society in Ireland."

More serious charges than those comprehended in this resolution, can scarcely be brought against any body of men in any nation whatsoever. If they be well founded, it would undoubtedly be incumbent upon his Majesty's attorney-general for Ireland to bring to the bar of justice, at least the leading members of the hierarchy in that country. The accusation is, that after having disclaimed and denounced publicly the Rheimish notes attached to the Dublin Bible of 1816, they allowed these notes to be reprinted under their sanction at Cork in 1818; that the Bible so

reprinted at Cork in 1818, has been ever since privately circulated amongst the Irish people, and that to the doctrines contained in these notes are to be traced all the crimes, the robberies, and murders, which have been perpetrated in Ireland during the last eighteen years. Therefore, the subscribers to the Bible of 1816 and 1818, amongst whom are several of the Catholic bishops and clergy, are guilty of all the iniquity that has been done, and of all the blood that has been shed, in that unhappy land, from the year 1816 down to the moment when these charges were pronounced. Mr. M'Ghee means nothing short of this. His avowed object is to shew, that the most venerated dignitaries of our Church are the deliberate instigators to every act, which the laws of God and man prohibit under the severest penalties; that the guides of our religion are the persons who most unblushingly violate its most essential precepts; and that they, whose duty it is, both by doctrine and example, to purify and elevate the human heart, occupy themselves only in schemes calculated to pollute and debase it. If these charges be unfounded, we will not say, let the ignominy of such false and unchristian accusations rebound upon the head of the "Christian minister" who has pronounced them. God forbid! He is manifestly acting under a degree of mental excitement, which deprives him of all power of deliberation. This is his best excuse. May it be available when he shall be required to justify these foul denunciations at the bar of that unearthly tribunal, before which he must soon appear!

We shall proceed step by step. A violent change was effected in the established religion of England soon after the accession of Elizabeth to the throne (1558). The Liturgy of Edward VI. was substituted, by the authority of parliament, for that of the Catholic Church; and laws were subsequently passed from time to time, framed expressly for the purpose of eradicating from the English community every principle and symbol of that faith. The Queen was constituted the spiritual head of the Church; all persons who refused to take the oath acknowledging that spiritual supremacy, were rendered liable to the punishment of death. The same penalty was inflicted upon those who persevered in believing that the Pope was the supreme spiritual head of the Catholic Church in these kingdoms. A general expulsion of the Catholic bishops from their sees, and of the Catholic clergy from their parishes and colleges, was effected. They were then exiled from their native land. Catholic clergymen who came into England, or remained there after the general sentence of exile was issued, were, if discovered, executed. Executed, too, as common murderers, were all persons who maintained, or in any way har-

boared or assisted, those ordained ministers of the Gospel. Persons who were reconciled themselves, or who reconciled others, to the Catholic Church, were condemned to death.

The number of individuals who suffered capitally under these laws, is calculated by Dodd, in his Church History (vol. i. pp. 321, 322, 323, and 329), at one hundred and ninety-one. Of these, he says, fifteen were condemned for denying the Queen's spiritual supremacy; one hundred and twenty-six for the exercise of priestly functions; and the remainder for being reconciled to the Catholic faith, or for harbouring or assisting priests. In this catalogue, no person is included who was executed for any plot, real or imaginary, except eleven, who were executed for the pretended Rheimish or Roman plot, as it was called—a fabrication so glaring, that even Camden admits the sufferers to have been political victims.

Will it be believed, that several of those who suffered death, or were imprisoned, because they dissented from the religion of the state, were, previously to their trials, subjected to various modes of torture?—to the *common rack*, by which their limbs were stretched beyond the natural measure of their frames—to the *seavenger's daughter*, a hoop, by which their bodies were bent until the head and feet met—to the *little case*, a hole so small, that a person could neither stand, sit, nor lie straight in it—to the *iron gauntlet*, a screw, that squeezed the hands until the bones were crushed—to *needles*, which were thrust under the nails of the sufferers—to famine and privation of every kind? Will these things be believed? They cannot be denied. They are recorded in the crimson pages of our history.

We ask whether it is to be expected from human nature, that men scourged away from their altars and their homes by laws and penalties such as these, because they adhered to the faith of their fathers, should, in their places of exile, think very highly or very charitably of the authorities from whom that abominable code of legislation had emanated? Several of our clergy, who took refuge in the Netherlands, then part of the dominions of Philip II., the irreconcilable enemy of Elizabeth, opened a college at Douay, in the year 1568, under the presidency of Dr., afterwards Cardinal Allen. They were driven from that town at the instigation of the Huguenots, in 1576, but were afforded an asylum at Rheims, at a college belonging to the Cardinal of Lorraine. An English seminary was also founded at Rome about the same period; and it is unquestionable, as Hume remarks, that doctrines were maintained in all these colleges, and thence propagated in England, of a character most hostile to the queen. An English version of the New Testament, containing some of the notes in question,

was published at Rheims, in the year 1582, through the agency, chiefly, of Drs. Allen, Bristow, Sanders, and Reynolds, all distinguished for their animosity to Elizabeth. The residents of the Rheimish college were recalled by the magistrates to Douay, in the year 1593, and in 1609-10 appeared there, in two volumes, 4to. an English translation of the Old Testament, in which also several notes were inserted, breathing the same spirit of hatred to the religion and government then established in England.

The notes of the New Testament were undoubtedly intended to prepare the public mind for the invasion meditated by Philip II., when he projected the scheme of his Armada. They were in unison with the celebrated sentence and declaration of Pope Sixtus Quintus, which designated Elizabeth as an illegitimate daughter of Henry VIII., as an usurper and unjust ruler, who ought to be deposed, and as a heretic and schismatic, whom it was not only lawful but commendable to destroy. This document was circulated in England, accompanied by an admonition from Cardinal Allen to the same effect, addressed to the nobility and gentry. It is perfectly clear, therefore, that the notes had their origin in the political hatreds of those unhappy times, of which religion was made the degraded instrument on both sides. If we are to blush for the frenzy of priests, who contaminated the sacred word of God by their atrocious interpretations, must not the Protestants of our day blush also for the infamous laws which punished with torture and with death, men, whose only guilt originally, was, that they preserved the ancient religion of their country? Terrible crimes were perpetrated—unchristian doctrines were promulgated—by *both* the contending parties. This is a fact which admits of no dispute.

Now let us inquire for a moment what was the *practical* effect of the sentence and declaration of the Pope, and of Cardinal Allen's admonition, upon the Catholic nobility and gentry in England? "Some," says Hume, when the Armada was supposed to be approaching our shores, "equipped ships at their own charge, and gave the command of them to Protestants; others were active in animating their tenants, and their vassals and neighbours, in defence of their country." "Some," says an intercepted letter, preserved in the second volume of the Harleian Miscellany, p. 64, "by their letters to the council, signed with their own hands, offered that they would make adventures of their own lives in defence of the queen, whom they named their undoubted lady and queen, against all foreign foes, though they were sent by the Pope, or at his commandment; yea, some did offer that they would present their bodies in the foremost

ranks." It is stated in Osborn's *Secret History*, ed. 1811, p. 22, that Lord Montagu, a zealous Catholic, and the only temporal peer who ventured, in the first year of her reign, to oppose the act for the queen's supremacy, brought a band of horsemen to Tilbury, "commanded by himself and his son, and his grandson, thus perilling his whole house in the expected conflict."

Does any man in his senses imagine that in 1813, when the Rheinish notes were first circulated in Ireland, they had the power to deter even a single Irishman from enlisting in those glorious armies which were destined to overthrow the conqueror of Europe? Did they palsy one Irish or British Catholic arm raised amidst the "heretical" sabres at Salamanca, at Vittoria, at Toulouse, or Waterloo? *Heretical!* We use the word without difficulty. Every Protestant and dissenter from the Catholic Church is pronounced a "heretic," according to the theological doctrine of Mr. M'Ghee. We know of no such doctrine. We repudiate it as a calumny of the most malignant description. The Catholic Church agrees with St. Augustine, who declares, in his 162nd Epistle, that "those who earnestly seek the truth, and are ready on finding it to stand corrected, must by no means be reckoned among heretics." "In order to constitute a heretic," says Dr. Kelly, late Catholic Archbishop of Armagh, on his examination before a Committee of the House of Commons,* "*contumacy in error* concerning matters of faith is necessary. I think there are many who are invincibly ignorant of those articles of faith which we hold to be essential, and their being unacquainted with them, and having no opportunity of removing the error under which they labour, is a sufficient ground for not considering them as heretics. By *contumacy* I mean a refusal on the part of an individual to embrace doctrines necessary to salvation, after having had a sufficient opportunity of being convinced of their truth." If the reader will refer to pages 275-6 of the preceding number of this journal, they will find this doctrine fully confirmed by the declaration of the British Catholic bishops. How can we know who is, or who is not, contumacious? Who of us has the power to dive into the heart of his fellow-man, to read his thoughts, to discover, whether if he sought and found what we believe to be the truth, he would obstinately reject it? Without this power, which belongs to God alone, no man who is not rendered vicious by an extraordinary degree of presumption, can venture to say of another—"that man is a heretic."

A sensible Catholic therefore of these days, or even of those times when the passions of men were heated to an extraordinary degree, reading in the Rheinish notes the following remark,

* Minutes of Evidence, 1825, vol. xii. pp. 343-4.

appended to the 13th chapter of St. Matthew, verse 29, (“*But he said, nay: lest while ye gather up the tares ye root up also the wheat with them.*”)—“Lest, perhaps, the good must tolerate the evil, when it is so strong that it cannot be redressed without danger and disturbance of the whole Church: and commit the matter to God’s judgment at the latter day; otherwise where ill men, be they *heretics* or other malefactors, may be punished or suppressed without disturbance or hazard of the good, they may and ought by public authority, spiritual or temporal, to be chastized and executed,” would see in such a passage nothing more than a mere *brutum fulmen*—a species of admonition, which, even if he wished it, he could not, consistently with his religion, carry into effect. For how is he to determine who the heretic is? How is he to discover who is, or who is not, contumacious in his dissent from the Catholic Church?

The period when these notes were penned for hostile purposes had long passed away. They were circulated in England for upwards of two hundred and thirty years, without ever having been printed in Ireland. They were contemplated with utter indifference by the Catholic clergy and people, who had repeatedly declared and even sworn to principles wholly inconsistent with the doctrines contained in those compositions. The text, to which they were appended, has been uniformly received in England as the best Catholic version of the Holy Scriptures. The translation in common use in Ireland previous to the year 1813, was printed by Cross, under the sanction of the Catholic bishops. None of his editions, which amounted, we believe, to three or four, commencing in the year 1791, contained any of the Rheimish notes.

In the year 1813, a bookseller of the name of Macnamara, residing in Cork, conceived that it would be a good speculation to print and publish the Bible; having little or no capital, he proposed to publish it in parts, by subscription. He procured a considerable number of subscribers—among them most of the bishops, many of the clergy, and several respectable laymen living in the neighbourhood of Cork. Dr. Troy was then the Catholic Archbishop in Dublin. Mr. Cumming, a Protestant tradesman of great respectability in that city, undertook to print the work for Macnamara,—Cork, at that period, affording few facilities for the execution of so large an undertaking, upon the splendid scale which the projector had in view. Dr. Troy’s approbation was solicited for this edition of the Scriptures, that it might go forth in an authentic form. His Grace gave it without hesitation, not imagining that it would be more than a handsome reprint of Cross’s Bible, against which no

objection had ever been raised. In order, however, to guard the purity of the text, Dr. Troy conditioned that the proof sheets should be revised by a Catholic clergyman, Mr. Walsh, whom he named for that purpose. The Rheimish, or rather as it is now generally designated, the Douay interpretation, was adopted by Macnamara, as the best, as it undoubtedly is, and he thought that he greatly added to the value of his Bible, by copying also the whole of the annotations in question. On the covers of each part of the work were printed these words:—

“Now publishing, by M. Macnamara, the Catholic Bible....To render it the more complete, the *elegant, copious, and instructive Notes, or Annotations, of the Rheimish Testament, will be inserted.....* By permission of his Grace, Dr. Troy, Catholic Lord Primate of Ireland. This work is carefully revising by the Rev. P. A. Walsh, Denmark-street, Dublin. Printed by Cumming.”

The work might be had by any person, Protestant or Catholic, who chose to subscribe to it. It was announced to all the world upon the cover that it would comprehend the Rheimish notes; the work was printed by a Protestant tradesman; and yet Mr. M'Ghee told his audience at the Protestant Association, that “this Bible was not intended to be *published*, but only to be circulated privately among Roman Catholic subscribers!” If any such intention were entertained, would a Protestant have been employed to print it? What? circulate *privately* through all parts of Ireland a Bible which came out in numbers, once a fortnight, printed in the metropolis, under the immediate eye of a hostile government? Macnamara's object was to make money of his speculation. Is it to be supposed that having a Protestant to print it for him, in a city where Catholic printers abounded, he would have refused to sell it to any person who was not Catholic? A work so large and so expensive as the Bible, was not the kind of one in which a bookseller of very limited means would be likely to embark, if he could only look for a return to a successful propagation of it under the seal of the most inviolable secrecy. The assertion is unsupported by any evidence. It is contrary to all probability that Mr. Cumming would have engaged in a conspiracy against his fellow Protestants, his own family, and even himself, for the sake of what he was to gain by a speculation, which at best was a risk of doubtful issue in a pecuniary point of view.

“Whether it was found that this Protestant printer,” adds the rev. gentleman, “was not to be *trusted* to go through with the work, that he could not be depended upon to keep the *secret*, is a circumstance which cannot be ascertained.”

The fearlessness of this insinuation astonishes us. Mr. M'Ghee

immediately after states the real cause of the Bible having been discontinued for some time; viz., that *Macnamara became a bankrupt*. The fact was, the work did not sell. The speculation turned out to be a bad one, and in consequence of his losses by it, he was obliged to take refuge in the Gazette, which shows that he was declared bankrupt in December 1814, when the Bible had proceeded as far as the Epistle to the Romans.

Macnamara clearly intended no secrecy in the transaction. He could have had no object in it, as he knew of no harm in notes which he described as "elegant," "copious," and "instructive." We are willing to admit that Mr. Walsh, in suffering the whole of these notes to be published without alteration or qualification of any kind, failed to perform the duty which Dr. Troy had entrusted to him. But we have not the least doubt that he looked upon them as perfectly harmless, (as in truth they were,) the mere exploded notions of fanatical commentators, with which it was not worth his while to trouble himself. We admit again that he was wrong, even in that view of the subject; and that considering the circumstances of the times, as well as the character of our Church, he ought to have applied the pruning-knife to the notes with a sweeping hand.

Mr. Cumming having suffered severely by the bankruptcy of Macnamara, being his assignee, and having upon his hands many unsold copies of the numbers already printed, resolved, with the hope of recovering his losses, to complete the Bible, and to endeavour to dispose of the stock in his warehouse. Being, however, a Protestant tradesman, he deemed it necessary to publish it in the name of a Catholic bookseller, and he applied for that purpose to Mr. Coyne, who allowed his name to be printed on the title-page. The work was completed in 1816.

In the meantime Macnamara appears to have resumed his trade in Cork. His Bible speculation, notwithstanding its failure in the first instance, still engrossed his attention, and as his bankruptcy legally divested him of all interest in the publication printed by Cumming, he determined on printing an edition of his own, which should be an exact copy of the former work. Accordingly, he proceeded in 1817 to issue this new edition in numbers, on the covers of which he copied the list of bishops who had patronized his first undertaking, and also of those whose names he had subsequently procured. We learn from Mr. M'Ghee, that at least in one instance the new edition was issued bearing the cover of 1813.

"Having probably," says the reverend orator, "some advertisements of the former edition laying by him, he had put them into use on the cover of the present edition. On that cover it is stated, that 'one num-

ber of the Holy Catholic Bible would be published every fortnight, and sold, to subscribers only, at 1s. 8d. each."

Mr. M'Ghee exhibited to the meeting, with great dramatic effect, one of these covers, which he declared "had been *providentially preserved*," and which was found attached to a copy of the later edition. He then produced another cover, which he said he found on one of the copies of the later edition, "with the names of the same bishops upon it, as the patrons of the [second] publication." This latter cover had no date, but he proved that it was of a date posterior to April 1815, in this way. Upon the cover of 1813, to the name of Dr. Murphy was added the title of Archdeacon of Cork. Upon that of the later date, Dr. Murphy appeared as Bishop of Cork, to which see he was consecrated on the 23d of April, 1815. He might have added, that the names of several other prelates were printed on the second cover, which are not to be found on the first. We shall see presently the necessity of attending very strictly to *dates* in this discussion.

When a work is issued in numbers, every body knows that the title-page and prefatory matter, if any there be, are printed and delivered with the concluding number. It is in evidence, that the numbers of the second edition were to be delivered once a fortnight, which would give twenty-six numbers for a year. It would, therefore, take some time to complete a quarto Bible in this way. Looking to the price of the numbers in this instance, we cannot imagine that they exceeded three sheets or twenty-four pages each; and when we consider that a Bible printed in that size, in a large letter, cannot contain much less than twelve hundred pages, it follows that the work was printed in about fifty numbers, thus requiring very nearly two years for its completion. The title-page of the second edition bears the date of 1818. It was, consequently, completed in that year. Very little reflection would have shewn Mr. M'Ghee that the second edition must of necessity have been commenced in 1817, and even at an early part of that year. He himself read to the meeting the following advertisement of the edition of 1818, from the *Dublin Correspondent* :—

"Now publishing in numbers and parts, by Macnamara, Cork, a new, superb, and elegant edition of the Catholic Bible, containing the whole of the Books in the Sacred Scriptures, explained or illustrated with valuable Notes or Annotations, according to the interpretation of the Catholic Church, which is our infallible and unerring guide in reading the Holy Scriptures, and in leading us unto salvation. Patronised by His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, Roman Catholic Lord Primate of all Ireland, and Archbishop of Armagh; His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Troy, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin; His Grace the Most

Rev. Dr. Murray, Roman Catholic Co.-ad. Archbishop of Dublin, and President of the Royal Catholic College of St. Patrick's, Maynooth; Right Rev. Dr. John Murphy, Catholic Bishop of Cork; Right Rev. Dr. Moylan, late Catholic Bishop of Cork; Right Rev. Dr. Coppinger, Bishop of Clogne and Ross; Right Rev. Dr. Power, Bishop of Waterford; Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Ferns; Right Rev. Dr. Delany, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin; Right Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, Bishop of Kilmore; Right Rev. Dr. Marum, Bishop of Ossory; Right Rev. Dr. Tuohy, Bishop of Limerick; Most Rev. Dr. Bodkin, Roman Catholic Warden of Galway; and three hundred Roman Catholic Clergymen in different parts of Ireland."

Did Mr. M'Ghee state to the meeting the *date* of the *Correspondent* from which he read this advertisement? He did not. He carefully suppressed it. He cannot plead ignorance upon this point, because the date was given in the very work from which he acknowledges that he borrowed most of the materials of his speech, viz. *William Blair's Letters to Wilberforce on the revival of Popery*, which any body may see in the British Museum. This advertisement is found in page 219 of that work, and it is there stated that the *Correspondent* from which this advertisement was extracted, was dated the 3d of July, 1817. The edition of 1818 was therefore in progress in July, 1817. The reader will see presently that this solitary date, which Mr. M'Ghee carefully concealed from the knowledge of his audience, overthrows the whole of his argument against the prelates and clergy of Ireland.

It appears that a copy of the Bible which was published in Coyne's name by Cumming, and completed in 1816—published also by Keating and Brown in London, though intended for *private circulation* in Ireland,—fell into the hands of a Protestant individual, who wrote a strong article upon it in the "British Critic," towards the latter part of 1817. The reviewer extracted from the work several of the most objectionable of the Rheinish notes, and commented upon them in language which attracted to them general attention. The article, or at least an extract from it, was put into the hands of Dr. Troy, who immediately issued, through the *Freeman's Journal*, a document, of which the following is a copy:—

"Having seen a new edition of the Rheinish Testament, with annotations, published by Coyne, Dublin, and Keating, &c. London, 1816, said to be revised, corrected, and improved by me, I think it necessary to declare, that I never approved, nor meant to approve, of any edition of the Old or New Testament which was not entirely conformable, as well in the notes as in the text, to that which was edited by R. Cross, Dublin, 1791, containing the usual and prescribed formula of my approbation, and which has served as an exemplar to the several editions

that have since been published with my sanction. As in the said new edition, the notes vary essentially from those of the last-mentioned editions, which exclusively I have sanctioned for publication, I should think that circumstance alone fully sufficient to induce me to withhold every kind of approbation from it; but having read, and now for the first time considered these notes, I not only do not sanction them, but solemnly declare that I utterly reject them generally, as harsh and irritating in expression, some of them as false and absurd in reasoning, and many of them as uncharitable in sentiment. They farther appear to countenance opinions and doctrines which, in common with the other Roman Catholics of the empire, I have solemnly disclaimed upon oath.

“Under these circumstances, and with these impressions on my mind, I feel it an imperious duty to admonish that portion of the Catholic body which is entrusted to my charge, of the danger of reading or paying attention to the notes or comments of the said new edition of the Testament; and I enjoin the Roman Catholic clergy of this diocese, to discourage and prevent, by every means in their power, the circulation amongst Catholics of a work tending to lead the faithful astray, and much better fitted to engender and promote among Christians, hostility, bitterness, and strife, than (what should be the object of every such production,) to cultivate the genuine spirit of the Gospel, that is, the spirit of meekness, charity, and peace.”

“Dublin, 24th October, 1817.

“J. T. TROY.”

It will be necessary now to refer to the evidence of Dr. Murray, and of the late Dr. Doyle, upon this subject; that of Dr. Murray we shall give with Mr. M'Ghee's commentary upon it, as he read it to the Protestant Association. During the examination of the former prelate before a Committee of the House of Commons, on the 17th of May, 1825, he was asked:—

“Are you aware that an edition of the Testament, with notes, was published in Dublin in or about 1816, by Dr. Troy?—I am. That edition was published under a misconception. Dr. Troy had given his sanction to an edition of the Bible, supposing it to be the same that he had before sanctioned; but as soon as he found his mistake, he withdrew his approbation, and I do not find that the edition is in use among Roman Catholics.

“By what document can you show that Dr. Troy withdrew his sanction?—He wrote a letter to that effect, which was published at the time.”

“It was published by misconception, was it? Dr. Murray confines this misconception to Dr. Troy: now here is the advertisement containing the names of Dr. O'Reilly, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Armagh, Dr. Troy, Dr. Murray himself, and also those of nine other bishops, who all gave their sanction to a work which I have shown you is identically the same as to the notes, as the publication of 1816. “I do not find that the edition is in use amongst the Roman Catholics,” said Dr. Murray.—I never said that it was. Cum gratia published 500 copies; but when Dr. Troy's denunciation of the work came out, these

volumes remained unsold on his hands; as his only chance of disposing of them, he sent them off to America, and, I believe, lost 500*l.* by the speculation. But when the other edition came out, it was circulated amongst Roman Catholics, and *has been, I believe, in use amongst them ever since.* Dr Murray was then asked,—

“Were not those notes the usual notes in use among Roman Catholics? Were they not extracted literally from those to be found in the Douay version?—They were not used in Ireland before; for there had not been in that country any previous edition of them.

“Where were they obtained; by the printer, or by whom were they furnished? They were furnished in an edition known in England, and which proceeded from certain exiles who left this country in very angry times, and carried a little of the spirit of the times along with them. It is a subject of regret to many sincere Catholics that too much of that spirit has been infused into these notes. They have, however, been gradually softened down, so that in the last edition there are very few notes, and those very unobjectionable.

“Were not those notes to the Scriptures, which have been considered as objectionable, published at Rheims in France, and are they not called the Rheimish notes?—They are: they were published by exiles who had been obliged, during the angry times of persecution, to forsake their native country.

“Were they English or Irish exiles?—English.

“The Douay version is one thing, and the Rheimish is another: are not editions of the Douay Bible published in Ireland without these notes?—The Rheimish notes were never published in Ireland, except on the occasion already alluded to, when they were published by mistake. They were called Rheimish, because the Testament was translated at the College of Rheims. The College was afterwards removed to Douay, and the remaining part of the Bible was translated at the latter place.

“Have you conversed with Dr. Troy upon this subject?—I have.

“Are you aware from those conversations, whether Dr. Troy was aware of the intention of republishing those Rheimish notes at the time his approbation was obtained?—I know he was not.

“I know that he was not? *While his own name and those of nine other bishops were in the advertisement, recommending a publication essentially the same,—and yet he says he knows he was not.*”

He is next asked,—

“Do you know whether Dr. Troy’s approval was withdrawn from the circulation of the Scriptures as soon as his attention was called to the objectionable character of those notes?—I know that to be the case, and in consequence of that the book was not circulated.

“Do you believe the edition of the Scriptures, with those objectionable notes, is at the present moment circulated under the authority of any one individual of the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland?—*My belief is, that it is not. I do not know of a single instance of it, nor did I ever happen to meet with a copy of it in circulation.*”

“Was not publicity given, by publication in the papers, to Dr. Troy's disapprobation of those notes?—Certainly.”

Let us now hear Dr. Doyle.

“Have the editions which have been circulated of the Douay or Rheims translations been accompanied with notes?—They have very short notes.

“You think it necessary that notes should accompany the Bible, for the purpose of explanation?—In our country, where religious controversy prevails to such an extent, I do think it necessary that short notes explanatory of the texts on which our differences turn, should be prefixed to the Bible.

“You consider yourselves pledged to all matter contained in these notes?—No, not by any means. On the contrary, there were notes affixed, I believe, to the Rheimish Testament, which were most objectionable; and on being presented to us, we caused them to be expunged. The notes carry, in our own edition of the Bible, no weight, for we do not know the writers of many of them; if we find them clear enough in the explanation of doctrine, we leave them there; but whenever we find any thing in them exceptionable, we put it out, as we have done in the case referred to.

“But these published with the objectionable notes were published by the authority of the Bishop?—The translation was made at Douay and Rheims, without our knowledge perhaps, and when we found it in circulation, and examined it, we found it to be correct, and then we approved of it; which approbation refers to the text, without the exceptionable notes, as stated in my last answer.”—*Examination, Lords' Committee*, vol. xiv. p.p. 381-382.

“You stated that some notes to the Rheimish and Douay Testament had been expunged; do you recollect on what account they were expunged?—They were expunged on this account, that they seemed to favour a spirit of persecution in our church, of persons who differed from us in religious faith. All that I would ever wish to see in such notes is, that the note would state what we conceive to be the true meaning of the text, leaving every thing on the other side entirely out; for we do not wish so much to confute what we conceive to be the errors of others, as to inculcate our own doctrine.”—*Ib.* p. 383.

The charge distinctly brought forward and argued by Mr. M'Ghee, against the Irish Prelates is, that *after* the edition of 1816 was publicly denounced by Dr. Troy, that is to say, after the 24th of October 1817, the date of his Grace's letter, a new edition of the very Bible thus denounced was published by Macnamara, not only with the sanction of Dr. Troy, and his then coadjutor Dr. Murray, but also with the knowledge, and under the patronage of several other of the Roman Catholic Bishops. The resolution asserts “that from the facts and documents laid before this meeting, it is clearly established that the Bible containing the Rheimish notes, which had been pub-

lished in Dublin in 1816, and which Protestants were led to believe was totally disclaimed by the Roman Catholic Bishops, was again reprinted at Cork, under their patronage, in 1818." Let us hear how earnestly he urges this point.

"I say, that at the very moment when Dr. Troy was publishing his disclaimer of these notes, in October 1817—at the very period when Mr. O'Connell was denouncing them in the Catholic Board, those very Rheimish notes were again in the press in Cork, under the patronage of the same Dr. Troy, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin; of Dr. Murray, the Roman Catholic coadjutor Archbishop of Dublin, and President of the Royal Catholic College of St. Patrick's, Maynooth; of Dr. O'Reilly, the Roman Catholic Lord Primate of all Ireland and Archbishop of Armagh, and of nine Roman Catholic bishops. (Hear and applause.) Here is the advertisement as it appeared in the *Dublin Correspondent*."

- He then entered into a long argument to show, that of which nobody ever entertained a doubt, that the Bible of 1818 was in all respects a reprint of that of 1816. The dramatic manner, by the way, in which this argument was got up, was truly ludicrous to a Catholic observer. Four quarto Bibles were produced. One of these, of 1816, the orator appropriated to himself. Another, of 1816, was handed to a gentleman on his right; a third, of 1818, was deposited with a gentleman on the same side; and a fourth, of 1818, was held by a gentleman on the orator's left. It appears that after Dr. Troy's denunciation was issued, Macnamara cancelled some of the leaves in the Old Testament of 1818, containing the objectionable notes, in such of the copies as then remained unsold. This Bible, with the new leaves substituted for those which had been cancelled, was the copy last mentioned. When Mr. M'Ghee read a Rheimish note from his copy, the two gentlemen on the right rose with great solemnity to assure the audience that the same notes were contained in the copies under their inspection; if it happened to be a note that was cancelled in the remaining copy, the gentleman on the left rose with a self-complacent, smirking, smiling air, as if he were recounting some cunning trick which he had detected, to attest that from his copy the said note had vanished! This part of the exhibition was generally greeted with a laugh.

The very fact that a copy was discovered with cancelled leaves, ought to have suggested to Mr. M'Ghee some suspicion as to the basis of his whole argument. Had he told his audience, as he ought to have done, that the advertisement which he read to them was taken from the *Correspondent* of the 3rd of July, 1817, they could then have clearly understood the truth; viz., that the names of the bishops mentioned in that advertisement as the

patrons of Macnamara's second edition, must have been all obtained at least *four months before* the edition of 1816 had been denounced by Dr. Troy—that is to say, at a period when the attention of his Grace, or of the other bishops, or of the public, had not been called to the Rheimish notes. By the suppression of the date of the advertisement, Mr. M'Ghee presented to his audience an argument, apparently of the most triumphant character—one which was received with a degree of applause almost hysterical, accompanied with waving of handkerchiefs and shouts, nay with tears of absolute exultation. By supplying the date we have demonstrated the utter falsehood of that argument; we have shown that Mr. M'Ghee procured it to be affirmed by the meeting by concealing a date which he had, if not in his memory, certainly in Mr. Blair's book, from which he read the advertisement; and that by suggesting that which he knew to be untrue, he deliberately uttered and obtained the assent of the Protestant Association, to the foulest calumny ever spoken or written against the venerable Catholic prelacy of Ireland.

Now as to the part which the Catholic laity took upon the question of the Rheimish annotations. The Catholic Board was hastening rapidly towards its dissolution at the end of the year 1817. Great differences of opinion prevailed in the body at that period, on account of the celebrated proposition for giving to the Crown a veto upon the domestic nomination of Catholic bishops. Father Hayes had been sent by one party to Rome upon a mission appertaining to that matter, and the principal topic, which then engaged the attention of the Board, was the payment of his expenses. Upon this point the two parties were directly at issue, as it involved the principle of the veto. The topic of the Rheimish notes was incidentally brought under their consideration by Mr. O'Connell on the 3rd of December (1817), when he is reported by the *Dublin Evening Post* to have spoken of these compositions in the following terms:—

“He owed it to his religion, as a Catholic and a Christian—to his country, as an Irishman—to his feelings, as a human being,—to utterly denounce the damnable doctrines contained in the notes to the Rheimish Testament. He was a Catholic upon principle—a steadfast and sincere Catholic, from a conviction that it was the best form of religion; but he would not remain so one hour longer, if he thought it essential to the profession of the Catholic faith to believe that it was lawful to murder Protestants, or that faith might be innocently broken with heretics. Yet such were the doctrines laid down in the notes to the Rheimish Testament. Mr. O'Connell concluded an eloquent and sensible speech by moving, that a Committee of five be forthwith appointed to prepare a denunciation of the Rheimish notes. He said he would also move, that the denunciation so prepared should be transmitted to every mem-

ber of the House of Peers and Commons, to all the dignitaries of the Established Church, to the members of the Church of Scotland, and to the Synod of Ulster. It would be for the subsequent consideration of the Board, whether it might not be expedient to call an Aggregate Meeting, to which a recommendation should be made of pronouncing a similar denunciation."

These sentiments were shared by the whole meeting, and Mr. O'Connell's motion was unanimously carried. The Board met subsequently two or three times. At one of these meetings it was proposed that as the Rheimish notes had been already denounced officially by Dr. Troy, it might be more expedient, as well as more becoming in a lay body, to issue a statement of principles which should apply as well to the Rheimish notes as to other charges, brought against them by the active and virulent opponents of emancipation. A document of this description was produced by a member of the Committee. It was considered excellent in many respects, but too long. It covered upwards of thirty pages of foolscap. This was received as the groundwork of the address; but before it could be formally adopted the Board became extinct, in consequence of the dissensions which arose about the mission of Mr. Hayes. The address, however, was published in its original form. It will be found in *The Times* newspaper of the 12th of December, 1817, in which it occupies no less than three columns and a half in small type.

Observe how Mr. M'Ghee comments upon the history of these proceedings:

"Dec. 13,—*Dublin Evening Post*, Dec. 16.

"Mr. O'Connell stated, that the Committee appointed to prepare a disavowal of the Rheimish notes would be ready to make their Report on Thursday next. They would probably adopt a disclaimer of the Archbishop of Dublin, omitting, of course, the preliminary parts, with which they had no concern, for it was couched in language as strong and as general as could be desired.'

"Here now all difficulties were removed; the Board was sitting, the Committee appointed, the Honourable Gentleman at its head; they had not only the sanction, but the example of their Archbishop; they had not only his example, but the very document which he had drawn up. They were prepared to adopt it, and Thursday next was the day; Thursday came, and what was the Report?"

"Dec. 18,—*Dublin Evening Post*.

"Mr. O'Connell moved that farther time be granted to the Committee appointed to prepare a disavowal of the Rheimish notes until Saturday se'nnight.'

"What, another delay! ten days more!—Well, on Saturday next the denunciation must appear.—What appeared on Saturday?"

“(Dublin Evening Post, January 18, 1818.

“The Catholic Board were to have met on Saturday week, for the purpose of devising means to remunerate Mr. Hayes, &c. &c. The Board, we have heard, is extinct.”

It is quite true, the Board was then extinct in consequence of the difficulties in which it was involved by the veto question; but Mr. M'Ghee could not permit his audience to arrive at any such conclusion.

“I now ask why, when Mr. O'Connell expressed his desire to denounce the Rheimish notes in 1817, is he unwilling to do so now, and why was the Catholic Board extinct, when the occasion of its meeting was for the denunciation of these notes? I say, that the reason of this was and is that *his bishops would not allow it*. [Here a person who had before attempted to address the meeting, renewed his efforts, amidst loud cries of ‘Turn him out.’] After a short time had elapsed,

“Mr. M'Ghee continued.—I now ask the question again, why is not Mr. O'Connell ready to carry his denunciation of the Rheimish notes into practical effect, and why was the Catholic Board allowed to be extinct at the very crisis when its purpose was the denunciation of these notes? I answer it by saying the reason is, *that his bishops would not permit him*.” (Loud applause.)

That is to say, the Bishops who had already publicly condemned these notes, and issued a solemn prohibition against their circulation, would not permit Mr. O'Connell to denounce them! Think of the front which the man must bear, who made this assertion within a few minutes after he had read to the meeting the very words in which Mr. O'Connell actually did denounce those notes at the Catholic Board—the words which we have already quoted. At one of the fullest meetings of that body which was ever held, (December 3rd) there was not an individual present who did not, either in speech or by vote, express his strong disapprobation of these productions. Mr. M'Ghee knew this well; he read a statement to that effect to the meeting; and yet he had the rashness to assure his audience that his Bishops would not allow Mr. O'Connell to denounce these notes! Was Mr. M'Ghee ignorant of the fact that the “Address and Appeal” drawn up by one of the members of the Committee, and which would most probably have been adopted in a more concise form, if the Board had not ceased to exist,—was published to the world, and was admitted, upon all hands, to speak the sentiments of the Catholic body on the subject? If he answer that he was ignorant of the existence of that document, we put it to the Protestant Association what sort of credit they are henceforth to yield to the statements of a historian, who stops short in the very middle of his researches, and shuns the

discovery of facts and documents which would have led him to the truth? If Mr. M'Ghee were conscious that such a document was published, and that it even gave rise to controversy in a paper, which had at that time a larger circulation than any journal in Europe,—then the Association and the public have a right to know why he suppressed it.

“His Bishops would not permit him.” Why? They had already passed sentence upon the Rheimish notes. One would think, that instead of preventing Mr. O'Connell or the Board from cooperating with them upon that subject, they would rather, on the contrary, have been happy to receive such assistance. But it would not have served Mr. M'Ghee's purpose to allow any such opinion to be entertained. His argument was, that Dr. Troy's disclaimer was an act of hypocrisy; that its real object was to throw dust in the eyes of the Protestants; “Because,” said he, “after that disclaimer was issued in October, 1817, the same notes were republished in 1818, under the sanction of Dr. Troy, and other Catholic Prelates.” That was his point. And of the truth of that conclusion he convinced his audience, who showed their feelings, when they thought it established, by the “loudest applause.” Of its utter falsehood, we suppose there can now be no doubt, in the most prejudiced mind. The *Correspondent* of the 3rd of July, 1817, convicts Mr. M'Ghee of having deliberately concealed a fact, which displays his calumny to the country, in all the ignominy of indelible disgrace.

We have now disposed of the first part of his resolution. The second charge is couched in these terms: “And that it” (the Bible of 1816, reprinted in 1818) “has for eighteen years been privately circulated among the Roman Catholics of Ireland.” Has Mr. M'Ghee produced any evidence to sustain this allegation? If he did, our colleagues, who happened to be within a few yards of him, did not hear it. There is not a line, nor even a syllable of it, in the ample report of his speech now lying before us, in the *Record*,—a report which occupies above ten columns and a half of that journal. We have looked through all the other morning papers for this evidence, and we can nowhere trace even an assertion beyond this:

“That Bible” (of 1816) “was not intended to be published, but only to be circulated privately among Roman Catholic subscribers.” (*Hear, hear*) * * *

“When the other edition” (of 1818) “came out, it was circulated amongst Roman Catholics, and has been, I believe, in use amongst them ever since.”

This is absolutely the whole of the evidence which Mr. M'Ghee

produced, in order to establish the second charge; although he had promised to prove it by "authentic documents." Mr. M'Ghee appears to have been in communication with Mr. Cumming, the printer of the Bible of 1816. It was very easy for him to have procured an affidavit, or even a letter, of a statement in any way, from that gentleman, of the intention of the parties, one of whom he himself was, (he a *Protestant!*)—to circulate *privately* the Bible of 1816. No such affidavit, no such letter, no such statement, has been brought forward. The Bible of 1818 was advertised publicly in the *Correspondent*, a *Protestant* journal, conducted by writers bitterly hostile to Catholic emancipation. Can it be believed, that a Bible thus advertised in the face of the world, was intended to be *privately* circulated?

But though not *intended* to be privately circulated, was the Bible of 1816 so circulated in Ireland, in point of fact? Hear, Mr. M'Ghee himself, upon that subject. When commenting, upon Dr. Murray's evidence as to the Bible of 1816, he came to this passage: "I do not find," said Dr. Murray, "that the edition" (of 1816) "is in use among the Roman Catholics." "I never," adds Mr. M'Ghee, "said that it was. Cumming published five hundred copies; but when Dr. Troy's denunciation of the work came out, these volumes remained unsold on his hands; as his only chance of disposing of them, he sent them off to America, and, I believe, lost £500 by the speculation." So much for the Bible of 1816. With respect to the Bible of 1818, Dr. Murray was asked:

"Do you believe that the edition of the Scriptures, with those objectionable notes, is at the present moment circulated under the authority of any one individual of the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland? My belief is, that it is not. I do not know of a single instance of it, nor did I ever happen to meet with a copy of it in circulation."

The condemnation of the Bible of 1816 applies with equal force to that of 1818. When it came out, it must have stopped the sale of the Cork edition, as it stopped that of the Dublin edition; and the proof of this is, that Macnamara endeavoured by the cancelling of some leaves to do away with the effect of the prohibition. There is no proof of the work having been circulated at all, publicly or privately, after that period, except the "I believe" of the Rev. Robert M'Ghee, who gives us no clue to his means of knowledge on the subject, and whose unsupported assertion is contradicted, not merely by the negative evidence of Dr. Murray, but by the advertisement in the *Correspondent* of the 3d of July, 1817.

Thus the first and second articles of impeachment drawn up by Mr. M'Ghee against the Catholic prelates of Ireland, fall to the

ground. Any court in England would here stop the case; any British jury would be indignant if it were allowed to proceed one step further. But we shall not stop it. We shall pursue this libeller of our faith and of our venerated and beloved prelates and clergy and people, through all his contortions, until we expose him in all his naked deformity before the empire.

The third charge is, that

“ This Bible ” (of 1818) “ establishes the fact, that the doctrines of intolerance, and persecution, contained in *Dens's Theology*, so far from being obsolete, or the mere opinions of individuals, are not only held by the Roman Catholic bishops and priests in their private conferences, but that they have been by them propagated and inculcated on the Roman Catholic population as the authoritative and infallible principles of their Church; and that these notes and principles, so taught to the people, are of themselves sufficient to account for all the convulsions and crimes that have disorganized the frame of society in Ireland.”

Where is the evidence in support of this abominable charge? We have shewn from Dr. Troy's letter, as well as from the evidence of Dr. Murray and Dr. Doyle, that the doctrines contained in the Rheinish notes, were not merely denounced in words, but actually disclaimed upon oath; we have shewn that they were indignantly disavowed by the Catholic Board; that the Bibles of 1816 and 1818, far from being propagated by the bishops, on the contrary, were by them prohibited to be used in Ireland; that this prohibition had the effect of compelling Cumming to send his remaining copies of the Bible of 1816 to America; that it compelled Macnamara to cancel some of the pages of the Bible of 1818; that even with these alterations, which the apprehension of further expense probably deterred him from completing, the book has never circulated since the prohibition was made known, as Mr. M'Ghee says it was “ made known throughout all Ireland.” The premises upon which Mr. M'Ghee's case rested having been thus destroyed, his infamous conclusions must share the same fate.

Every body, who is at all acquainted with the history of Ireland, must know, that but for the exertions of the Catholic prelates and clergy to restrain the peasantry from that course of crime, to which they have been frequently provoked by the conduct of the High Church faction in that country, by the unprecedented miseries in which they have been plunged by the cruelties of Orange landlords, and by the persecutions which they have undergone during six hundred years of the most tyrannical system of government that ever disgraced any nation in the world, the country would have been more fraught with danger to a civilized family, than the most savage of the populous villages in central Africa.

We shall state a few facts, which history has preserved, as if to confound such unblushing calumniators as Mr. M'Ghee. We quote from Dr. Murray's examination:—

“ You are aware that there have been a variety of disturbances in Ireland, from the year 1784 to the present time, at different periods; a pastoral letter was addressed in the year 1784, by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ossory to his flock, in which he states:—‘ We are much concerned to observe riot and disorder pervading many of our communion in several parts of this county and diocese; they have presumed to administer oaths of combination, and proceeded to barbarous acts of outrage against the persons and property of several individuals; in a word, they notoriously violate the most sacred laws, and equally despise the injunctions of their spiritual and temporal rulers; we do hereby solemnly declare, in the name and by the authority of our holy mother the Church, that the association & this usually taken by the misguided and unhappy wretches, called Whiteboys, are bonds of iniquity, and consequently unlawful, wicked, and damnable; they are not, therefore, binding in any manner whatsoever.’ Do you know who was the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ossory at the time? *Dr. Troy.*”

Of the document so issued by Dr. Troy, before he was translated to the archiepiscopal see of Dublin, notice was taken by the government of that day; and the lord-licutenant's thanks were conveyed to that estimable prelate in an official note, signed by Mr. Secretary Orde, of which the following is an extract:—

“ I have His Excellency's commands to assure you of the great satisfaction he feels in the part you have taken for the preservation of peace, and preventing the unhappy consequences which must follow from these wicked and deluded people persisting in such outrageous violation of the law.”

In 1786, Dr. Troy's pastoral letter was re-issued, and in 1791, when Archbishop of Dublin, he addressed the following instruction to the people within his jurisdiction:—

“ Our religion strictly forbids riot of any kind, and prudence dictates the most zealous endeavour to prevent even the appearance of it. We have recently, in conjunction with some of our venerable brethren, expressed our conscientious abhorrence of the outrages committed in some counties of this kingdom by malicious or deluded persons of different religious persuasions, styling themselves Defenders. We now repeat the same, and conjure you to promote the public peace by every means in your power, and to guard against the art-fices of intriguing men, desirous to involve you in sedition and tumult, in order to render our country suspected, and our conduct odious to the best of kings and to the houses of parliament.”

Even the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan, upon his examination, made the following statement as to the conduct of our clergy:—

“ It is on record, that the priests met and pronounced an excommu-

nication against all who were concerned in the Whiteboy disturbances. I have not lately had an opportunity of reading this document, but I perfectly remember having read it. But, independently of this, I have reason to believe that the priests, with very few exceptions, exerted themselves to suppress the disturbances, or at least appeared to do so, zealously."—vol. xv. p. 931.

We might fill a volume with the admonitions of our clergy against crime of every species, during and subsequent to the rebellions. We must, however, content ourselves with a short extract from a document which obtained great celebrity at the time it was issued, and which was even reprinted and widely circulated by the officers of the government in Ireland—we mean the pastoral letter addressed to his flock by Dr. Doyle, in 1822, when Ribbonism much prevailed.

• “For three years,” says that eminent prelate, “we have not ceased, night and day, with tears, admonishing every one of you to desist from these illegal associations, which have already augmented the evils of our country, and now tend to bring disgrace upon our holy religion.”

* * * * *

“We explained to you the impiety of the oath which connects them (associations) together; and the clergy in their respective parishes, have not ceased to labour with us in this sacred duty.”

To this extract we shall add some passages from Dr. Doyle's evidence upon the subject.

“Did not you, in the commencement of the late disturbances (caused by the Ribbonmen), publish a pastoral letter, warning your flock from entering into any of the illegal confederacies of the day?—I did.

“Do you know whether that pastoral letter was reprinted and circulated by any, and what, of the public authorities of Ireland?—I have heard that it was, but I do not know it of my own knowledge: I heard, 'tis true, and in a kind of way in which I could not be deceived, that there was an edition of it published in Cork, by the gentleman who commanded His Majesty's troops in that quarter; I believe there was an edition of it also in Galway, by some of the public authorities in that town; whether there was one in Dublin I do not know; but I know that printers, for their own profit, did publish a great number of them.

“In the event of the introduction of any of those illegal conspiracies into any part of the country, was not one of the earliest signs of the existence of those disturbances, the absence of the peasantry concerned in them from confession?—Yes, it was: the persons who entered into conspiracies of that kind, uniformly absented themselves from confession. I should say, however, that the pastoral letter to which the committee allude, could not have had much effect, if it had not been sanctioned by the personal exertions of the clergy; it was not only by publishing that pastoral letter, that I endeavoured to check the evil which prevailed in that part of the country, but I also spent several weeks

going from parish to parish, and preaching to multitudes of people in the chapels, and sometimes by the way sides, against the society in which they were engaged; pointing out to them, as well as I could, the unlawful nature of it, its opposition to the law of God, and to the laws of the country, as well as the evil results with which it was fraught if persevered in.

"What Society do you allude to?—The Society of Ribbonmen.

He then mentions that a clergyman was put in peril of his life for following the same course; and that, in consequence of the exertions of the Clergy, "there was scarcely a parish where there had been many seizures of arms, where such arms were not entirely, or in part, delivered up to the clergymen, and by him, or his direction, to the magistrate."—Vol. XII. p. 197.

We shall make no commentary upon these facts. They stand uncontradicted upon the page of history. And now we leave the reader to form his own opinion of the "Christian Minister," who, with all these documents accessible to him, got up in a Christian assembly, and uttered the following assertions:—

"I was found fault with by some, for having stated in this place, on a former occasion, that such crimes as midnight murders, assassinations, and burnings, were coolly discussed at the morning conferences of the priests. If I did say it, I here retract the sentiment, but I do so only to reiterate and affirm my conviction of its truth with double, treble, with tenfold force (*Applause.*) I assert, that these crimes of a poor deluded people are taught them, as having the sanction of the infallible Word of God (*Applause.*) I assert, that the oaths taken by the Whitefoot and the Ribbonman—the oaths to murder their Protestant fellow-subjects, and which, unhappily, make them too often victims to the justice of their country—I say, that those oaths are the practical effects of the infernal comment on that book on which they take them (*Applause.*) I contend then, that if it be a fact that this book with its notes has been published, as I have stated, and as I have irrefutably proved, there is not one man with any just feeling of conscience, with any sound judgment, but must admit with me, that it is cause enough to account for all the crimes with which the infatuated peasantry disturb and disorganize society in that country." (*Applause.*)

* * * * *

"If ever truth was deduced from facts; if ever effect followed cause more fully or more plainly in one case than another, it is, I contend, in the inferences which I call on you to draw from the facts I have already stated. I have shown you the disorganization, the terrific crimes, which have resulted from the doctrines here laid down; but what, I ask, may we not expect to find whispered in the confessional, when we find principles such as these broadly set forth on paper?"

"Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!" That was indeed a heavenly orison, worthy of the Divine heart from which it proceeded, and of the great Being to whom it was addressed. Whether Mr. McGhee does or does not know what

he is doing we cannot pronounce—that God and himself can only determine. We however do sincerely pray that for these falsehoods he may not be brought to punishment. Us they pass by as the idle breeze, because we can appreciate the credit that is due to them. But the audience to whom they were addressed—the respectable matrons, the daughters, the youths of England, in whose presence they were spoken—how shall they ever learn to dismiss from their minds the deep impression which these most detestable invectives must have produced upon them?

There is one note in the edition of the Catholic Bible admitted to be now in general use, which stood in our earlier editions in a different form; we must say a word upon it, as Mr. M'Ghee considers it, even if all the other Rheimish notes were erased from the account, to be a sufficient ground-work for the whole of his argument. It is appended to Deuteronomy, xvii. verses 8-13.

“If thou perceive that there be among you a hard and doubtful matter in judgment between blood and blood, cause and cause, leprosy and leprosy; and thou see that the words of the judges within thy gates do vary; arise, and go up to the place, which the Lord shall choose.

“And thou shalt come to the priests of the Levitical race, and to the judge, that shall be at the time; and thou shalt ask of them, and they shall shew thee the truth of the judgment.

“And thou shalt do whatsoever they shall say, that preside in the place, which the Lord shall choose, and what they shall teach thee,

“According to his law; and thou shalt follow their sentence: neither shalt thou decline to the right hand nor to the left hand.

“But he that will be proud, and refuse to obey the commandments of the priest who ministereth at that time to the Lord thy God, and the decree of the judge, that man shall die, and thou shalt take away the evil from Israel:

“And all the people hearing it shall fear, that no one afterwards swell with pride.”

The note appended in our Bible to this passage is as follows:—

“Ver. 8. *If thou perceive, &c.* Here we see what authority God was pleased to give to the Church guides of the Old Testament, in deciding, without appeal, all controversies relating to the law; promising that they should not err therein; and surely he has not done less for the Church guides of the New Testament.”

This note in the earlier editions stood as follows:—

“Here we see what authority God was pleased to give to the Church guides of the Old Testament, in deciding without appeal, all controversies relating to the law, promising that they should not err therein, *or punishing with death such as proudly refused to obey their decisions;* and surely he has not done less for the Church guides of the New Testament.”

To any sound and unprejudiced mind there is nothing in this

note inconsistent with the doctrine of the Catholic Church; all that it means is this, that under the old law the Church of God was infallible, and that it is equally so under the new. The words "punishing with death such as proudly refused to obey their decisions," is added in order to render that declaration as emphatic as possible, and to shew that the Jewish Church had authority to decide without appeal, and without risk of error, all controversies relating to the law. No man whose intellect was rightly constituted; could suppose that this note claimed for the Catholic Church the "power of punishing with death such as proudly refused to obey her decisions." The words "not done less," plainly apply to the appellate jurisdiction, and to the freedom from error; for although in the Jewish theocracy God was pleased to give to His priests the power of punishing proud and obstinate recusants with death, He has nowhere given any such power to the priests of the New Law. Some comments, however, having been made upon the words printed in italics several years ago, they were erased from the note, and it now exists in the shape in which we have given it in the first instance. All that it claims for the Church is the power of deciding without appeal, of deciding infallibly according to truth. We believe our Church to be infallible, because He who founded it declared to its first minister:—

"Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (*St. Matthew*, xvi. 18.)

Mr. M'Ghee contended that it was of no importance whether the words objected to were omitted or not; in this we should have agreed with him had they not been liable to misconstruction. But mark the language in which he speaks even of the altered note:—

"What more can I want to show me that the power over the life and death of heretics is asserted, than is afforded in the note, even without the omission of the passage just read. I do not want that a tyrant should write a volume to prove that the lives and liberties of their fellow-creatures are in their power, I want no more than the note in the Bible of Dr. Troy, to bid me denounce and trample on the authority which is there arrogated by the Church. That one note asserts the power over life and death as emphatically and positively as it could be done in a thousand volumes. It has also been brought into another Bible, edited at Manchester. The leaving out of those words does not signify a farthing, for the import of the note, even in its altered state, gives the same power to the priests under the new law as under the old. And what is this power? That power which God for his own wise purposes was pleased to give under a theocracy over life and death, but which it does not follow was ever intended to be exercised under the new law! There also is the Bible of 1833, also stereotyped by order of the Roman

Catholic Bishops, and in it the same words are to be found in the note; and here also in the edition published at Glasgow the same words are to be found, in which the same power over life and death is declared to be lodged in the bishops as that given to the judges of England over criminals." •

All this is mere rant; every child knows that if any such power as that which this orator supposes had been claimed and exercised by our bishops, they would be indictable for murder, and would undoubtedly be found guilty and executed. Does he imagine that our Church has need of any such absurd doctrine for her preservation? Instead of wielding the sword, she has bared her bosom to the sword that was unscabbarded against it in Ireland and in England for upwards of two centuries; she has stood against laws, and tortures, and death, and persecution of every kind,—stood against them solely by the strength of Him, who said that "He should be with her all days even to the consummation of the world." That promise is her bulwark. It will conduct her through all the storms which fanaticism, or hypocrisy, or fraud, or ambition, or the interests of a pampered Establishment may yet excite against her, and it will be seen that, by her very meekness, she shall triumph over them all.

The third resolution we pass by, as unworthy of the slightest notice; it is a mere repetition of the charge of dissimulation against our prelates, with respect to the Bibles of 1816 and 1818, which we have already dissected and annihilated. Let us now come to the great event of the day—that, "compared with which," as the *Standard* declared, "all the rest of the rev. gentleman's address was mere trifling." At an early period of the meeting he promised his audience that before he sat down he would read to them a document, hitherto kept secret, that would "make their ears tingle." All were looking forward, upon the tiptoe of expectation, to the display of this wondrous discovery; nor was their anxiety diminished by the mode in which he introduced it to their acquaintance.

"We had now," he said, according to the report of the *Morning Chronicle*, which, as far as it goes, exactly accords with the recollection of our colleagues, "a most important document to lay before them, one which more than confirmed the tenets of the Romish Church as described in Dens' theology, and which, if submitted to any assembly, no matter of whom it might be composed, must carry the conviction to their minds that such a course as that recommended by it was altogether indefensible. Do not imagine, said the reverend gentleman, that I am

• The true principles of the Catholic Church in Ireland will be found explained in the Pastoral Address and Declaration of our Prelates, which, though set up in type, the pressure of other matter obliges us to postpone to the subsequent number.

more entitled to praise for the production of the documents which I have already laid before the meeting than any of those who compose it. It was *through Providence alone* that they came into my hands, and that I have been enabled to direct public attention to them. And this most important paper, which I am now about to read to the meeting, has been entrusted to me *by the instrumentality I am persuaded of the same Providence.* I was sitting in my room at a late hour last night, when a friend of mine called upon me; 'Don't interrupt me,' said I, as I was writing one of the resolutions which you have already heard read. 'Oh! do,' replied he, 'allow me to show you this pamphlet.'

"Being thus earnestly solicited, I at length yielded; and having read the letter, I at once determined to inform this meeting of its contents. It is a letter from Pope Gregory XVI to the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, and now translated by a gentleman in the first rank of those distinguished for scientific acquirements, learning, and religion. The person who translated this letter is a friend of mine, and I can answer for the truth of any statement which he makes. Besides, it bears upon the face of it this evident mark of its being intended that the recommendation which it contains should be carried into operation, namely, the insertion in it of several of those phrases which render it imperative upon the bishops to execute such an instrument. If the translator, however, were at liberty to explain the manner in which this document came into his hands, no doubt whatever would be raised as to its authenticity."

The *Record* gives the remainder of Mr. M'Ghee's preface more fully than the *Chronicle*.

"In some bulls there are certain words which make it binding on the bishop to whom it is addressed. Those words my friend translated and placed in brackets, though at the time he was ignorant of the effect of introducing such words into a bull. I shall now show the authority on which I rest for this statement. I find in the 8th vol. of *Dons*, which gives a definition of Ecclesiastical law, this passage:—

"The law of a diocesan synod is binding upon a whole province if it receives confirmation from the Holy See in the form generally used for that purpose. But this law may be abrogated by the bishop, unless the confirmation be made by the Pope in a particular form, and that in the confirmation these words be added, 'Ex motu proprio, atque ex certa scientia.' When those words are added the law is obligatory on the bishop, and he has not the power to dispense with it.' My friend, as I said, inserted those words in brackets, though he was ignorant of the object for which they were used. They, however, in my opinion, afford some evidence as to the document being what it purports to be. I shall now proceed to read some extracts from this letter, which I should observe has been published in a pamphlet form, and may be had at R. Johnson's, St. Paul's churchyard. Oh, that all Tories, and Whigs, and Liberals, and political parties of all denominations, could for the present be compassed into this room, that they might see with their own eyes, and hear with their own ears, the statements put forth by the

Court of Rome, and the sentiments it expresses as to the great points which divide parties here."

In this prayer we very sincerely unite with Mr. McGhee. Would that the whole people of England could have been present, to witness the means by which the "Protestant cause," as it is designated, was upheld on that memorable occasion! It is apparent, from the description which he gave of this "Encyclical letter," that he had carefully examined it before he produced it to the meeting. He says, "having read the Letter, I at once determined to inform the meeting of its contents." He came prepared to substantiate it as an authentic document, by quoting certain words from it, and comparing them with a passage in Dens' Theology; and he placed it before his audience with as much confidence as if he had seen the original, and had himself been its translator.

In the preface to this publication we read the following passages:—

"The translator of the following curious document is, unfortunately, not at liberty to explain the manner in which it came into his hands; were he able to do so, the doubts, which may now, perhaps, be expressed as to its authenticity, could not have been raised; he must, therefore, trust to the sagacity of the reader to discern in it those marks of genuineness, which no fictitious document has ever been found to possess.

"The present Pontiff, Gregory XVI, was elected to the Papal throne on the 2nd of February, 1831, and was consecrated a bishop, and crowned on the 6th of February, in the following year. On the 15th of August, 1832, being the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, he issued his Encyclical Letter to all Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, and Bishops, a document well worth the reader's attention, as throwing great light upon the letter, now, for the first time, made public. This letter is dated the 8th of September, 1832, being the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

"The Latin has been suppressed, from a wish to diminish the size and price of the pamphlet, which it is desirable to circulate as widely as possible; but whenever a word or expression occurred which seemed remarkable, the original is given in a parenthesis."

That the translator, therefore, the Rev. James H. Todd,* a Fel-

* While this sheet was passing through the press, a letter appeared in the papers from Mr. Todd, acknowledging himself to be the author of the Encyclical Letter, and expressing his astonishment that "any educated man" should for one moment have supposed it to be genuine. He offers, however, no explanation of the words, "The Latin has been suppressed," &c. The concluding sentences of his letter are the "unkindest cut of all," against Mr. McGhee and his chairman: "Mr. McGhee," says Mr. Todd, "it appears, was in a great measure convinced of the genuineness of the document, and had resolved on the rash course which he adopted, before he

low of Trinity College, Dublin, as well as Mr. M'Ghee, represented this Encyclical Letter as a genuine document, no man can doubt. The publishers also, Messrs. Rivington & Co., assured every person who questioned them upon the subject, for the first two or three days after its publication, that they had no reason whatever to doubt its authenticity. It was sent to them, they said, by or through a clergyman of the Established Church (*not* the translator), with whom they were acquainted, and in whom they had so much confidence, that they gave the work forth without further inquiry. Here, consequently, we have three clergymen of the Church of England engaged in the concoction and promulgation of this "Letter," of which we shall now furnish a few specimens.

"*Catholicæ fidei negotium, &c.* Our anxiety to promote the interests of the Catholic faith, and that it should prosper in your hands (*in vestris prosperari manibus*), has induced us, Venerable Brethren, to postpone our own affairs, although of the utmost importance, (*licet gravissimas*), for the sake of returning a speedy answer to the inquiries which, in your discretion, you have made of us, (*de quibus nos consuluit discretio vestra.*)

"We are not ignorant of the great difficulties with which you have to contend, as faithful servants of the apostolic see, and good soldiers of Jesus Christ, situated as you are in the midst of heresy, and compelled, by the unhappy circumstances of your country, to wear a face of conciliation towards the implacable enemies of the faith, and to seem to avow or favour opinions which are odious (*detestandæ*) to the truly Catholic soul. Especially we know that the wickedness of these times (*malitia hujus temporis*) has given great strength to the detestable opinion of indifference (*indifferentissimi detestandam opinionem*), a most fruitful source of infidelity and error, and the cause of heresy, which teaches that in any religion whatever (*e qualibet religione*), even separated from the Church, the way to the everlasting haven of happiness lies open (*patere ad portum beatitudinis aditum.*) This impious opinion, it is necessary for you, in your intercourse (*conversacione*) with the heretics, to seem, to a certain extent, to countenance, although within the Church (*intra Ecclesiam*) we charge you to eradicate it as a noxious weed, defiling the garden of the Lord; for you know the words of St. Jerome, "Whosoever is united to the chair of St. Peter, he is on my side,"—"Si quis cathedræ Petri jungitur, meus est."* And they that keep not the Catholic faith whole and undefiled, shall, with-

had so much as read the pamphlet. With this strong prepossession on his mind, I can account for his producing the letter at the meeting; but that the President should have so long permitted the delusion to go on, only furnished another proof of the thoughtless manner in which gentlemen of the best intentions too often permit themselves to be placed in situations of deep responsibility, for which they are quite unfit." This is the *coup de grâce!*

* S. Hier. Ep. 58."

out doubt, perish everlastingly,*—“*absque dubio in eternum esse perituros, nisi teneant Catholicam fidem, eamque integram inviolatamque servaverint.*†

It is difficult to describe the effect which the reading of the passages we have marked in italics, produced upon the meeting. The assurance that the document was authentic—the occasional introduction of Latin phrases, which seemed to give it confirmation at every step, and the principles of hypocrisy which it inculcated and authorized, appeared to excite, especially amongst the female auditors, sentiments of the utmost horror. Here was “incontrovertible” proof that all they had ever been taught to believe of our religion, and its supreme Pontiff upon earth, by the calumnies of English history, and of English pulpits and books of theology, was literally true.* Had they ever entertained any doubts upon the subject, those doubts now vanished for ever, and gave way to a sense of gratitude and triumph, that they belonged not to such a system of fraud and dissimulation. The feeling was very natural,—and, if founded upon good evidence, would have been justifiable.

“We desire you to remember, Venerable Brethren, how St. Paul, in the assembly of the Jews, perceiving that some of them were Pharisees, and some were Sadducees, *hesitated not to feign himself of the sect of the former*, in order that he might divide his enemies, and cause them to spit (*conspuere*) that rancour against each other, which they would otherwise have combined to pour forth (*simul evomissent*) upon him, and through him upon the Church. Therefore did our predecessors of blessed memory (*felicis recordationis predecessores nostri*) long since grant by letters apostolical, unto your discretion (*discretioni vestrae*), in which we have the fullest confidence in the Lord (*de qua plenam in Domino fiduciam obtinemus*), the privilege (*facultatem*) of acting in all such affairs according to the necessity of the times. *Hanc igitur licentiam, &c.* This license, therefore, we fully renew and confirm unto you, that you may continue to act as in times past; and to divide the heretics by concealing (*simulatione*) those principles of Catholic verity, which, if openly or unseasonably avowed, would deter your advocates in the assemblies of the heretics from yielding to your design for the exaltation of the Church that assistance which, by your letters not long since received, we rejoice to learn they have, by your prudent conduct, been induced to give; God, in a wonderful manner, blinding their eyes, and even beyond what we could have hoped, fulfilling his promises to the Church, by depriving them of their wonted prudence and jealousy in matters affecting the well-being of their own accursed sect.”

* “The sentiments of this paragraph, and even some of the expressions, are identical with those contained in the Encyclical Letter, pp. 14, 15. See an extract respecting *indifferentism*, which has been already quoted in the Preface.—TRANSLATOR.”

† “Symbol. S. Aſian.”

The English words here marked in italics, were followed by several rounds of applause. The audience seemed to be now certain that the whole of the mysteries of the Catholic Church were revealed by the Rev. Mr. M'Ghee,—that the mask was torn from her face through the special interposition of Divine Providence,—and that our religion stood before them as a thing to be detested by every upright mind, and to be rooted out of the land forthwith. We shall limit our extracts to one other passage.

“The letters, which, by your means, have been from time to time, for some years past, transmitted unto our predecessor of pious memory, and unto ourselves, out of Ireland, have assured us that the schools established by the heretics in all parts of the country were rapidly undermining the Catholic faith, and withdrawing the people from the authority of their pastors, by causing to spring up amongst them a thirst for heretical books, and especially for the heretical Scriptures, which were every where circulated, cunningly and audaciously (*callide audacterque*) interpreting the holy words, which are the words of God (*quæ verba Dei sunt*), to the support of their pernicious ravings (*ad prava deliramenta inculcanda*.”)

At the words “rapidly undermining the Catholic faith,” the orator was interrupted by what the reporters in the Paris journals would describe as “a sensation.” In fact, the whole assembly remained for some minutes in a state of agitation—the agitation of overwhelming joy. Mr. M'Ghee, holding the book of heaven, as it was believed to be, in his left hand, clenched his right, and waved it in the air, as if he were defying some invisible enemy to come again to the combat from which he was flying. Victory seemed to wreath his brows. “Ah, those Kildare schools!” he exclaimed, still waving his hand,—and again another shout of triumph burst from every quarter of the meeting. The success of Protestantism, in Ireland, was acknowledged even by the Pope. The Catholic Church was undermined. The people were rapidly withdrawing from the authority of its pastors. They were resolved to place all their dependence on the Bible, circulated amongst them by the “heretics.” That was indeed a moment worthy of a great moral conqueror. The champion of religion stood upon a pedestal of glory, and received the homage of his audience, as if he were an angel deputed to bear to them these important tidings.

“He rode sublime”

Upon the seraph wings of extasy,
The secrets of the abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of space and time:
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw.”

Mr. M'Ghee is a consummate actor. Give him the most honest declaration—the most solemn that ever passed the lips of man—and by his mode of reading it, the incredulous intonation of his voice—a shrug—and a look—he will deprive it of all credit with his audience. He would make an admirable *Iago*. Every body who was present will remember his delivery of the following passage:—

“Did we not see the Church of Rome in Ireland, whispering into the ear of England, like its prototype whispering into the ear of Eve, with a view to lull her into confidence, that the act which it was about to urge was utterly harmless? Have we not seen England lulled into that false confidence, and induced to surrender its Bible to be trampled upon by the tyrant of the Church of Rome. (Cheers.) *It hath pleased Almighty God* to stir up in men's minds a feeling to place this whole question on its true grounds before the public. For the humble part which I have been permitted to take in it, I claim no credit to myself; I never sought it, and I assure those who hear me, that I could much better bear the misrepresentations of my motives and objects by my enemies, than the misplaced praise of friends. I repeat, I claim no credit for any of the documents or statements which I have been enabled to lay before you. They have been put into my hands *by the providence of God*; and the knowledge of the fact, that they have been so placed with me, gives me to hope that the providence of God alone will effect that change in my poor blind country which it so much requires. I say, then, that if God has permitted the *wily reptile* to whisper a blind confidence into the ear of England, as the toad did into the ear of Eve, it is also true that God has how touched the monster—*has raised him up, and he now stands exposed in all his native deformity and horrid proportions.* (Cheers.)”

When uttering these latter words, the orator threw back his arms, and placed himself in an attitude, which gave really a striking picture of the monster he had thus exposed.—“*Cheers*” is but a faint description of the feelings manifested by the audience. He remained in the same attitude for full five minutes, while the assembly repaid the exhibition by several rounds of applause. It was no wonder that his heart, overflowing with pride, should have poured itself out in the following peroration, full of defiance; it is the language not merely of a hero, but of one who felt himself clothed in all the panoply of an invincible cause.

“I stand upon this platform not for the first time, and I see before me a number of reporters, who have made it their business to malign me and many of my reverend friends. I am glad to meet them face to face; I am glad (said the Reverend Gentleman, pointing and looking fixedly at the reporters) to meet you on your own ground and under the guidance of your own sail. Now, I tell you, that I love a free

press as I love to see a free people. (*Cheers.*) Give me a free press, with men of honour and honesty, combined with zeal and ability, to conduct it; and no villainy, no profligacy, no crime, can for a moment stand before it. (*Loud applause.*) But I will tell you what I do not like; I do not like a false press. (*Cheers.*) I do not like your falsifying, or altogether omitting passages used in speeches. You have a right to your opinions. I would have all opinions free as the air of heaven, but that opinion ought not to extend to the falsification or perversion of facts. (*Cheers.*) When the public go to your offices to purchase your papers, expecting that they contain the truth, you are bound to give them the truth, the whole truth. (*Applause.*) I repeat to you (still addressing the reporters), that you have no right to omit or misrepresent any public speech; and I now ask you, can you deny the circulation and use of *Dens' Theology* amongst the Irish clergy? Can you deny the circulation and use of the different Catholic versions of the Bible to which I have alluded, in Ireland, notwithstanding the denials of the bishops before both Houses of Parliament? Will you, I ask you, out-herod Herod, and deny that which even Mr. Daniel O'Connell has not dared to come forward and deny? (*Loud cheers.*) If you will venture to do this, write on; I care not what report you make; but let me tell you, that if you expect to remove a Christian minister from the discharge of his duty, you are mistaken. (*Loud and continued applause.*) If, I repeat, you attempt to do this, you know not what you undertake. (*Continued cheering.*) You may frighten statesmen, you may alarm politicians, you may even turn out a ministry and put a faction into power by your writings, but if you attempt to move a servant of the living God from his duty, you may as well attempt to write down the dome of St. Paul's. (*Loud applause.*) It is true, that you may have the power, by exciting a seditious faction, or a Popery faction, to get the dome of St. Paul's pulled down, but even though you may have power to do that, still I tell you, that you have not the power to shake a minister of Christ in the discharge of his duty. (*Loud cheering.*)

'Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida.'

Again, I say, if you wish to falsify or deny facts, write on and falsify or deny—I care not. The attacks of falsehood upon truth are like the frothy wave, which beats with angry violence against the rock that towers majestically above it, and sees it fall spent and powerless in froth and foam at its feet. (*Loud applause.*) But, the attack of truth on falsehood, is like the bolt of heaven which rives the mountain from its summit to its base—it is as irresistible as the convulsion of the yawning earthquake, which removes mountains from their places, and carries towns and cities in one universal ruin. (*The whole Meeting here stood up, and the cheering and waving of hats continued for some moments.*)”

Of course the resolutions passed unanimously. It is said that some persons, Protestants, who heard Mr. M'Ghee read the Encyclical Letter, believed it at once to have been a fabrication. No suspicion of this nature, however, appeared to have reached the generality of the assembly. The next day, strong remarks were made upon it in several of the public journals. The *Morning Chronicle* pronounced it to be a forgery, and even the *Standard* expressed some doubts, which it wished to see resolved. They were resolved in a very short time by Mr. M'Ghee himself in the following letter, which he addressed to the editor of that journal:—

“ London, Saturday, July 16.

“ SIR—I could not for a moment allow an erroneous impression to rest on the public mind, not even against the Pope, as to any matter of fact within my knowledge, and therefore I beg, through the medium of your valuable journal, to state that I have just this post been informed, that the Encyclical Letter, of which some extracts were read at Exeter Hall by me, was only an *ingenious device resorted to by my learned friend* for bringing most important truths before the Protestants of this empire. Having stated the fact, that it had just been put into my hands late the night before, and having only given it just as it was, a document which *the translator professed to leave as doubtful, only bearing one ingenious mark of authenticity*, I was not, I believe, understood by any person present to make any remarks that were not *hypothetical* on it—only recommending, as I most earnestly do, that every person should possess themselves of a copy of it.

“ *The authenticity of the document itself does not in the least affect the important truths that it contains*, and I only beg to submit to every Protestant the following reflections on it:—

“ If the Pope actually issued orders for the sites of the national schools in Ireland, could they be more carefully posited to ensure a perpetual application to Popish purposes, and a perpetual exclusion of Protestants?

“ If the Pope issued his orders, on the grounds stated in that letter, to his bishops, how to govern the Board of National Education as to their translation and notes of the Scriptures, could his injunctions be more explicitly followed?

“ If the Pope gave directions for the appointment of certain individuals who should most effectually abandon the interests of the Protestant cause, and most effectually promote that of Popery, could he have more apposite instruments than are to be found in certain departments of Church and State?

“ If the Pope were to employ persons to sow dissensions among Protestants, and to give directions for making some of them tools in the hands of Popish demagogues, to merge their own interests, and the interests of truth, in Popish schemes for the dismemberment of the empire, could the Pope more effectually promote his own cause, and tie

the Protestants of England, according to the image in that letter, more like foxes by the tails, with their heads pointing in different directions?

“Let the Protestants read that document, well worth possessing, though fictitious, for the talent it displays, and the valuable information in the appendix, and let them make this one reflection:—

“Here is a letter professing to be from the Pope, which, if considered as genuine, gives such atrocious directions for the advancement of his interests, that I cannot suppose he can have a wish beyond it.

“But at the same time, it so accurately details the events actually in progress, that I cannot possibly believe it was written before it was accomplished.

“Would I revolt with horror from the thought that the Pope was actually to issue orders for governing this land—and am I to sit in listless indifference while his power actually subverts the institutions that maintain the Protestant religion, and hold the Word of God as the standard for the education of our country?

“I shall feel thankful, Sir, if any attention can have been raised to consider this fact by any efforts of mine.

“I have the honour to be, your obedient servant,

“R. J. M'GHEE.”

So then, this “most important document,” which was to “make the ears of his audience tingle;” which “more than confirmed the tenets of the Romish Church as described in Dens’s Theology;” which was calculated to convince every body who heard him, that the cause which it recommended was “altogether indefensible;” a document which “Providence alone” had placed in his hands; which was translated by “a gentleman in the first rank of those distinguished for scientific acquirements, learning, and religion,” “a friend” of his own, for the truth of whose statement he “would answer;” a document “bearing on the face of it evident marks” of authenticity, which he demonstrated by a reference to *Dens’s Theology*—marks of authenticity too, of the force of which the translator himself had not been aware—turns out, after all the cheers, the sensations, the laughter, the shouts of joy, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs with which it was applauded, to be “an ingenious device!”

“The translator professed to leave it doubtful.” Did he? Is this true? Let the preface, which we have cited, answer that question. The translator professed to have the original Latin letter in his possession, which he held back, “from a wish to diminish the size and price of the pamphlet.” He scattered through the Letter several Latin phrases—“ingenious marks of authenticity,” as Mr. M’Ghee calls them, for the express purpose of shewing that he had the original document in his hands when

he made his "translation." It is false, therefore, to say that he "professed to leave it doubtful."*

"I was not, I believe, understood by any person present, to make any remarks that were not hypothetical upon it." Is it possible that Mr. M'Ghee *believed* any such thing? All the newspapers demonstrate, that he treated the document as authentic.† There was no hypothesis expressed by him on the subject. With the exception perhaps of some eight or ten persons present at the meeting, the audience in general expressed by their cheers, their implicit reliance upon his assurance that it was

* The opinion of Mr. Finch, the chairman of the meeting, sets this question in its proper light. His letter to the *Standard* is in every way worthy of an honest Englishman:—

"Westbrook, July 19.

"SIR—As I presided at the meeting in Exeter Hall, at which the letter from Pope Gregory XVI. to the archbishops and bishops of Ireland was quoted, I feel myself called upon to express my sentiments upon the subject. I cannot say how deeply I deplore the publication of the letter in question. In the preface is contained a sustained fraud. It commences by saying, that 'the translator of the following curious document is unfortunately not at liberty to explain the manner in which it came into his hands; were he able to do so, the doubts which may now, perhaps, be expressed as to its authenticity could not have been raised; he must, therefore, trust to the sagacity of the reader to discern in it those marks of genuineness which no fictitious document has ever been found to possess.' Page 7 contains a libellous charge against the Pope, as giving to the Irish Roman Catholic archbishops and bishops an express permission to disguise their real sentiments, and to act in all such matters 'according to the necessity of the times.' My much-valued friend, the Rev. R. M'Ghee, must have overlooked these passages, and their only intelligible import, when he expressed himself so mildly respecting the document, and recommended it to the perusal of Protestants, instead of instantly denouncing it as libellous and unchristian. In the name of the sacred cause in which we are engaged, I would reprobate such 'pious frauds.' Let us borrow no weapons of defence from Satan's armoury. The evidences adduced by Mr. M'Ghee during the first three hours of his speech were irrefragable; the letter unwittingly referred to by him, subsequently, I can only designate as an impudent forgery. I have the honour to be, your most obedient and humble servant,

"G. FINCH."

"This," says the *Standard*, "is strong reproof, but it is just. We are the more willing to subscribe to Mr. Finch's condemnation of the forgery, because we see that the report of the Exeter Hall meeting has found its way into the Dublin papers, unaccompanied by any explanation on the part of the author of the fabricated letter. That gentleman is under a grievous delusion if he thinks that a very full explanation is not due from him. As to Mr. M'Ghee, the worst that can be said of him is, that he has been the dupe of an imposition, aided, perhaps, by his own zeal, and the influence of a surprise."

† The very secretaries of the Association have stated the same thing. Read the following extract from a letter addressed by them to the newspapers.

"On the evening before the meeting, at a very late hour, a friend of Mr. M'Ghee's called upon him with this pamphlet, which he stated to have been published by a gentleman in Ireland, in whose character Mr. M'Ghee had the highest confidence. Hastily adopting it, therefore, as a genuine document, Mr. M'Ghee produced it to the meeting, and read extracts from its pages, not having, however, previously mentioned the subject to any member of the committee. Two days after the meeting, by a communication from a connexion of the author's, Mr. M'Ghee was made acquainted with the real character of the work, and he then lost no time in transmitting to the newspapers a letter explaining it to be a fictitious production."

the translation of a genuine letter from the Pope. The attempt to get rid of the effect of the forgery by such palliating expressions as these, exhibits, we regret to say, a habit of mind little creditable to a minister of the Gospel. In a witness standing before a jury it would be called "prevarication;" and would unquestionably suggest to the judge the duty of having such a witness removed in the custody of the Marshal, and indicted for perjury.

Mr. M'Ghee then proceeds "most earnestly" to recommend, that "every person should possess themselves (himself) of a copy of this document,"—"the authenticity" (he means the *non-authenticity*) of which "does not in the least affect the important truths it contains." We have here, therefore, a clergyman of the Established Church, recommending, most earnestly, every body who heard him to purchase, peruse, and preserve, a pamphlet, which the chairman of the meeting describes as "libellous and un-christian"—a "pious fraud"—a "sustained fraud"—a "weapon from the armoury of Satan." Mr. M'Ghee tells us, that it was placed in his hands by Providence. Mr. Finch says it must have been lent to him by Satan. The secretaries of the Association have declared, that they "ought not to be made answerable for the production of this pamphlet,"*—that "they cannot countenance the use or publication of fictitious documents." We leave these gentlemen to settle their claims to infallibility amongst themselves.

By the publication of these letters, it will be seen, that Mr. M'Ghee was reduced to a position, in the face of the country, that was little to be envied. He had gained a vast momentary triumph, by the production of "a weapon from the armoury of Satan." The great hero of one day, who openly boasted of being the "instrument of Providence"—the "servant of the living God," who could no more be written down than the "dome of St. Paul's"—the "minister of Christ, who could not be shaken in the discharge of his duty by factions who could even pull down that dome"—the champion, who describes himself as the

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum;"

—at length, goaded on all sides by the scorpion lash of his own

* "These being the facts of the case, the committee of the Protestant Association feel that they ought not to be made answerable for the production of this pamphlet. With respect to Mr. M'Ghee, they feel assured that no one who has any knowledge of that gentleman's character, will imagine it possible that he could ever have quoted such a document, had he not at the time really believed it to be genuine and authentic. They regret that he should have so hastily adopted this belief; and they also wish it to be expressly understood that the weapons of truth are the only weapons they feel themselves justified in using, and that, therefore, they never have countenanced, nor never can countenance, the use or publication of fictitious documents, in connection with the great interests which it is their aim to advance."

friends, appears cowering on his knees, begging pardon both of Protestants and Catholics, for the deception he had practised upon them.

“ London, Wednesday evening, July 20.

“ To the Editor of the Standard.

“ SIR,—It is only this day, on returning from some distance to London, that I have seen the letter of the Protestant Association, and the different remarks of various journals on the fictitious letter of the Pope, from which I read some extracts at Exeter Hall.

“ It is the duty of a man and a Christian, if he is right, to maintain his cause; and if he be wrong, to stand forward boldly to make all the reparation in his power for his error. I feel bound in the present instance to meet the case in every point, as it regards the Protestant Association, the Protestants in general, the Roman Catholics, and myself.

“ The letter from the Protestant Association precludes the necessity of any statement from me, that not a single member of that body was aware even of the existence of that letter, much less that I intended to produce it on the platform; I need only advert to them, to take the whole blame and responsibility on myself.

“ With respect to my fellow Protestants, I confess *they have just reason to complain* that any document that was not genuine, should have been mixed up with any defence of their cause. They have reason to complain that any weapons of falsehood should have been used in the defence of truth. It would ill become a man to use them, knowing them to be such, in speaking of the errors of the religion of others, as it could only prove that *he had no religion of his own.**

“ Roman Catholics have still more reason to complain that a man professing to stand forth with real documents to bring a charge against them, should bring forward, however inadvertently, a fictitious document to cast on them an additional reproach. I grant the justice of their complaint—I grant it to the utmost extent their most rigid severity can demand—and I go all lengths they can wish to meet them with most sincere expressions of regret that such a cause of complaint should be given them by me.

“ For myself *I have nothing to say*, but that the burden rests exclusively on my own shoulders. I utterly disclaim, and trust I sincerely abhor, the slightest intention of *imposing a false document on Protestants*, or bringing it forward against Roman Catholics. Had the pamphlet been given me to examine, without knowing any thing of the writer, I should have seen the drift of the author in the examination of the document. As it was, a friend, who himself thought it was true, brought it to me as such, and informed me of the name, and *without examining the document*, I adopted it hastily on the supposed authority of the writer. It was at twelve o'clock the night before the meeting, as I stated, he read me some passages, which I marked and read at the meeting. I pretend not to excuse this precipitancy. The moment I

* This sounds extremely like the truth.

learned the truth I published it. In calling it 'an ingenious device,' on which such weighty charges have been founded, I spoke on the supposition, not that it was intended as a forgery, which could really be ascribed to the Pope—in which case I should call it a *wicked machination*—but as I considered it intended as a satire on the divisions and criminal neglect of Protestants, in giving up the vital principles of truth to the Church of Rome, and which the writer did not intend should be ascribed to the Pope.

"This explanation will, I trust, prove satisfactory to Protestants who may have felt themselves imposed on, or Roman Catholics who may think they have been wronged."

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient Servant,
"R. M'GHEE."

This is a pitiable letter. It contains hardly a sentence which is not in direct contradiction either with his former letter, or his speech.

Second Letter.

"With respect to my fellow-Protestants, I confess they have great reason to complain, that any document that was not genuine should have been mixed up with the defence of their cause."

"They have just reason to complain, that any weapon of falsehood should have been used in the defence of truth."

"It would ill-become a man to use them (the weapons of falsehood) knowing them to be such, in speaking of the religion of others."

"Roman Catholics have still more reason to complain that a man professing to stand forth with real documents to bring a charge against them, should bring forward, however inadvertently, a fictitious document, to cast on them an additional reproach."

"Without examining the document, I adopted it."

First Letter.

"It was only an ingenious device resorted to by my learned friend." "I recommend most earnestly that every person should possess themselves of a copy of it."

"The non-authenticity of the document itself, does not in the least affect the important truths it contains."

"Let the Protestants read that document, well worth possessing, *though fictitious.*"

"I was not, I believe, understood by any person present to make any remarks that were not *hypothetical* upon it." "It accurately details the events actually in progress."

Speech.

"I at length yielded, and *having read the letter*, I at once determined to inform this meeting of its contents."

Mr. M'Ghee has supplied us with an apt commentary upon the whole of these proceedings. "I say then," exclaimed the Rev. orator, "that if God has permitted the wily reptile to whisper a blind confidence in the ear of England, as the toad did into the ear of Eve, it is also true that GOD HAS NOW TOUCHED THE MONSTER—HAS RAISED HIM UP, AND HE NOW STANDS EXPOSED IN ALL HIS NATIVE DEFORMITY AND HORRID PROPORTIONS." So true is it, as the same authority informs us in another eloquent passage, that "the attacks of falsehood upon truth are like the frothy wave which beats with angry violence against THE ROCK THAT TOWERS MAJESTICALLY ABOVE IT, AND

SEES IT FALL SPENT AND POWERLESS IN FROTH AND FOAM AT ITS FEET."

This article cannot, we imagine, be better closed than by pointing out a few of the circumstances connected with the recent exhibitions of fanaticism by certain Reverend Irish mountebanks, throughout Great Britain. We do think that there is matter of instruction to those who meditate upon them, in the various forms in which useless polemics develop themselves. They may also prove amusing. There is a racy absurdity about the principal actors, sufficient amply to indemnify for all of bigotry, or even of rancour, which they have displayed. Whilst these latter qualities may serve to account for the species of interest they have created, and the crowds they have occasionally collected together, Religion is in itself of so awful a nature, that its very name attracts attention, and gives importance—an undue importance—to the fantastic tricks of these miserable deluders.

These truths were never so plainly evinced, as by the occurrences of the last twelve months, originating with the miraculous discoveries, and sagacious disclosures, of that *par nobile*, the Rev. Messrs. O'Sullivan and M'Ghee. These men have been well known in Ireland for some years past, where their vagaries, laughed at and despised by all the reasonable part of the community, excited but little attention even amongst the most interested bigots in that country. The fortune of each was indeed different. O'Sullivan began his public career in England as early as 1825, when, in conjunction with the Rev. Mr. Phelan, by an attempt to misrepresent the tenets of the Catholics, and to distort the evidence of the Catholic Prelates before the Committees of both Houses of Parliament, he acquired an ephemeral and very unenviable celebrity. The Rev. Mr. Phelan, who was his colleague, bosom friend, and coadjutor, in the attacks upon Catholicity, was a Fellow of Dublin College. He is since dead. He was a man of a good deal of intellect, and was much attached to O'Sullivan. It is supposed—we know not how truly—that he contributed to obtain for O'Sullivan a valuable parish in the North of Ireland. At all events, O'Sullivan has the benefice, and is enabled to live in comparative affluence, and some splendour. Not so his less lucky colleague, M'Ghee. He was, indeed, for a time "moral agent" to a titled lady of strong religious opinions. But that office did not, we believe, procure him either honour or emolument. He is still at the utmost a curate.

Such was the relative situation of the two contracting parties, when a "covenant of Love" was formed between the wealthy rector and the unendowed curate. They resolved to make discoveries; accordingly M'Ghee was sent upon a discovery-cruise—

and a discovery of the most portentous nature did he make—led to it, as he gravely tells us, by a special interposition of Divine Providence.

The case was this—a Catholic Bookseller, respectable, but with small capital, had risked much of his property in the publication of a lengthened work of theology—a work of considerable merit both for its arrangement, and its accuracy in all particulars of duly defined doctrine, but at the same time containing occasionally opinions which, though held by some Catholic divines in former times, were always rejected by the far greater number, and are now universally repudiated by all Catholics—clerical as well as lay. Amongst these opinions were some favourable to the right of persecuting by the authority of the civil government—not Infidels and Pagans—but baptized Christians. The author of this work was Bèns, a theologian of the University of Louvain of “the olden time,”—a man naturally imbued with the notions which were unfortunately too prevalent when he lived.*

The Dublin printer of his *Theology* advertised the work in the usual way in the newspapers, and with more than usual pertinacity. He did all he could to attract attention to it.—He puffed it off in every possible shape. He would have been pleased if any man, whether “Turk, Jew, or Atheist,” had bought the publication. Although the work was thus notorious, Mr. M’Ghee says that by a miraculous interposition of Providence he discovered it.—But where think you? Why on the shelves of a Protestant, or rather Orange bookseller—in his open shop, ready to be sold to any one who wished to buy!

See how artful these Irish Papists are! Having to conceal a book from the searching eyes of English Protestants, they hide it in the open shop of a virulent anti-Catholic bookseller! There a miracle, an Orange miracle takes place, and by “a *special interposition*,” M’Ghee has the great felicity to lay his hands upon the book!

Why, this would be too ludicrous to be written, were it not that, fortified by delusions of this description, O’Sullivan and M’Ghee went forth on a crusade, without a cross, through England and Scotland, and terrified the saints of every sex and

* Protestants frequently cite the fact that Alva boasted of “having delivered over 18,000 heretics or rebels to the executioners;” but the still more atrocious Vandermeck and Sonoi, the Protestant leaders, not only rivalled, but much exceeded him in cruelty and cold-blooded barbarity. “In the single year 1572 Vandermeck, serving under the Prince of Orange, slaughtered more unoffending Catholic priests and peasants, than Alva executed Protestants during his whole government.”—See the *Abrégé de l’Hist. de la Hollande*, by Kerrqux, a Protestant historian. One method of torturing the Catholics was by feeding them with salt herrings, then giving them no liquid, and so making them die of thirst.

age "from their propriety." Meeting after meeting has been held. The wonder-working discoverers—the Thaumaturgi of the present day—have harangued and heated themselves, and elicited applause and no little astonishment throughout the land.

But what to us seems most astonishing of all is, to find O'Sullivan, who had Phelan for his first colleague—a man his superior in every respect—adopt M'Ghee for his second—a man his inferior in every thing save in sheer uncompromising audacity: in that M'Ghee certainly carries off the unenvied palm. The reader will share this astonishment when he hears the character which O'Sullivan's first associate has so justly and accurately drawn of his second ally. It will be found in a pamphlet published by the former in the year 1817. The title of that pamphlet was this:—*"A Brief Exposure of the Principles advanced, the Intellect displayed, and the Spirit manifested by the Rev. Robert M'Ghee"*—the very man—"in his late publication; by the Rev. William Phelan, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin." A few extracts will show the character which M'Ghee had already gained amongst his brethren, the clergymen of the Established Church. In page 6 Mr. Phelan treats him thus.

"Mr. M'Ghee has not given any promise of those qualities which might induce me to respect the opponent or esteem the man. He has not afforded me an opportunity of making any voluntary effort towards Christian charity, for an unfeigned commiseration is the irresistible feeling which presents itself to my mind" (p. 6). "Many might be liable to misinterpret my silence; I do not think, therefore, that I should suffer my want of respect for the individual to prevent me from assisting any portion of the public, in detecting the clumsy artifices by which he has sought to influence their opinion."—(ib.)

Such was the estimate formed of him in the year 1817 in Ireland. He has improved in nothing since. The only difference is, that he then assailed the dignitaries of the Protestant Church,—he now bestows his virulence on those of the Catholic. "An if it were ten times as much, he would have the heart to bestow it all upon them." Take Mr. Phelan's account of the delicacy which Mr. M'Ghee evinced towards the prelates of his own church. He had included in his invective, the Bishop of Derry, the Bishop of London, the Archbishop of Armagh, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. These are Mr. Phelan's words:—

"A sermon preached by the Hon. Archdeacon Knox, published by order of the Archbishop of Armagh, and approved by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of London and Derry, contains sentiments which, according to Mr. M'Ghee, 'are blasphemous and wholly contrary to the true principles either of a Christian minister, or of any Christian layman.'"—(p. 43.)

All blasphemers!—Protestant Bishops, Archbishops, and an

Archdeacon to boot—all blasphemers! Surely Dr. Murray and the Catholics have little reason to complain of any atrocity of language which this man may use towards them, when he has treated his own prelates with so little ceremony. Indeed, his “Charity” is of the most strange nature. Do but read this description of it:—

“The most advantageous mode,” says Mr. Phelan, “of representing this gentleman’s pre-eminence in this virtue is, by enumerating the various charges with which he has honoured me. I write, Mr. M’Ghee says, in wicked opposition to the Scriptures; my production is a compound of covert candour and open treachery; I have deliberately and wickedly set my face against the eternal happiness of the whole human race. I am accused of falsehood, intolerance, perversion, sophistry, calumny, hypocrisy, perjury, and blasphemy. He has hinted that I should have been in the pillory. If I were the only person vilified in Mr. M’Ghee’s book, I should have disdained to notice his flagitious meanness; but, as a clergyman, I have a right to complain of the disgrace which he has brought upon our common profession. When I reflect that Mr. M’Ghee is a minister of the Gospel, and attached to a class which puts forth a claim to peculiar and exclusive sanctity, and when I reflect on the charges which he has brought against me, the temper with which he has set them forth, and the arguments with which he has supported them—the charges so diabolical—the temper so unchristian, and the arguments so frivolous, I am filled with shame, and horror, and indignation; and I feel too sincere a respect for the profession of which I am a member, not to be poignantly sensible of the stigma with which he has branded it by the stupid malevolence of his publication.”—(pp. 45, 46.)

Those who might have supposed that his “stupid malevolence” or his “diabolical charges,” were confined to the Catholics, will see how little they knew of the real character of the man. His reasoning powers, also, were early developed, just such as they are at present. Attend to the description given of him by the Reverend Fellow of Dublin University:—

“In his representations, malicious; in his quotations, false; in argument, despicable; in assertion, undaunted, he leaves his readers at a loss to discover whether the nerveless calumny which he publishes, and the feeble truculency which he displays, should be attributed to the rancour and malignity of the heart, or the shallowness and perplexity of the understanding. Most sincerely, indeed, could I wish that he had given me an opportunity of excusing his disposition, even at the expense of his intellectual faculties; but, although it is scarcely possible for a writer to discover a smaller share of common sense, there are few who could be so unhappy in their management of the controversy as to disclose such faint and evanescent indications of common decency.” pp. 46, 47.

“In representations malicious” the very man—“In quotations false”—There he is described by a brother Clergyman as deserv-

ing a name which the decencies of society forbid us to mention. But it is not necessary to pursue this disgusting subject farther—nor should we indeed have been justifiable in dwelling so long upon the man, if he had not closed his religious career by the exhibition of a gross and scandalous forgery, which even after having discovered it to be such, he attempted to palliate. This forgery he announced as a “manifestation of Providence!” Gracious Heaven! How can any person be found so insensible to character, as to give him any countenance after his attempt to hold up this forged document as worthy of the attention of the people of England? Every thing is *providential* with him; thus making Providence a party to his crime!

But, alas! this trick of forgery is not new. In plain truth, it is as old as the Reformation, as an instrument against Catholicity. Many candid and high-minded Protestants have lamented the use of this weapon, drawn, as honest Mr. Finch would say, from “the armoury of Satan.” It is the celebrated antiquary and Protestant divine, the Rev. Dr. Whitaker,* who deploras the use of these “diabolical arms.” We quote his very words:

“FORGERY—I blush for the honour of Protestantism, while I write it—seems to have been peculiar to the Reformed.—I look in vain for one of these accursed outrages of imposition amongst the disciples of Popery.”

Yes, this “accursed outrage of imposition” is scorned, and justly scorned by us. We are Catholics simply because the ancient and apostolic faith requires not the aid of weapons of this description. It is not our habit to impute to Protestants any tenets which they disavow; and surely it is not too much to expect that they should take the statement of our tenets from ourselves and not from others,—especially, not from those who are by their own confession, guilty of “the accursed outrage of imposition.”

M’Ghee, indeed, has had the indecency to call this “an ingenious device;” and then he seeks to throw the blame upon his “learned friend” as he calls him—the Rev. Mr. Todd. The guilt appears to be equally shared between them. Todd’s part was more deliberate—more studied. It has the aggravation of lengthened premeditation. He is no flippant falsifier—no “touch-and-go” man, like M’Ghee. He is your deliberate, pains-taking, laborious framer of forgery—and when detected, he turns round upon his co-conspirator M’Ghee, and says it was all a joke!!—a mere joke.* Certainly there never was a joke more completely void of wit or merriment, or good humour.

* “As he is guilty that shooteth arrows and lances unto death: so is the man that hurteth his neighbour deceitfully: and when he is taken, saith: I did it in jest.”—Proverbs, xxvi. 18, 19.

This subject has been treated at more length than its intrinsic merits required. The results, however, cannot fail to rouse the attention of calm and considerate Protestants to the real question between them and their Catholic neighbours. Christian truth is a subject of the most deep, the most awful importance as regards an eternity—a never-ending eternity of weal or of woe; it is a topic upon which we are not Christians unless we be sincere. We are worse than idiots unless we are as cautious, as the magnitude of the subject and the frightful extent of the interests involved in the profession of “true faith required us to be.” To the consideration of *this* subject, we do invite our Protestant brethren in the spirit of candour and sincerity—in the spirit of caution and vigilant attention—and, above all, in the spirit of humility before God, and of Christian charity towards all men.

NOTE.

[Since writing the above, we have received a copy of the *Dublin Evening Post* of the 6th of December, 1817, from which we subjoin a fuller report of Mr. O’Connell’s observations on the Rheimish notes, than Mr. M’Ghee thought fit to procure.]

CATHOLIC BOARD.—THE RHEIMISH BIBLE.

A remarkably full Meeting of the Catholic Board took place on Thursday last, pursuant to adjournment—

OWEN O’CONNOR, Esq. *in the Chair.*

After some preliminary business, Mr. O’CONNELL rose to make his promised motion, for the appointment of a Committee to prepare a denunciation of the intolerant doctrines contained in the Rheimish Notes.

Mr. O’CONNELL said, that on the last day of meeting, he gave notice that he would move for a committee, to draw up a disavowal of the very dangerous and uncharitable doctrines contained in certain notes to the Rheimish Testament. He now rose to submit that motion to the consideration of the Board. The late edition of the Rheimish Testament in this country, gave rise to much observation;—that work was denounced by Dr. Troy;—an action is now depending between him and a respectable bookseller in this city; and it would be the duty of the Board not to interfere, in the remotest degree, with the subject of that action, *but*, on the other hand, the Board could not let the present opportunity pass by, of recording their sentiments of disapprobation, and even of abhorrence, of the bigotted and intolerant doctrines promulgated in that work. Their feelings of what was wise, consistent, and

liberal, would suggest such a proceeding; even though the indecent calumnies of their enemies had not rendered it indispensable. A work, called *The British Critic*, had, no doubt, been read by some gentlemen who heard him. The circulation of the last number has been very extensive, and exceeded, almost beyond calculation, the circulation of any former number, in consequence of an article which appeared in it on the late edition of the Rheimish Testament. He (Mr. O'Connell) said he read that article; it is extremely unfair and uncandid; it gives, with audacious falsehood, passages, as if from the notes to the Rheimish Testament, which cannot be found in that work; and, with mean cunning, it seeks to avoid detection, by quoting, without giving either text or page. Throughout, it is written in the true spirit of the Inquisition,—it is violent, vindictive, and uncharitable. He was sorry to understand that it was written by Ministers of the Established Church; but he trusted, that when the charge of intemperance should be again brought forward against the Catholics, their accusers would cast their eyes on this coarse and illiberal attack—here they may find a specimen of real intemperance. But the very acceptable work of imputing principles to the Irish people which they never held, and which they abhor, was not confined to *The British Critic*. *The Courier*, a newspaper whose circulation is immense, lent its hand, and the provincial newspapers throughout England—those papers which are for ever silent when any thing might be said favourable to Ireland, but are ever active to disseminate whatever may tend to her disgrace or dishonour. They have not hesitated to impute to the Catholics of this country the doctrines contained in those offensive notes—and it was their duty to disclaim them. Nothing was more remote from the true sentiments of the Irish people. These notes were of English growth: they were written in agitated times, when the title of Elizabeth was questioned, on the grounds of legitimacy. Party spirit was then extremely violent;—politics mixed with religion, and, of course, disgraced it. Queen Mary, of Scotland, had active partisans, who thought it would forward their purposes to translate the Bible, and add to it those obnoxious notes. But very shortly after the establishment of the College at Douay, this Rheimish edition was condemned by all the Doctors of that Institution, who, at the same time, called for and received the aid of the Scotch and Irish Colleges. The book was thus suppressed, and an edition of the Bible, with notes, was published at Douay, which has ever been since adopted by the Catholic Church; so that they not only condemned and suppressed the Rheimish edition, but they published an edition, with notes, to which no objection has, or could be, urged. From that period there have been but two editions of the Rheimish Testament; the first had very little circulation; the late one was published by a very ignorant printer in Cork, a man of the name of M'Nanara, a person who was not capable of distinguishing between the Rheimish and any other edition of the Bible. He took up the matter merely as a speculation in trade. He meant to publish a Catholic Bible, and having put his hand upon the Rheimish edition, he commenced to print it in numbers. He subsequently became bankrupt, and his property in this

transaction vested in Mr. Cumming, a respectable bookseller in this city, who is either a Protestant or Presbyterian; but he carried on the work, like M^cNamara, merely to make money of it, as a mercantile speculation;—and yet, said Mr. O'Connell, our enemies have taken it up with avidity; they have asserted that the sentiments of those notes are cherished by the Catholics in this country. He would not be surprised to read of speeches in the next Parliament on the subject. It was a hundred to one but that some of our briefless barristers have already commenced composing their dull calumnies, and that we shall have speeches from them, for the edification of the Legislature, and the protection of the Church. There was not a moment to be lost—the Catholics should, with one voice, disclaim those very odious doctrines. He was sure there was not a single Catholic in Ireland that did not feel as he did, abhorrence at the principles these notes contain. Illiberality has been attributed to the Irish people, but they are grossly wronged. He had often addressed the Catholic people of Ireland. He always found them applaud every sentiment of liberality, and the doctrine of perfect freedom of conscience; the right of every human being to have his religious creed, whatever that creed might be, unpolluted by the impious interference of bigotted or oppressive laws. Those sacred rights, and that generous sentiment, were never uttered at a Catholic aggregate meeting, without receiving at the instant the loud and the unanimous applause of the assembly.

“It might be said that those meetings were composed of mere rabble. Well—be it so. For one he should concede that, for the sake of argument. But what followed? Why just this:—that the Catholic rabble, without the advantages of education, or of the influence of polished society, were so well acquainted with the genuine principles of Christian charity, that they, the rabble, adopted and applauded sentiments of liberality, and of religious freedom, which, unfortunately, met but little encouragement from the polished and educated of other sects.”

(Then follows the passage which we have quoted in the preceding article.)

“Mr. O'CONNELL's motion was put and carried, the words being amended thus:—

‘That a Committee be appointed to draw up an address on the occasion of the late publication of the Rheimish Testament, with a view to have the same submitted to an aggregate meeting.’

CONVERSION OF THE REV. PIERCE CONNELLY, A.M.

Mr. Connelly, who has been lately received into the Catholic Church at Rome, is a native of Philadelphia. His father was an elder in one of the Presbyterian churches in that city, but he was himself bred an Episcopalian. Having taken orders, he was, after repeated evidences of unyielding virtue and superior talent, appointed to the rectorship of the Protestant Episcopal congregation at Natchez, in the State of Mississippi. Of his conduct in that station, Dr. Otey, Protestant Bishop of Tennessee, after visiting the diocese of Mississippi, made a report in the following terms:—"I take great pleasure here in bearing testimony to the faithful labours of the rector of this parish. With real satisfaction I listened to the pious instruction, the affectionate expostulations, the impressive warnings, which marked the character of his addresses to his people. Great is their responsibility, and awful the reckoning which awaits the neglect or misimprovement of their distinguished privileges."

In a letter dated Natchez, 20th August, 1835, addressed to his friend Mr. J. N. N., a copy of which now lies before us in manuscript, Mr. Connelly states that he had been for some time engaged in severe study, the result of which he describes in these terms:—"My faith in Protestantism is so shaken, that I am compelled in conscience to lay aside for the present my functions; I begin to think the necessary tendency of Protestantism is revolutionary, immoral, and irreligious; that its success has been accidental, and that it has in itself no principle of duration." "My present design is," he adds, "to place myself within reach of full information on the Roman Catholic side. If my doubts are confirmed, I shall not hesitate to seek to be reconciled to the Church of Rome, and place myself under the discipline and at the disposal of their ecclesiastical authority. If I find difficulties in that Church equal to those of the Protestant, I confess I shall think that there is left for me but a choice of evils. Irresistible proofs and undeniable principles, however, seem to lead to a more certain result; and I trust I am ready, whenever the angel of duty calls me, '*circumdare mihi vestimentum meum et sequi illum.*' But I owe it to truth and to myself, that no precipitancy should lessen the weight of so important a step. It is indeed to me, personally, immensely important in every point of view. You must have been a Protestant, an American or an English Protestant, to be able to estimate the consequences. It is not only giving up the honours and emoluments of my profession and my standing, but it is to be attended with the rage and malignity, the abuse and the calumny, of the *pidus publicus*, and the alienation of kindred and friends, which to a great extent are sure to follow, in the north at least. My first object, of course, is to inform myself fully of the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the Roman Catholic Church as established by received general councils; my next to compare its moral influence with that of the so called Reformed Faith."

On the 26th of the same month, Mr. Connelly communicated his

thoughts and feelings upon this subject to Dr. Otey, whom he addresses in the most affectionate and respectful manner, as his "Dear Bishop," his "truly honoured and Right Reverend Father,"—

"I know the grief that what I am going to tell you will create; but I know, too, you will respect the integrity and the frankness of the course which I adopt. The attacks from every quarter upon the Roman Catholic Church, have forced me into a laborious study of the controversy, and I confess my faith is shaken in the Protestant religion. I have resigned my parish, my kind, my generous parish, and have laid aside the active functions of my profession, to weigh deliberately and devoutly my future duty. I know how great a sacrifice I make, of feeling as well as interest. I know how much greater a one I may still have to make, and indeed all to which I may expose myself. I pretend not to say where the truth will lead me; I only am persuaded of my present duty, and am determined, by the help of God, to follow it. The intention of my vows I have no doubt about; it is only, of where I ought to pay them, that I am uncertain. My allegiance as an ecclesiastic, I now fear may perhaps have been mistaken. I will always shew it was at least sincere.

"Subordination I consider the first principle of all law; a thing as necessary in the church, and in every other society, as the soul is to the body; and obedience with me is not more a duty of my profession than it is a requisite of my nature. I have no faith in private inspiration, I have no faith in individual infallibility, or any absolute personal independence; as a church-man especially, I have no such presumptuous self-confidence; in the great congregation of Christ's flock I feel myself nothing. I must have some guide to lead me into truth, I must have some power to obey, and I cannot think my obedience what it ought to be, if it is not of the heart as well as of the lips, if it is not in the spirit as well as according to the letter.

"Do not suppose, dear Bishop, my present feelings are any momentary impulse; they are the result of anxious study, they have given me many sleepless nights and brought me low in health; and do not think I have been led to them by any novel or exterior influence; I have read not one of the recent publications for the Roman Catholics, and certainly nearly all against them; I have had no communication on the subject with any clergyman or layman of their church, nor have I consulted on the step I now take with any human being whatever. It is from a most *ex parte* Protestant examination of the subject, that I have come to the doubts and the conclusions which I now send you; the subject, moreover forced upon me solely by our own church, and her vociferous terrors in England and at home.

"In England there was an apology in her connexion with the state, and I was willing to believe that it was only because the government trembled for itself that the cry was raised of danger to the church; but in this country the fears of our church are all her own, and they are really for herself: if these fears are reasonable they condemn our religion, if they are unreasonable they condemn ourselves."

Mr. Connelly then proceeds to observe, that so deep is his faith in

Christianity, that he is entirely willing to trust it to itself, and to the help of God. "Its condition is surely not worse now, than at its rise; let it then go on now, as it did at first begin; let it be contented to rely on the gradually developed force of its own truth, and the simple manifestation of the beauty of its holiness." "What, it seems to me, is really to be feared, is the delusion of Christians, not the ruin of the Church; the confounding of the interests of religion with the interests of something else connected with it, as government, or society, or the press. I hate the English phrase of national church, and national religion. I would no more have national, than individual interests mixed up with the interests of THE CHURCH. I would have all men fellow subjects in this one kingdom, brethren in this universal family. And just as truly do I hate the fanatic cry about religious societies and the religious press. The terms might pass as jargon; but they both spring from, and they both inculcate, a great ANTI-CHRISTIAN LIE. For such I believe it to be, *that the church of Christ requires the aid of civil government, or of any secular societies.* She can do without them all. They, it is, who have need of her; they, it is, who are desirous to make use of her. When states seek the aid of any religion, it is a confession that they require it: when they give their service and their support, it is because they hope to be repaid; and so too it is with the *religious* associations, and the stipendiary press. Let government break off its union with the church. Let the hireling writers and printers of religion withdraw their help, and Christianity will stand and grow in the midst of fanaticism and democracy, as stand and grow it did in the midst of idolatry and despotism."

Mr. Connelly continues:—"The Church establishment in Ireland is gone; with every advantage in the struggle, it has been put down. That its overthrow in England is at hand, I now, for the first time, cease to doubt. When the support of government is taken away, it will not be long before the Protestant Church stands in that country, as it does in this. How does it stand here? How will it stand there? Trusting in itself, and in the promise of the SON OF GOD? In nothing less. The great necessities of the clergy seem to have destroyed their faith. They have created an immense machinery, which they do not pretend to wield. They have made an ungodly covenant with printers and fanatics, by which the church has given itself up to a power, which it never can controul, and which, indeed, long since, has openly begun to govern."

After some further observations upon the state of religion in the United States, in which he shews that *the church* there is really governed by the mob; that "any majority of any committee has the authority of a council," Mr. Connelly points out the unhappy consequences of this state of things so far as true religion is concerned, and observes that it gave rise in his mind to the important question which he was then about to examine—"the question of the nature and identity of the visible BODY OF CHRIST,* of the spiritual authority and moral influence of the Universal Church."

* Eph. iv. 12.

On the 6th of September, 1835. Mr. Connelly preached his farewell sermon to his parishioners at Natchez. A more affecting discourse than this we have never read. He very truly states, that for four thousand years the Gentiles were allowed to wander, seeking of their wise men what was truth—that they were like sheep deserted upon the mountains, until God sent forth his Son to gather the scattered flocks, that they might be of *one* flock, under *one* shepherd. It was his resolution to seek the fold where that flock was to be found.—“In bidding you farewell, with words of heartfelt truth, my brethren, ‘thoughts crowd upon me.’ The scenes which we have shared together, come up again before me.” How regularly have I received you at these sacred rails! How often have we knelt beside the bed, and stood around the grave, to weep and pray for those we loved, in life, or ‘look with awe upon the dust’ of those we sepulchred in hope, at death! And how shall I forget my happy days amongst you, blest, I sometimes fear, perhaps, far more than blessing! How shall I thank you, for all your confidence and your generous regard; for all your goodness, not only to me personally, but to those dearer than myself! And, how do I now humbly crave your pardon if in a parish, where I never met with an offence, I have ever wounded, even in the least, the feelings of any single human being.”

Mr. Connelly having thus resigned his parish, and given up an income sufficient to secure to himself and his family a competency, he set forth a pilgrim in the search of truth. He proceeded to Rome, where he studied our religion at its fountain-head, and the result was, that he has become one of its most ardent disciples. After remaining at Rome during the spring of this year, he proceeded to England on a visit to the Earl of Shrewsbury, with whom he is now spending some time at Alton Towers. We had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with him during the short stay he made in London; and in reply to the questions which we put to him upon the subject of his conversion, he placed in our hands the following communication, which we now present to the reader. It is in itself the artless portrait of a strong and amiable mind, deeply imbued with the spirit of piety, utterly free from fanaticism, superior to all passions and interests of a secular character, and borne onward to truth by an irresistible solicitude to discover the one fold, the one Shepherd, under whose protection it might lie down and be at rest.

“In looking back upon the course and progress of my *ébranlement*, next to the most unmerited favour of that grace which with the deepest humility and most fervent thanksgiving I acknowledge and adore, what most amazes me is the confidence and boldness with which I took the first decided step in writing and printing my letter to the bishop. So far as human reasons can account for it, I must in a great degree attribute that confidence to my acquaintance with a distinguished foreigner in the winter of thirty-three and thirty-four. The Chevalier N. ~~that~~ on a scientific tour through North America, was a man of extensive and profound philosophy, as well as science, of a reputation already established, and of an exactness of mind and a largeness of

comprehension, as well as a sincerity of purpose, altogether remarkable. He had already travelled for two years in the United States, and I could not but be amazed as well as delighted at the attention which, in the midst of his more professional labours, he had paid to all the religious and political institutions of the country. The amount of information, the facts, the documents he had collected, were truly wonderful. As the natural result of our intimacy, he applied upon a variety of subjects to my experience as a clergyman and as a citizen, and our intercourse by degrees assumed an interest of the highest, and I need not hesitate to say of the purest kind. It never indeed turned upon differences of religious faith, much less partook of the nature of controversy. It was more about systems of philosophy and politics, a comparison of moral views and of notes already made by each. Struck with coincidences, frequently where I least expected them, and an entire approbation of 'thoughts' which I had never ventured to utter except in the secrecy of a common-place book, I confess I felt for the first time a confidence in the opinions which I formed, and in myself, which I had never allowed myself to feel before. I had been in an agreeable and cultivated social circle, but I had been in solitude as to political, philosophical and theological associations. The men of my own profession whom I had left in the northern cities, and those near me in the south, I well knew differed from me fundamentally on many points of civil as well as ecclesiastical polity, and I required some other encouragement than that of my own mind to enable me to trust to my reasonings and to believe in the justness of them. This I found in my intercourse with this learned stranger, and though I still swore by *Blackwood* and *The London Quarterly*, I learnt to allow myself to dissent without remorse from their clever, and I still think, plausible inconsistencies. Dear old Ebony! I can scarcely now refrain from wandering far off from my subject when I think of all the delight and all the affection too, with which, seated around the table or on the gallery of that dear cottage in the warm south-west, we used to read the beautiful Greek articles, or John Wilson's sweeter poems, instead of music of an evening; so blinded by long admiration as to reprobate nothing, not even their juxta-position with speeches from men like Montimer O'Sullivan.

"It has been said, and by a no less respectable authority than that of my former venerated bishop, that my change of religious faith is, in a great degree, to be attributed to my political principles. But even if my conversion were the result of observations and inferences drawn from public events, it must at least be owned that the arguments made use of by conservatives were more likely to prejudice me against than in favour of the Catholic religion, and it was certainly the high Tory and the high Church press which turned my thoughts into the channel which they followed. I confess I am not aware that arguments for or against praying to saints, purgatory, or even transubstantiation, ever had much weight with me. If the Church of England had continued to teach on that vexed point just what it had done in the time of Queen Elizabeth, I doubt not I should have quietly

received it. And most honest high churchmen, I think, will candidly confess the same. There is more proof in Scripture to sustain it than the Trinity, and surely nothing more *contrary* to reason in one doctrine than in the other. And, if the Church or the Convocation, or even that General Convention in the United States, which quietly dropped out an article in the Apostles' creed, had set forth a 'Book of Sports,' I should certainly have been recommending a cheerful spending of the Sunday as in the days of Charles I., instead of condemning young and old to do penance within doors, as is the rubric now. I was in good truth a high churchman. I *did believe* the 'Church hath authority,' and without indeed having very definite ideas of what 'the Church' is, I thought all my duty was to keep my vows and 'hear the Church,' believing and teaching just what she decreed should be believed and taught. Nor indeed could I, or can I ever conceive the practicability of acting upon the notion of private judgment. Men were never meant to wander alone in faith or on life, but to be governed in society. And men are not the less governed because they do not acknowledge themselves to be so. If they will not submit to an unchanging authority, there is nothing left for them but what is unfixed; if they will not listen to infallibility, they must take up with that which may be error; but governed they must be, for it is all nonsense to think that merely *protesting* will make a religion, or that having no head will keep men together. The only consequence of a real independence would be a real irresponsibility. But it is impossible not to see that there is neither the one nor the other. Rewards and emoluments, pains and penalties, are distributed by congregations and communities of Protestants as much as by conclaves of cardinals; and popular opinion takes the place of the Council of Trent, just as the people reign instead of the king. The majority are the real head of the Protestant Church in America—the ministry, Whig or Tory, as it may be, are the real head of it in England and Ireland; and what that Church teaches now, is no more what that Church taught in the days of Henry, James, or good Queen Anne, or will teach some hundred years hence, should it last so long, than Archbishop Laud is like Dr. Blomfield, or Hooker like—some Wilberforce a century more diluted.

"Change and disorganization are the natural tendencies of Protestant principles. These tendencies may be less manifest in England and on the Continent than in the United States, but they, nevertheless, may easily be proved, and must continue to increase, for in proportion as the institutions of a country are popular, so must the religion of the people have a political as well as ecclesiastical character, and if religion is to become merely another engine in the hands of the people, instead of the last and only barrier to restrain them, God only knows what duration or stability can be hoped for any liberal government. My sentiments on this subject, however, you already are acquainted with, from my printed 'Letter,' and from an unprinted one to the Catholic Bishop of Charleston. This last, written when I little expected to be driven by a sense of duty to renounce the Protestant religion, will shew you not only its revolutionary, but its intolerant and exclusive spirit in the

United States; the more ungenerous and unjust, because, though the constitution and the liberal spirit of the people prevent the preference of one form of Christianity to another on the part of government, it is yet notorious that all the immense grants made to colleges and universities, fall entirely under the direction of the Protestant clergymen, and that whatever professors or chaplains are employed in the army or navy of the country, are invariably of that religion. But if the illegitimate influences of my religion weighed heavily upon my mind, my excellent Bishop can bear witness that I was not less depressed at the consideration of its want of power for all the true purposes of Christianity. It is as inefficient in its own hands, as it is dangerous and mischievous in the hands of those that wield it. There is not the shadow of discipline other than what the press or communities exercise. There is no bond of union, no spiritual subordination, no ecclesiastical spirit in the body of the clergy. Their sad readiness, whenever either dependant or ambitious, to run with any prevailing folly of the times, is almost as general as their contempt of rubrics, canons, and solemn vows, is open and unhesitating when not enforced by popular caprice. And the most important of all their duties, the spiritual care and pious education of the young, is either not entrusted to them, or is neglected in a manner as flagrant as it is dreadful. Their missionary efforts among pagan nations have been utterly unfruitful. The moral operation of all the vast charlatan machinery is at best worthless. Infidelity has increased beyond the spread of tracts and Bibles; and the best respect which the public functions of religion have, and the largest subscriptions to the great societies, are often paid by men who have become the involuntary, but secretly acknowledged victims of infidelity. These are melancholy facts, but they are facts which are not to be disapproved: and well I know how many wise and pious Protestants will acquiesce in them with grief and bitterness. God knows, I was not a hasty judge, nor even willing to be persuaded; sadly and reluctantly I saw the evidence forced upon me of the spiritual character of the Church, upon which, in the feebleness of my faith, I imagined the hopes of Christianity principally rested.

“The depression I felt at the approach of such convictions was not likely to be diminished by my professional occupations. I was connected with a parish which, interesting for many causes, must have been truly dear to me if only for the general affection and respect and generosity ever manifested to my family. But the steady and conscientious performance of pastoral duties brings with it, in any parish, a daily increasing sense of responsibility, as well as a growing personal attachment, and my heart has many a time failed within me as I saw near at hand only a confirmation of what was true elsewhere. The Bishop must well remember, how sincerely, but how vainly, I combated the melancholy with which my own experience and my own convictions often overwhelmed me. During his welcome visit in the winter of 1835-6, he gave me certainly encouragements and consolations which I remember, as I always must do every thing connected with our intercourse, with the most grateful and sincere affection. He is a prelate whom his Church may well boast of, as an example of wise and laborious zeal, of generous, disinterested charity, and most unaffected piety. But for the

encouragement; I was indebted to himself, and his perfect sincerity, not to the justness of his principles—and the consolations sprung from the sympathy of a warm and noble nature, rather than from any well-grounded prospect of ultimate success. The parish certainly had great external prosperousness, but Protestant Christianity has no real success. It lives only in excitement or physical support. Its prosperity, whether in parishes or in the world, is outward, hollow, material. The graces of the christian life are sometimes beautifully seen in individuals, but with the great majority of those professing that religion, it is something more or less christianized, rather than christianity; something instead of His religion, rather than what the religion of our Saviour truly is: and so it has been in faith and practice since ever and wherever confession has been abandoned, just as the original object of religious assemblies has been forgotten wherever the ritual of Rome has been mutilated or exploded. The reasons of all these things did not indeed soon strike me, and in the midst of the course of reading which the miserable fanaticism of the periodicals drove me into, perhaps it was the consideration of the spiritual state of the negro population, and the necessity of something more Catholic for them than the Protestant religion, that first opened my eyes to *apprehensions* of the truth, and pointed out to me the course which it became my duty to pursue. I had nearly completed and had actually begun to print 'A Catechism for the Religious Instruction of the Negroes,' when I closed the church of Natchez, which was only re-opened for my farewell sermon."

We need not add a word of commentary to this simple and beautiful narrative. It is to be regretted that Mr. Connelly's marriage state of necessity precludes him from entering the sacred ministry of our church. But we trust that his talents, his acquirements, and his conspicuous virtues, may not be lost to the service of that religion which he has embraced at the expense of much that was dear to him in life—his fortune—the affections of his kindred—his station—and the friendship of the people whose instructor he had so long been.

We had written thus far, when we were favoured with a perusal of Dr. Otey's reply to Mr. Connelly's letter, already quoted. It is of considerable length, and is conceived throughout in a christian spirit of charity worthy of his office. It may be truly said to be, from beginning to end, one effusion of tender affection and esteem for a *dearly beloved Brother*, who has separated himself from his pastoral care, on the purest motives of conscientious feeling: for, whilst deeply regretting, and delicately expostulating upon, a step he does not, of course, approve of, this letter breathes in every line a conviction of the honourable principles upon which Mr. Connelly has acted. It is indeed a delightful testimonial for this gentleman of the estimation in which he was held, when the individual best qualified to judge of his value, and most alive to the loss sustained in his defection from the Protestant Church, expresses himself in such terms.

CATHOLIC SEMINARY AT OSCOTT.—On the 21st of June, the exhibition of the students at this Catholic college, took place in a very fine apartment in the new college, designed for the library, which was fitted up for the occasion, and tastefully decorated with laurels and

devices in flowers. Temporary windows were introduced, and this noble room was rendered exceedingly convenient for the purpose. No part of the splendid new college is yet habitable. The students, as well as the company, had therefore to proceed from the old college to the new, after partaking of the hospitality provided by the care of the president, Dr. Weedall. Notwithstanding the rain which fell nearly the whole day the company was more numerous than it was possible to accommodate in one room, and refreshments were laid in other apartments. The Right Rev. the Bishop presided at the head of the table, and the company sat down about two o'clock. At half-past three the exhibition began with a chorus, "The Chough and Crow," by Bishop, which was well executed. Much attention seemed to have been given by the scholars to music, if an opinion might be formed from their progress in execution. A prologue was then spoken by a youth of high promise, aged about fifteen, a nephew of the *great agitator*. The prologue was written by the speaker.

A debate upon "The Influence of the Crusades on the Civilization of Europe," next took place between four youths, who each maintained different views on the subject: in this, young O'Connell figured to great advantage. A duet on the piano was then played by William Colegrave and Maurice O'Connell, and performed in a manner highly creditable. Various pieces were recited by J. C. Hodgins, W. Hodgins, W. Lynch, B. Vaughan, J. Wheble, and Henry Burke. A glee divided these recitations from those by six other youths. Paesiello's "Hill of Zion" was performed with great credit, and several boys recited their own compositions. Here again young O'Connell bore away the palm, not less in the merit of the recitation than in the nature of the composition. His verses "On Man" drew forth unbounded applause.

" I saw him in his glory
 Bewildered in his bliss,
 And every joy that earth could give
 And every smile was his.
 Mirth spread its wings on the balmy gale,
 And laughter stifled the voice of wail;
 But his heart still yearned for something more,
 For a fairer land, for a happier shore
 Man was not made for this.

" I saw him in the battle,
 His hand was black with gore,
 And his eye flashed fire as the buckering steel,
 Each beating bosom tore.
 And in scenes of slaughter he revelled wild
 Like the frantic mother that's lost her child;
 But that demon scowl and that Bacchanal rage,
 Bring not a glow to the breast of the sage:
 Man was not made for this.

" I saw him court ambition,
 I saw him mount her car,
 And brass the earth with his noxious breath,
 A solitary star;
 And o'er vanquished worlds he soared supreme,
 Like the eagle that dares the day-star's beam;

But a mighty void still craved in his breast,
 And wild dreams stole on his nightly rest :
 Man was not made for this.

“ I saw him scan the heavens,
 And pierce through nature's laws,
 And read the secrets of the deep,
 And tell each hidden cause ;
 But his spirit beat against its mortal cage,
 As eager to scan an ample page,
 And the brightness of each diadem star,
 Only told of a something lovelier far :
 Man was not made for this.

“ I saw him at the altar,
 In sadness and alone,
 And his bosom heaved and his lips were moved
 In humble orison ;
 And the thought of his frailties woke a sigh,
 And the tear of repentance stole to his eye,
 And he bowed him down to the holy sod
 To ask forgiveness of his God !
 Oh ! man was made for this.

“ I saw him on his death-bed,
 No frantic fear was there,
 But seraph hope was thronged in his heart,
 As he muttered a fond prayer ;
 A crucifix was in his hand,
 Redeeming pledge of a brighter land ;
 To clasp his dying Saviour he tried,
 And in that effort of love he died,
 Oh ! man was made for this.”

After the “Vive le Roi” of Balfe, some scenes from the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* of Molière were played with great spirit, several pieces on the piano being performed between the scenes by William Colegrave and James Farrall with very considerable taste. In the recitations usually delivered at seminaries for education, there is much mannerism in action, while in such scenes as these, where the gesticulation depends very much on the instantaneous impression upon the mind of the performer, his own ability and conception of the part are commonly brought out in a more natural way. Accordingly, the acting of Thomas Leif, as Monsieur Jourdain, very well conceived, appeared to much advantage after the recitations. When the exhibitions were concluded, the prizes were distributed by the hands of the bishop to each boy in *token*, and *dulce donum* concluded the exhibition, which lasted the 30th part of six hours.

END OF VOL. E.

